

POEMS

On several
OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN

By *CHARLES COTTON*, Esq;

L O N D O N,

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POEMS



P O E M S

On several Occasions.

To *Cælia*.

O D E.

I.

Give me my heart again (fair Treachery)
You ravish'd from me with a smile,
Oh! let it in some nobler quarrel die
Than a poor Trophy of your guile.
And Faith (bright *Cælia*) tell me, what should you,
Who are all Falshood, doe with one so true?
B II. Or

II.

Or lend me yours awhile instead of it,
That I in time my skill may try,
Though ill I know it will my bosom fit,
To teach it some Fidelity ;
Or that it else may teach me to begin
To be to you what you to me have been.

III.

False and imperious *Cælia*, cease to be
Proud of a Conquest is your shame,
You triumph o'er an humble Enemy,
Not one you fairly overcame.
Your eyes alone might have subdu'd my heart,
Without the poor confed'racy of Art.

IV.

But to the pow'r of Beauty you must add
The Witchcraft of a sigh and tear
I did admire before, but yet was made
By those to love; they fix'd me there :
I else, as other transient Lovers doe,
Had twenty lov'd e'er this as well as you.

V.

And twenty more I did intend to love,
E'er twenty weeks are past and gone;
And at a rate so modish, as shall prove
My heart a very civil one:
But oh, (false fair!) I thus resolve in vain;
Unless you give me back my heart again.

The Expostulation.

I.

HAve I lov'd my Fair so long,
Six Olympiads at least,
And to Youth and Beauties wrong,
On Vertues single Interest,
To be at last with scorn oppress'd?

B 2

II. Have

II.

Have I lov'd that space so true,
Without looking once awry,
Lest I might prove false to you,
To whom I vow'd Fidelity,
To be repay'd with Cruelty ?

III.

Was you not, oh sweet ! confess,
Willing to be so lov'd ?
Favour gave my Flame encrease,
By which it still aspiring mov'd,
And had gone out, if disapprov'd.

IV.

Whence then can this change proceed ?
Say ; or whither does it tend ?
That false heart will one day bleed,
When it has brought so true a Friend
To cruel and untimely end.

Sonnet.

Sonnet.

What have I left to doe but dye,
Since Hope, my old Companion,
That train'd me from my Infancy,
My Friend, my Comforter is gone?

Oh fawning, false, deceiving Friend!
Accursed be thy Flatteries,
Which treacherously did intend
I should be wretched to be wise:

And so I am; for being taught
To know thy guiles, have only wrought
My greater misery and pain:

My misery is yet so great,
That, though I have found out the Cheat,
I wish for thee again in vain.

The Tempest.

I

STanding upon the margent of the Main,
Whilst the high boiling Tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
As great an Ocean, and as rude, within ;
As full of Waves, of Depths, and broken Grounds,
As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

II.

Soon could my sad Imagination find
A Parallel to this half World of Floud,
An Ocean by my walls of Earth confin'd,
And Rivers in the Channels of my Bloud:
Discovering man, unhappy man, to be
Of this great Frame Heaven's Epitome.

III. There

III.

There pregnant *Argosies* with full Sails ride,
To shoot the Gulphs of Sorrow and Despair,
Of which the Love no Pilot has to guide,
But to her Sea-born Mother steers by Pray'r,
When, oh! the Hope her Anchor lost, undone;
Rolls at the mercy of the Regent Moon.

IV.

'Tis my ador'd *Diana*, then must be
The Guid'ess to this beaten Bark of mine,
'Tis she must calm and smoothe this troubled Sea,
And waft my hope over the vaulting Brine:
Call home thy venture *Dian* then at last,
And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

To *Cælia*.

O D E.

I

When *Cælia* must my old day set,
 And my young morning rise
 In beams of joy so bright as yet
 Ne'er blest'd a Lovers eye,
 My State is more advanc'd, than when
 I first attempted thee;
 I su'd to be a Servant then,
 But now to be made Free.

II

I've serv'd my time Faithfull and True,
 Expecting to be plac'd,
 In happy Freedom, as my due,
 To all the Joys thou hast:
 Ill Husbandry in Love is such
 A Scandal to Love's pow'r,
 We ought not to mispend so much
 As one poor short-liv'd hour.

III. Yet

III.

Yet think not (Sweet) I'm weary grown,

That I pretend such haste,

Since none to surfeit e'er was known,

Before he had a taste;

My Infant Love could humbly wait,

When young it scarce knew how

To plead; but, grown to Man's estate,

He is impatient now.

The Picture.

I.

HOw, *Chloris*, can I e'er believe

The Vows of Women kind,

Since yours I faithless find,

So faithless, that you can refuse

To him your shadow, that to chuse

You swore you could the substance give?

II. Is't

II.

Is't not enough that I must go
 Into another Clime,
 Where Feather-footed Time
May turn my Hopes into Despair,
My youthful Dawn to bristled Hair,
But that you add this torment too ?

III.

Perchance you fear Idolatry
 Would make the Image prove
 A Woman fit for love ;
Or give it such a soul as shone
Through fond *Pigmalion's* living stone,
That so I might abandon thee.

IV.

O no ! 'twould fill my *Genius* room,
 My honest one, that when
 Frailty would love agen,
And, failing, with new objects burn,
Then, Sweetest, would thy Picture turn
My wandering eyes to thee at home.

Elegy.

Gods! are you just, and can it be
You should deal man his misery
With such a liberal hand, yet spare
So meanly when his Joys you share?
Durst timorous Mortality
Demand of this the reason why?
The Argument of all our Ills
Would end in this, that 'tis your Wills.
Be it so then, and since 'tis fit
We to your harsh Decrees submit,
Farewell all durable content,
Nothing but woe is permanent.

How strangely, in a little space,
Is my State chang'd from what it was,
When my *Clorinda* with her Rays,
Illustrated this happy place?

When

When she was here, was here, alafs !
How sadly sounds that, *when she was* !
That Monarch rul'd not under sky,
Who was so great a Prince as I :
And if who boasts most Treasure be
The greatest Monarch, I was he ;
As seiz'd of her, who from her Birth
Has been the Treasure of the Earth :
But she is gone, and I no more
That mighty Sovereign, but as poor,
Since stript of that my glorious trust,
As he who grovels in the dust.

Now I could quarrel Heav'n, and be
Ring-leader to a Mutiny,
Like that of the Gygantick Wars,
And hector my malignant Stars ;
Or, in a tamer method, sit
Sighing, as though my heart would split ;

With

With looks dejected, armes across,
Mourning and weeping for a loss
My sweet (if kind as heretofore)
Can in two short-liv'd hours restore.

Some God then, (sure you are not all
Deaf to poor Lovers when they call)
Commiserating my sad smart,
Touch fair *Clorinda's* noble heart
To pity a poor sufferer,
Disdains to sigh, unless for her!
Some friendly Deity possess
Her generous Breast with my distress!
Oh! tell her how I sigh away
The tedious hours of the day;
Hating all light that does not rise
From the gay Morning of her eyes:
Tell her that Friends, which were to be
Welcome to men in misery,
To me, I know not how, of late
Are grown to be importunate:

My

My Books which once were wont to be
My best beloved Company,
Are (save a Prayer-book for Form)
Left to the Canker or the Worm :
My Study's Grief, my Pleasure Care,
My Joys are Woe, my Hope Despair,
Fears are my Drink, deep Sighs my Food,
And my Companions Solitude.

Night too, which Heav'n ordain'd to be
Man's chiefest Friend's my Enemy,
When she her Sable Curtain spreads,
The whole Creation make their beds,
And every thing on Earth is blest'd
With gentle and refreshing Rest ;
But wretched I, more pensive made
By the addition of that shade,
Am left alone, with sorrow roar
The grief I did but sigh before ;
And tears which, check'd by shame and light,
Do only drop by day, by night

(No longer aw'd by nice respects,) 11
Gush out in Flouds and Cataracts.
Ill life, ah Love, why is it so!
To me is measur'd out by woe,
Whilst she, who is that life's great light,
Conceals her Glories from my sight.
Say, fair *Clorinda*, why should he
Who is thy Vertue's Creature be
More wretched than the rest of men
Who love and are belov'd agen?
I know my passion, not desert,
Has giv'n me int'rest in a heart,
Truer than ever Man possess'd,
And in that knowledge I am blest;
Yet even thence proceeds my care,
That makes your absence hard to bear;
For were you cruel, I should be
Glad to avoid your cruelty;
But happy in an equal flame,
I, Sweetest, thus impatient am:

Then

Then since your presence can restore
My heart the joy it had before,
Since lib'ral Heaven never gave
To Woman such a pow'r to save,
Practise that Sovereign pow'r on one
Must live or dye for you alone.

Taking leave of Chloris.

I.

SHE sighs as if she would restore
The life she took away before ;
As if she did recant my doom,
And sweetly would relieve me home :
Such hope to one condemn'd appears
From every whisper that he hears :

But what do such vain hopes avail,
If those sweet sighs compose a gale,
To drive me hence, and swell my sail ?

II. See,

II.

See, see, she weeps! Who would not swear
That love descended in that tear,
Boasting him of his wounded prize
Thus in the bleeding of her eyes?
Or that those tears with just pretence
Would quench the fire that came from thence?
But oh! they are (which strikes me dead)
Chrystal her frozen heart has bred;
Neither in love nor pitty shed.

III.

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
My happiness I dare not own,
But wretchedly her favours wear,
Blind to my self, unjust to her
Whose sighs and tears at least discover
She pitties, if not loves her Lover:
And more betrays the Tyrant's skill,
Than any blemish in her will,
That thus laments whom she doth kill.

IV.

Pitty still (Sweet) my dying state,
My flame may fure pretend to that,
Since it was only unto thee
I gave my life and liberty ;
Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,
By love I'm pitty's object made.

Pitty me then, and if thou hear
I'm dead, drop such another tear,
And I am paid my full arrear.

Song.

I.

Fle pretty *Doris*! weep no more,
Damon is doubtless safe on shoar,
Despight of wind and wave;
The life is Fate-free that you cherish,
And 'tis unlike he now should perish
You once thought fit to save:

II.

Dry (Sweet) at last, those twins of light,
Which whilst ecclips'd, with us 'tis night,
And all of us are blind:
The tears that you so freely shed,
Are both too pretious for the Dead,
And for the Quick too kind.

C 2

III. Fic

III.

Fie, pretty *Doris*! sigh no more,
The Gods your *Damon* will restore,
From Rocks and Quick-sands free;
Your wishes will secure his way,
And doubtless he, for whom you pray,
May laugh at Destiny.

IV.

Still then those Tempests of your breast,
And set that pretty heart at rest,
The man will soon return;
Those sighs for Heav'n are only fit,
Arabian Gums are not so sweet,
Nor Offerings when they burn.

V.

On him you lavish grief in vain,
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
Whilst you continue true:
That man's disaster is above,
And needs no pity, that does love
And is belov'd by you.

Resolution in four Sonnets, of a Poetical Question put to me by a Friend, concerning four Rural Sisters.

Sonnet.

I

A *Lice* is tall and upright as a Pine, (Snow,
White as blanch'd Almonds, or the falling
Sweet as are Damask Roses when they blow,
And doubtless fruitful as the swelling Vine.

Ripe to be cut, and ready to be press'd,
Her full cheek'd beauties very well appear,
And a year's fruit she loses e'ery year,
Wanting a man t'improve her to the best.

Full fain she would be husbanded, and yet,
 Alas! she cannot a fit Lab'rer get
 To cultivate her to her own content :

Fain would she be (God wot) about her task,
 And yet (forsooth) she is too proud to ask,
 And (which is worfe) too modest to consent.

Sonnet.

II.

M*Arg'et* of humbler stature by the head
 Is (as it oft falls out with yellow hair)
 Than her fair Sister, yet so much more fair,
 As her pure white is better mixt with red.

This

This, hotter than the other ten to one,
Longs to be put unto her Mothers trade,
And loud proclaims she lives too long a Maid,
Wishing for one t'untie her Virgin Zone.

She finds Virginitie a kind of ware
That's very very troublesome to bear,
And being gone, she thinks will ne'er be mist :
And yet withall the Girl has so much grace,
To call for help I know she wants the face,
Though ask'd, I know not how she would resist.

Sonnet.

III.

Mary is black, and taller than the last,
Yet equal in perfection and desire,
To the one's melting snow, and t'other's fire,
As with whose black their fairness is defac'd:

She pants as much for love as th'other two,
But she so vertuous is, or else so wise,
That she will win or will not love a prize,
And but upon good terms will never doe :

Therefore who her will conquer ought to be
At least as full of love and wit as she,
Or he shall ne'er gain favour at her hands :
Nay, though he have a pretty store of brains,
Shall only have his labour for his pains,
Unless he offer more than she demands.

Sonnet.

IV.

MArtha is not so tall, nor yet so fair
As any of the other lovely three,
Her chiefeſt Grace is poor ſimplicity,
Yet were the reſt away, ſhe were a Star.

She's

She's fair enough, only she wants the art
To set her Beauties off as they can doe,
And that's the cause she ne'er heard any woo,
Nor ever yet made conquest of a heart :

And yet her bloud's as boiling as the best,
Which, pretty soul, does so disturb her rest,
And makes her languish so, she's fit to die,
Poor thing, I doubt she still must lie alone,
For being like to be attack'd by none,
Sh'as no more wit to ask than to deny.

On my pretty Marten.

Come, my pretty little Muse,
Your assistance I must use,
And you must assist me too
Better than you use to doe,
Or the Subject we disgrace
Has oblig'd us many ways.
Pretty *Matty* is our Theme,
Of all others the supreme;
Should we studie for't a year,
Could we chuse a prettier?
Little *Mat*, whose pretty play
Does divert us ev'ry day,
Whose Caresses are so kind,
Sweet, and free, and undesign'd,
Meekness is not more disarming,
Youth and modesty more charming;

Nor from any ill intent
Nuns or Doves more innocent :
And for Beauty, Nature too
Here would shew what she could doe;
Finer Creature ne'er was seen,
Half so pretty, half so clean.
Eyes as round and black as Sloe,
Teeth as white as morning Snow ;
Breath as sweet as blowing Roses,
When the Morn their leaves discloses,
Or, what sweeter you'll allow,
Breath of Vestals when they vow,
Or, that yet doth sweeter prove,
Sighs of Maids who die for Love.
Next his Feet my praise commands,
Which methinks we should call hands,
For so finely they are shap'd,
And for any use so apt,
Nothing can so dext'rous be,
Nor fine handed near as he.
These, without though black as Jet,
Within are soft and supple yet

As Virgins Palm, where Man's deceit
Seal of promise never set.

Back and Belly soft as Dawn,
Sleeps which peace of Conscience crown,

Or the whispers Love reveal,

Or the kisses Lovers steal :

And of such a rich perfume,

As, to say I dare presume,

Will out-ravish and out-wear

That of th' fulsome Milliner.

Tail so bushy and so long,

(Which t'omit would doe him wrong)

As the proudest she of all

Proudly would be fann'd withall.

Having given thus the shape

Of this pretty little Ape,

To his Vertues next I come,

Which amount to such a summe,

As not only well may pass

Both my Poetry and Drefs

To set forth as I should do't,
But Arithmetick to boot.

Valour is the ground of all
That we Mortals Vertues call;
And the little Cavalier
That I do present you here,
Has of that so great a share,
He might lead the World to war.
What the Beasts of greater size
Tremble at he does despise,
And is so compos'd of heart,
Drums nor Guns can make him start:
Noises which make others quake,
Serve his Courage to awake.
Libyan Lyons make their Feasts
Of subdu'd *Plebean* Beasts,
And *Hyrceanian* Tigers prey
Still on Creatures less than they,
Or less arm'd; the *Russian* Bears
Of tamer Beasts make massacres.

Irish Wolves devour the Dams,
English Foxes prey on Lambs.
These are all effects of course,
Not of Valour, but of Force;
But my *Matty* does not want
Heart t'attack an Elephant.
Yet his Nature is so sweet,
Mice may nibble at his feet,
And may pass as if unseen,
If they spare his Megazine.
Constancy, a Vertue then
In this Age scarce known to men,
Or to Womankind at least,
In this pretty little Beast;
To the World might be restor'd,
And my *Matty* be ador'd.
Chaste he is as Turtle Doves,
That abhor adult'rate Loves;
True to Friendship, and to Love,
Nothing can his Vertue move,

But his Faith in either giv'n,
Seems as if 'twere seal'd in Heaven.
Of all Brutes to him alone
Justice is, and Favour known.
Now is *Matty's* excellence
Nearly circumscrib'd by sense,
He for judgment what to doe
Knows both good and evil too,
But is with such vertue blest'd,
That he chuses still the best,
And wants nothing of a Wit
But a Tongue to utter it:
Yet with that we may dispense,
For his Signs are Eloquence.
Then for Fashion, and for Meine,
Matty's fit to court a Queen;
All his motions gracefull are,
And all Courts outshine as far
As our Courtiers peakish Clowns,
Or those peaknills Northern Loons,
Which should Ladies see, they sure
Other Beasts would ne'er endure;

Then

Then no more they would make suit
For an ugly pissing-coat
Rammish Cat, nor make a pet
Of a bawdy Mammet.
Nay, the Squerrel, though it is
Pretty'st Creature next to this,
Would henceforward be discarded,
And in Woods live unregarded.
Here sweet Beauty is a Creature
Purposely ordain'd by Nature,
Both for cleanness and for shape
Worthy a Fair Ladies lap;
Nor her Bosom would disgrace,
Nor a more beloved place.

Live long, my pretty little Boy,
Thy Master's Darling, Ladies Joy,
And when Fate will no more forbear
To lay his hands on him and her,
E'en then let Fate my *Matty* spare,
And when thou dy'st then turn a Star.

The

The New-year.

To Mr. W. T.

H Ark, the Cock crows, and you, bright Star,
Tells us the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He guilds the Western hills with light.
With him old *Janus* does appear,
Peeping into the future Year
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill fights to see,
And 'gainst our selves to Prophecie,
When the Prophetick fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of Soul-tormenting Gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.

D

But

But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now :
His reverse face may shew distast,
And frown upon the ills are past ;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye,
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer ;
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The Influences of a year
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born ?

Pox on't! the last was ill enough;
This cannot but make better proof;
Or at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best Fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithall
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort;
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at Destiny,
Appears ingrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.

Then let us welcome the new guest,
With lusty Brimmers of the best;

Mirth always should good Fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line our selves with Sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next year she face about.

The Joys of Marriage.

HOW uneasie is his Life
Who is troubled with a Wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind with armes enfolding,
Be she cross and always scolding,
Be she blith or melancholy,
Have she Wit or have she Folly,

Be she wary, be she squandering,
Be she staid, or be she wandering,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she ickle,
Be she pious or ungodly,
Be she chaste or what sounds odly:
Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she Saint, or be she Devil;
Yet uneasie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

If fair she's subject to temptation,
If foul her self's solicitation,
If young and sweet she is too tender,
If old and cross no man can mend her,
If too too kind she's over clinging,
If a true scold she's ever ringing,
If blith find Fiddles, or y'undoe her,
If sad then call a Casuist to her,

If a Wit she'll still be jeering,
If a Fool she's ever fleering,
If too wary then she'll shrow thee,
If too lavish she'll undoe thee,
If staid she'll mope a year together,
If gadding then to *London* with her,
If true she'll think you don't deserve her,
If false a thousand will not serve her,
If lustfull send her to a Spittle,
If cold she is for one too little,
If she be of th' Reformation,
Thy House will be a Convocation,
If a Libertine then watch it,
At the window thou maist catch it,
If chaste her pride will still importune,
If a Whore thou know'st thy Fortune:
So uneasie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

These are all extremes I know,
But all Womankind is so,
And the Golden Mean to none
Of that cloven Race is known ;
Or to one if known it be,
Yet that one's unknown to me.
Some *Ulyssæan* Traveller
May perhaps have gone so far,
As t'have found (in spight of Nature)
Such an admirable Creature.
If a Voyager there be
Has made that discovery,
He the fam'd *Odcombian* gravels,
And may rest to write his Travels.

But alas ! there's no such woman,
The Calamity is common,
The first rib did bring in ruine,
And the rest have since been doing,

Some by one way, some another,
Woman still is mischief's mother,
And yet cannot Man forbear,
Though it cost him ne'er so dear.

Yet with me 'tis out of season
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But alas! I love her so
That my love creates my woe;
For if she be out of humour,
Streight displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the World to know
What it is offends her so:
Or if she be discontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her:

But

But if sick I then am dying,
Meat and Med'cine both defying :
So uneasy is his Life
Who is marry'd to a Wife.

What are then the Marr'age Joys
That make such a mighty noise ?
All's enclos'd in one short Sentence,
Little Pleasure, great Repentance;
Yet it is so sweet a Pleasure,
To repent we scarce have leisure,
Till the pleasure wholly fails,
Save sometimes by Intervals :
But those intervals again,
Are so full of deadly pain,
That the pleasure we have got,
Is in Conscience too dear bought.

Pox on't! would Womankind be free,
What needed this Solemnity,

This

This foolish way of coupling so,
That all the World (forsooth) must know ?
And yet the naked truth to say,
They are so perfect grown that way,
That if't only be for pleasure
You would marry, take good leisure,
Since none can ever want supplies
For natural necessities;
Without exposing of his Life
To the great trouble of a Wife.

Why then all the great pains taking ?
Why the fighting ? why the waking ?
Why the riding ? why the running ?
Why the artifice and cunning ?
Why the whining ? why the crying ?
Why pretending to be dying ?
Why all this clutter to get Wives,
To make us weary of our Lives.

If Fruition we profess
To be the only happiness,
How much happier then is he,
Who with the industrious Bee
Preys upon the several Sweets
Of the various Flow'rs he meets,
Than he who with less delight
Dulls on one his Appetite ?

Oh 'tis pleasant to be free !
The sweetest Miss is Liberty ;
And though who with one sweet is blest'd
May reap the sweets of all the rest
In her alone, who fair and true,
As Love is all for which we sue,
Whose several Graces may supply
The place of full variety,
And whose true kindness on address
Summs up the All of happiness ;

Ver

Yet 'tis better live alone,
Free to all than t' d to one,
Since uneasie is his Life
Who is marri'd to a Wife.

O D E.

To Love.

I.

Great Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,
And wounded me with Nature's Pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die
Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy
All Beauty in the world beside.

II.

A Beauty above all pretence,
Whose very scorns are recompence,

The

The Regent of my heart is crown'd,
And now the sorrows and the woe,
My Youth and Folly help'd me to,
Are buried in this friendly wound.

III.

Led by my Folly or my Fate,
I lov'd before I knew not what,
And threw my thoughts I knew not where :
With judgment now I love and sue,
And never yet perfection knew,
Untill I cast mine eyes on her.

IV.

My Soul, that was so base before
Each little beauty to adore,
Now rais'd to Glory, does despise
Those poor and counterfeited rays
That caught me in my childish days,
And knows no power but her eyes.

V. Rais'd

V.

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,
Almighty Love, for to implore
Of my auspicious Stars or thee,
Than that thou bow her noble mind
To be as mercifully kind
As I shall ever faithfull be.

Song.

I.

S Ad thoughts make hast and kill me out,
I live too long in pain ;
'Tis dying to be still in doubt,
And death, that ends all miseries,
The chief and only favour is
The wretched can obtain.

II.

I have liv'd long enough to know
That life is a Disease,
At least it does torment me so,
That Death, at whom the happy start,
I court to come, and with his Dart
To give me a release.

III.

Come, friendly Death, then strike me dead,
For all this while I die,
And but long dying nothing dread;
Yet being with grief the one half slain,
With all thy power thou wilt gain
But half a Victory.

Elegy.

Elegy.

A Way to th'other world, away,
In this I can no longer stay ;
I long enough in this have stai'd
To see my self poorly betrai'd,
Forfaken, robb'd, and left alone,
And to all purposes undone.
What then can tempt me to live on,
My Peace and Honour being gone!
O yes ! I still am call'd upon
To stay by my affliction.
Oh fair affliction ! let me go,
You best can part with me I know ;
'Tis an ill natur'd pride you take
To triumph o'er the fool you make,
And you loose time in trampling o'er
One, whilst you might make twenty more.

Your

Your eyes have still the conqu'ring pow'r
They had in that same dang'rous hour
They laid me at your beauties feet,
Your Roses still as fair and sweet ;
And there more hearts are to subdue,
But, oh! not one that's half so true.
Dismiss me then t'eternal rest,
I cannot live but in your Breast ;
Where, banish'd by Inconstancy,
The world has no more room for me

E

In

In Coccam.

Epigram

De Monsieur Maynard.

THy cheeks having their Roses shed,
And thy whole Frame through Age become
So loathsome for all use in bed,
That 'tis much fitter for a Tomb;

Cocca, thou should'st not be so vain,
Although thy Eloquence be great,
As to expect it should obtain
That I should doe the filthy Feat :

And that same Engine in your hand
You cherish, court, and flatter so,
Now you have made him bravely stand,
Is not so charitable though,
As in his vigorous youth to be
A crutch to your Antiquity.

Writ in Calista's Prayer-Book.

An Epigram

O F

Monsieur de Malherbe.

WHilst you are deaf to love, you may,
Fairest *Calista*, weep and pray,
And yet, alas ! no mercy find ;
Not but God's mercifull, 'tis true,
But can you think he'll grant to you
What you deny to all Mankind ?

Song.

I

HOW comes it to pass with so little adoe
That I've broke all my Fetters and Chains,
And that no remembrance of all my great woe
But like that of a Tale now remains?
I no more for a Star now do *Phillis* esteem,
And all her Perfections to me now do seem
But like Dreams when I've malted my Brains.

II.

I am now quite asham'd to see how she looks,
And no more the same Fair that before,
Those Beauties all gone put me so off the hooks,
And so troubled my Coxcomb of yore;
I Now see all the shot that she made was false fire,
And those murdering Charms I so much did admire
Were defects, mere defects, and no more.

III. The

III.

The Sun, or yet Love, are no more in her eyes,
They're as dim as a Nail's in a door,
She's so far with her Charms from gaining a prize,
That I doubt she must now run o'th' score ;
And for that we call Mistress so monstrous unfit
To any man living that has Grace or Wit,
That she's scarce good enough for a Whore.

IV.

Yet, Sot that I was, I did once cry and blubber
For this damnable piece of Infection,
Which none could have done but an Owl and a Lubber,
But his sense would have been his Protection ;
And for which on my self I will now pass this Sentence,
That to th' hour of my death I will weep for repentance
That I ever did weep for affection.

V.

Farewell then, O *Phillis*! it is the Gods pleasure
 That I reason might see to forsake you,
 To open my eyes, then out of my loves treasure
 Please t'accept of this farewell I make you;
 'Tis a Complement that is most justly your due,
 And but what in times past I took kindly from you,
 Ugly *Phillis*, a Whoreson's Pox take you.

*A Phillis.**Madrigal.*

JE plaigrois, *Phillis*, un jour
 A son *Petitesse d'Amour*
 De mon martyre, & mon malheur;
 De ce que par son Caprice,
 Sans procez, & sans Justice
 L'enfant m'avoit navrez le Cœur.

*La dessus le pitit Drole
M'a promis sur la parole
Entre ses beaux flesches uvoraies d'or,
D'en choisir encore une autre
Et de faire autant au vostre,
Le sentez vous, Philis, encore ?*

O D E.

To Chloris.

I.

F Air and Cruel, still in vain
Must I adore, still, still persevere,
Languish still, and still complain,
And yet a Med'cine for my Feaver
Never, never must obtain ?

E 4

II. Chloris,

I I.

Chloris, how are you to blame,
To him that dies to be so cruel
Not to stay my falling frame,
Since your fair eyes do dart the fuel
That still nourishes my flame ?

I I I.

Shade those Glories of thine eye,
Or let their Influence be milder,
Beauty, and disdain destroy
Alike, and make our Passions wilder,
Either let me live or die.

I V.

I have lov'd thee (let me see ;
Lord, how long a time of loving !)
Years no less than three times three,
Still my flame and pain improving,
Yet still paid with cruelty.

V. What
V.

V.

What more wouldst thou have of me?

Sure I've serv'd a pretty season,
And so prov'd my constancy,

That methinks it is but reason
Love or Death should set me free.

O D E.

I.

WAs ever man of Nature's framing
So given o'er to roving,
Who have been twenty years a raming
By ways that are not worth the naming,
And now must die of loving?

II. Hell

II.

Hell take me if she been't so winning
That now I love her mainly,
And though in jeast at the beginning,
Yet now I'd wond'rous fain be sinning,
And so have told her plainly.

III.

At which she cries I doe not love her,
And tells me of her Honor ;
Then have I no way to disprove her,
And my true passion to discover,
But streight to fall upon her.

IV.

Which done, forsooth, she talks of wedding,
But what will that avail her ?
For though I am old Dog at Bedding,
I'm yet a man of so much reading,
That there I sure shall fail her.

V.

No, hang me if I ever marry,
Till Womankind grow stancher,
I do delight delights to vary,
And love not in one Hulk to tarry,
But only Trim and Launch her.

To John Bradsham, Esq;

I.

Could you and I our Lives renew,
And be both young agen,
Retaining what we ever knew
Of Manners, Times, and Men,

II.

We could not frame so loose to live,
But must be useful then,
E'er we could possibly arrive
To the same Age agen;

III. But

III.

But Youth's devour'd in Vanities
Before we are aware,
And so grown old before grown wise,
We good for nothing are :

IV.

Or, if by that time knowing grown,
By reading Books and Men,
For others Service, or our own,
'Tis with the latest then.

V.

Happy's that man, in this estate,
Whose Conscience tells him still,
That though for good he comes too late,
He ne'er did any ill.

VI

The satisfaction flowing thence,
All dolours would assuage,
And be sufficient recompence
For all the ills of Age :

VII.

But very few (my Friend) I fear,
Whom this ill Age has bred,
At need have such a Comforter
To make their dying Bed.

VIII.

'Tis then high time we should prepare
In a new World to live,
Since here we breath but panting air,
Alas! by short reprieve.

IX.

Life then begins to be a pain,
Infirmity prevails,
Which, when it but begins to reign,
The bravest Courage quails ;

X.

But could we, as I said, procure
To live our lives agen,
We should be of the better sure
Or the worst sort of men.

Winter.

WINTER.

De Monsieur Marigny.

Directed to Sir Robert Coke.

B Leak *Winter* is from *Norway* come,
And such a formidable Groom,
With's Icl'd beard, and hoary head,
That, or with cold, or else with dread,
Has frighted *Phæbus* out on's wit,
And put him int' an Ague Fit:
The Moon too, out of rev'rend care
To save her beauty from the Air,
And guard her pale Complexion,
Her Hood and Vizard Mask puts on:
Old gray-pate Saturn too is seen,
Muffled up in a great Bear's skin:
And *Mars* a quilted Cap puts on,
Under his shining Morion:

And

And in these posting Luminaries
It but a necessary care is,
And very consonant to reason,
To go well clad in such a season.
The very Heaven it self, alas!
Is now so pav'd with liquid Glafs,
That if they han't (on th'other side)
Learn'd in their younger days to slide,
It is so slippery made withall,
They cannot go two steps but fall.
The Nectar which the Gods do troll,
Is frozen i'th' Celestial Boul,
And the Cup-bearer *Ganimes*
Has capp'd his frizled flaxed head.
The naked *Gemini*, God wot,
A very scurvy Rhume have got;
And in this coldest of cold weathers,
Had they not been warm wrap'd in Feathers,
Mercury's heels had been, I trow,
Pepper'd with running Kibes e'er now.

Nor

Nor are these Deities, whom Love
To men has tempted from above
To pass their time on Earth, more free
From the cold blast than th'others be.
For Truth, amidst the blust'ring Rour,
Can't keep her Torch from blowing out.
Justice, since none would take her word,
Has for a Waistcoat pawn'd her Sword;
And it is credibly related,
Her Fillet's to a Quoife translated.
Fortune's foot's frozen to her Ball,
Bright Chrystal from her nose does fall,
And all the work she now intends,
Is but to blow her fingers ends.
The Muses have the Schools forsook
To creep into the Chimney nook,
Where, for default of other wood,
(Although it goes to his heart's blood)
Apollo, for to warm their shins,
Makes fires of Lutes and Violins.

The Trout and Grailing that did rove
At liberty, like swift wing'd Dove,
In Ice are crufted up and pent,
Enslav'd with the poor Element.

'Tis strange! but what's more strange than these,
Thy Bounties, Knight, can never freeze,
But e'en amidst the Frost and Snow
In a continued Torrent flow ;
Oh! let me come and live with thee,
Winter shall nor feel nor see.

On Rutt the Judge.

RUTT, to the Suburb Beauties full well known,
Was from the bag scarce crept into a Gown,
When he, by telling of himself fine tales,
Was made a Judge, and sent away to *Wales* :
'Twas proper and most fit it should be so,
Whither should Goats but to the Mountains go ?

On Sim and Simon.

THough *Sim*, whilst *Sim*, in ill repute did live
He yet was but a Knave diminutive ;
But now his name being swell'd two letters bigger,
Simon's a Knave at length, and not in figure.

Virelay

Virelay.

THou cruel Fair, I go
To seek out any Fate but thee,
Since there is none can wound me so,
Nor that has half thy cruelty;
Thou cruel Fair, I go.

For ever then farewell,
Tis a long leave I take, but oh!
To tarry with thee here is Hell,
And twenty thousand Hells to go,
For ever though farewell.

Madrigal.

TO be a Whore, despite of Grace,
 Good Counsel and an ugly face,
 And to distribute still the Pox,
 To men of wit
 Will seem a kind of Paradox;
 And yet
 Thou art a Whore, despite of Grace,
 Good Counsel and an ugly face.

La Illustrissima.

On my Fair and Dear Sister, Mrs.
Anne King.

OFT have I lov'd, but ne'er aright,
 Till th'other day I saw a sight
 That shot me through & through with conqu'ring light
 A Bea

A Beauty of so rare a frame
As does all other Beauties shame,
And renders Poetry to praise it lame.

Poor fotted Poets, cease to praise
Your *Laura's*, *Cynthia's*, *Lydia's*,
Fondly ador'd in your mistaken days,

Tell me no more of golden hair,
Of all ill colours the worst wear,
And renders beauty terrible as fair.

Almanna's curls are black as night,
Thorough whose Sable ring's a white,
Whiter than whiteness, strikes the wounded sight.

Tell me no more of arched brows,
Nor henceforth call them *Cupid's* Bows,
Which common praise to common form allows.

Hers, shining, smooth, and black as Jet,
Short, thick, and even without fret,
Exceed all Simile and counterfeit.

Study no more for Eulogies,
For *English* gray, or *French* blew eyes,
Which never yet but of a Fool made prize.

Almanna's eyes are such as none
Could ever dare to gaze upon,
But in a trice he found his heart was gone.

Those lights the coldest bloud can thaw,
And hearts by their attraction draw,
As warm chaf'd Jet licks up a trembling straw.

No more for cheeks make senseless Posies
Of Lillies white, and Damask Roses,
Which more of fancy than of truth discloses.

In hers Complexion's mixed so,
That white and red together grow,
Like Lovers bloud sprinkled on Virgin Snow.

Cease, cease of Coral Lips to prate,
Of Rubies, and I can't tell what,
Those Epithets are all grown stale and flat.

Almanna

Alman's roſie lips are ſuch,
To praiſe them is for wit too much,
Till firſt inspir'd by their moſt bleſſed touch.

No more hang teeth upon a ſtring,
And ropes of Pearl for Grinders bring,
Your Treafure is too poor an Offering.

Compariſons doe hers no right,
Ivory's yellow in their ſight,
Which are than all things but themſelves more white.

No more of Odours go in queſt
As far as the remoteſt Eaſt,
Thence to perfume a Ladies rotten Cheſt.

Her breath, much ſweeter than the Spring
With all its join'd perfumes can bring,
Gives life and happy life to ev'ry thing.

Tell me no more of Swan-white breſts,
Which you call little *Cupid's* neſts,
In thoſe you praiſe fit for ſuch wanton gueſts:

Almanna's ten times whiter are
Than those of the supremest fair,
But yet, alas! no Loves inhabit there.

Oh! set your wits no more o'th' laste,
To praise a Nymph's contorted Waste,
By such admirers fit to be embrac'd;

Here is a shape, and such a one
As regulates Proportion,
And but to see is half Fruition.

Tell me no more Poetick lies,
Of hard, cold, crufted, marble thighs,
Hopeless and fond impossibilities;

Hers, by the rule of Symmetry,
Although unseen, we know must be
Above the poor report of Poetry.

Tell me no more of Legs and Feet,
Where Grace and Elegancy meet,
But leave your lying, and come here to see't;

Here's

Here's shape, invention that disgraces,
And when she moves the charming Graces
Both number, figure, and adjust her paces:

But to this shape there is a mind
From flesh and blood so well refin'd
As renders her the Glory of her Kind.

On the World's Centre never yet
Were Form and Vertue so well met,
Nor priceless Diamond so neatly set.

Beauty, but Beauty is alone,
But Fair *Almanna's* such a one
As Earth may glory in, and Heav'n may own.

Almanna is the onely she
Deserves the gen'ral Eulogy,
The praise of all the rest is Poetry.

Chan.

Chanson a Boire.

I.

Come let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking ;

It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good ;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it on faster,

Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood
He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,

The present is with us and does threaten no ill ;
He's a Fool that will sorrow
For the thing call'd to morrow,
But the hour we've in hand we may weild as we will.

II. There's

II.

There's nothing but *Bacchus*

Right merry can make us,

That vertue particular is to the Vine ;

It fires ev'ry creature

With wit and good nature,

Whose thoughts can be dark when their noses doe
shine ?

A night of good drinking

Is worth a year's thinking,

There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow,

Then to drown our cares Boys

Let's drink up the Stars Boys,

Each face of the gang will a Sun be to morrow.

The

The Angler's Ballad.

I.

A Way to the Brook,
All your Tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spight
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

II.

Your Rod with tops two,
For the same will not doe
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a Pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

III. Then

III.

Then Basket, neat made
By a Master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true Brother was of the Angle.

IV.

Next, Pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a Mail,
With Wax, Cruels, Silks, Hair, Furs and Feathers,
To make several Flies
For the several Skies,
That shall kill in despight of all weathers.

V.

The Boxes and Books
For your Lines and your Hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your Scissors, and your Hone
To adjust your points on,
With a Net to be sure for your landing.

VI.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our Fortunes at leisure.

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all Nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

Or stream now, or still,
A large Panier will fill,
Trout and Grailing to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

IX. Away

IX.

Away then, away,
We loose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us;
If misfortune doe come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.

X.

The Angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds it self with so often tormented;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

XI.

And though we display
All our Arts to betray
What were made for man's Pleasure and Diet;
Yet both Princes and States
May, for all our quaint Bates,
Rule themselves and their People in quiet.

XII. We

XII

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the Rates
Our Superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

XIII

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission;
For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last unto down-right Sedition.

XIV.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an Angler t'a Fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate, what care we,
We're as honest as he,
And so let him take that for his labour.

XV. We

XV.

We covet no Wealth
But the Blessing of Health,
And that greater good Conscience within;
Such Devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win.

XVI.

Whilst we sit and fish
We do pray as we wish,
For long life to our King *James* the Second;
Honest Anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good Subjects be reckon'd.

G

Epistle

Epistle to John Bradshaw Esq;

I.

From *Porto Nova* as pale wretches go
To swing on fatal *Tripus*, even so,
My dearest Friend, I went last day from thee,
Whilst for five Miles, the figure of that Tree
Was ever in my guilty Fancy's eye,
As if in earnest I'd been doom'd to die
For, what deserv'd it, so unworthily
Stealing so early, *Jack*, away from thee.
And that which (as't well might) encreas'd my fear,
Was the ill luck of my vile Chariotier,
Who drove so nicely too, t'increase my dread,
As if his Horses with my vital thread
Had Harnes'd been, which being, alas! so weak
He fear'd might snap, and would not it should break,
Till he himself the honour had to do't
With one thrice stronger, and my neck to boot.

Thus

Thus far in hanging posture then I went,
(And sting of Conscience is a punishment
On Earth they say the greatest, and some tell
It is moreo'er the onely one in Hell,
The Worm that never dies being alone
The thing they call endless Damnation :)
But leaving that unto the Wife that made it,
And knowing best the Gulf, can best evade it,
I'll tell you, that being pass'd through *High-gate*, there
I was saluted by the Countrey Air,
With such a pleasing Gale, as made me smell
The *Peak* it self; nor is't a Miracle,
For all that pass that *Portico* this way
Are *Transfontani*, as the Courtiers say;
Which suppos'd true, one then may boldly speak,
That all of th' North-side *High-gate* are i'th' *Peak*;
And so to hanging when I thought to come,
Wak'd from the Dream, I found my self at home.

Wonder not then if I, in such a case
So over-joy'd, forgot thee for a space;

And but a little space, for, by this light,
I thought on thee again ten times e'er night ;
Though when the night was come, I then indeed
Thought all on one of whom I'd greater need :
But being now cur'd of that Malady,
I'm at full leisure to remember thee,
And (which I'm sure you long to know) set forth
In Northern Song my Journey to the North.

Know then with Horses twain, one sound, one lame,
On *Sunday's* Eve I to *St. Alban's* came,
Where, finding by my Body's lusty state
I could not hold out home at that slow rate,
I found a Coach-man, who, my case bemoaning,
With three stout Geldings, and one able Stoning,
For eight good Pounds did bravely undertake,
Or for my own, or for my Money's sake,
Through thick and thin, fall out what could befall,
To bring me safe and sound to *Basford-hall*.
Which having drank upon, he bid good-night,
And (Heaven forgive us) with the Morning's light,

Not fearing God, nor his Vice-gerent Constable,
We roundly rowling were the Road to *Dunstable*,
Which, as they chim'd to Prayers, we trotted through,
And 'fore elev'n ten minutes came unto
The Town that *Brickhill* height, where we did rest,
And din'd indifferent well both man and beast.
'Twixt two and four to *Stratford*, 'twas well driven,
And came to *Toecester* to lodge at Even.

Next day we din'd at *Dunchurch*, and did lie
'That night four miles on our side *Coventry*.
Tuesday at Noon at *Lichfeild* Town we baited,
But there some Friends, who long that hour had waited,
So long detain'd me, that my Chariotier
Could drive that night but to *Uttoxeter*.

And there the *Wednesday*, being Market-day,
I was constrain'd with some kind Lads to stay
Tippling till afternoon, which made it night
When from my Hero's Tow'r I saw the light
Of her Flambeaux, and fanci'd as we drave
Each rising Hillock was a swelling wave,
And that I swimming was in *Neptune's* spight
To my long long'd-for Harbour of delight.

And now I'm here set down again in peace,
After my troubles, business, Voyages,
The same dull Northern clod I was before,
Gravely enquiring how Ewes are a Score,
How the Hay-Harvest, and the Corn was got,
And if or no there's like to be a Rot ;
Just the same Sot I was e'er I remov'd,
Nor by my travel, nor the Court improv'd;
The same old fashion'd Squire, no whit refin'd,
And shall be wiser when the Devil's blind :
But find all here too in the self-same state,
And now begin to live at the old rate,
To bub old Ale, which nonsense does create,
Write leud Epistles, and sometimes translate
Old Tales of Tubs, of *Guyenne*, and *Provence*,
And keep a clutter with th'old Blades of *France*,
As *D'Avenant* did with those of *Lombardy*, }
Which any will receive, but none will buy, }
And that has set *H.B.* and me awry. }

My River still through the same Chanel glides,
Clear from the Tumult, Salt, and dirt of Tides,
And my poor Fishing-house, my Seat's best grace,
Stands firm and faithfull in the self-same place
I left it four months since, and ten to one
I go a Fishing e'er two days are gone :
So that (my Friend) I nothing want but thee
To make me happy as I'd wish to be ;
And sure a day will come I shall be blest'd
In his enjoyment whom my heart loves best ;
Which when it comes will raise me above men
Greater than crowned Monarchs are, and then
I'll not exchange my Cottage for *White-hall*,
Windfor, the *Lawre*, or th'*Escorial*.

Anacreontick.

FILL a Boul of lusty Wine,
Briskest Daughter of the Vine;
Fill't untill it Sea-like flow,
That my cheek may once more glow.
I am fifty Winters old,
Bloud then stagnates and grows cold,
And when Youthfull heat decays,
We must help it by these ways.
Wine breeds Mirth, and Mirth imparts
Heat and Courage to our hearts,
Which in old men else are lead,
And not warm'd would soon be dead.

Now I'm sprightly, fill agen,
Stop not though they mount to ten;
Though I stagger do not spare,
'Tis to rock and still my Ear;
Though I stammer 'tis no matter,
I should doe the same with water;

When

When I belch, I am but trying
How much better 'tis than sighing;
If a tear spring in mine eye,
'Tis for joy not grief I cry:
This is living without thinking,
These are the effects of drinking.

Fill a main, (Boy) fill a main,
Whilst I drink I feel no pain;
Gout or Palsie I have none,
Hang the Chollick and the Stone;
I methinks grow young again,
New blood springs in ev'ry vein,
And supply it (Sirrah) still,
Whilst I drink you sure may fill:
If I nod, Boy, rouse me up
With a bigger fuller Cup;
But when that, Boy, will not doe,
Faith e'en let me then goe to,
For 'tis better far too lie
Down to sleep than down to dye.

*Burlesque.**Upon the Great Frost.**To John Bradshaw Esq;*

YOU now, Sir, may, and justly, wonder
That I, who did of late so thunder
Your frontier Garrison by th'Ferry,
Should on a sudden grow so weary ;
And thence may raise a wrong conclusion,
That you have bob'd my Resolution ;
Or else that my Poetick Battery,
With which so smartly I did patter ye,
(Though I am not in that condition)
Has shot away her Ammunition ;
Or (if in kindness peradventure
You are more gentle in your censure)
That I my writing left pursuing,
'Cause I was weary of ill doing.

Now

Now of these three surmizes any,
Except the last, might pass with many;
But such as know me of the Nation,
Know I so hate all Reformation,
Since so much harm to doe I've seen it,
That in my self I'll ne'er begin it;
And should you under your hand give it,
Not one of twenty would believe it.

But I must tell you in brief Clauses,
If you to any of these Causes
Impute the six weeks Truce I've given,
That you are wide, Sir, the whole Heaven:
For know, though I appear less eager,
I never mean to raise my Leaguer,
Till or by storm, or else by Famine,
I force you to the place I am in;
Your self *sans* Article to tender,
Unto Discretion to surrender;
Where see what comes of your vain glory,
To make me lie so long before ye.

To shew you next I want no powder,
I thus begin to batter louder ;
And for the last vain Hope that fed ye,
I think I've answer'd it already.

Now, to be plain, although your Spirit
Will ill, I know, endure to hear it,
You must of force at least miscarry,
For reasons supernumerary:
• And though I know you will be striving
To doe what lies in mortal living,
And may, it may be, a month double
To lie before you give me trouble,
(Though with the stronger men but vapour ill)
And hold out stiff till th'end of *April*,
Or possibly a few days longer,
Yet then you needs must yield for hunger,
When, having eaten all Provisions,
Y'are like to make most brave Conditions,

Now

Ther

Now having friendship been so just to,
To tell you what y'are like to trust to,
I'll next acquaint you with one reason
I've let you rest so long a season,
And that my Muse has been so idle ;
Know *Pegasus* has got a Bridle,
A Bit and Curb of crufted water,
Or if I call't plain Ice no matter,
With which he now is so commanded,
His days of galloping are ended,
Unless I with the spur do prick him,
Nay, rather though I whip and kick him;
He who unbidden us'd to gambol,
Can now nor prance, nor trot, nor amble,
Nor stir a foot to take his airing,
But stands stiff froze, like that at *Charing*,
With two feet up, two down, 'tis pitty
He's not erected in the City.

But, to leave fooling, I assure ye
There never was so cold a Fury

Of nipping Frost, and pinching weather,
Since *Eve* and *Adam* met together.
Our *Peak*, that always has been famous
For cold wherewith to cramp and lame us,
Worse than it self, did now resemble a
Certain damn'd place call'd *Nova Zembla*,
And we who boast us humane Creatures,
Had happy been had we chang'd features,
Garments at least, though theirs be shabbed,
With those who that cold place inhabit,
The Bears and Foxes, who *sans* question
Than we by odds have warmer Vests on.
How cold that Country is, he knows most
Has there his Fingers and his Toes lost;
But here I know that every Member
Alike was handled by *December*:
Who blew his nose had clout or fist all
Instead of snivel fill'd with Crystal,
Who drew for Urinal ejection,
Was b'witch'd into an odd erection,

And these, *Priapus* like, stood strutting,
Fitter for Pedestal than rutting :
As men were fierce, or gentle handed,
Their Fists were clutch'd, or Palms expanded;
Limbs were extended, or contracted,
As use or humour most affected ;
For, as men did to th' air expose 'em,
It catch'd and in that figure froze 'em ;
Of which think me not over ample :
If I produce you here example.
Where, though I am believ'd by scarce one,
None will, I hope, suspect the Person,
Who, from Lies he far remote is,
Will give *in verbo sacerdotis* :

One going to discharge at will-Duck
Had for his recompence the ill luck,
(Or my Informer's an Impostor)
To be in that presenting posture,
Surpriz'd with his left eye fast winking,
Till by good fires, and hot things drinking,

He

He thaw'd, to the beholders laughter,
Unto it self a few hours after.
Two Towns, that long that war had waged,
Being at Foot-ball now engaged
For honour, as both sides pretended,
Left the brave tryall to be ended
Till the next Thaw, for they were frozen
On either part at least a dozen;
With a good handsome space between 'em,
Like Rolle-rich stones, if you've seen 'em,
And could no more run, kick, or trip ye,
Than I can quaff off *Aganippe*;
Till Ale, which crowns all such pretences,
Mull'd them again into their senses.
A Maid compell'd to be a gadder,
T'abate th'extension of her Bladder,
Which is an importuning matter,
Was so supported by her water,
To ease her knees with a third Pillar,
That as she fate the poor distiller

Look'd

Look'd on the tripod, like the famous
Astrologer hight *Nostradamus*.
These stories sound so very odly;
That though men may be pretty godly,
One should though store of Mustard give 'em,
E'er they expect they should believe 'em.
But, to allure your Faith a little,
What follows true is to a tittle :
Our Countrey Air was, in plain dealing,
Some weaks together so congealing,
That if, as men are rude in this age,
One spit had in another's visage,
The Constable by th' back had got him,
For he infallibly had shot him.
Nay, Friend with Friend, Brother with Brother,
Must needs have wounded one another
With kindest words, were they not wary
To make their greetings sideways carry ;
For all the words that came from gullets,
If long were slug, if short ones Bullets.
You might have read from mouths, (*sans Fable*),
Your humble Servant, Sir, in Latel;

H

Like

Like those, (yet theirs were warmer Quarters,) We see in *Foxe's* Book of Martyrs.
Eyes that were weak, and apt to water,
Wore Spectacles of their own matter;
And Noses that to drop were ceas'd,
To such a longitude encreas'd,
That who e'er wrung for ease or losses,
Snap'd off two handfulls of *Proboscis*.
Beards were the strangest things, God save us,
Such as Dame Nature never gave us!
So wild, so pointed, and so flaring,
That I should wrong them by comparing
Hedg-hogs, or Porcupine's small Taggers
To their more dang'rous Swords and Daggers.
Mustachio's look'd like Hero's Trophies
Behind their Arms i'th' Herald's Office;
The perpendicular Beard appear'd
Like Hop-poles in a Hop-yard rear'd:
'Twixt these the underwoody Acres
Look'd just like Bavins at a Baker's,

To heat the Oven mouth most ready,
Which seem'd to gape for heat already.
In mouths with salivation flowing,
The horrid hairs about 'em growing,
Like Reeds, look'd in confused order,
Growing about a Fish-pond's border.
But stay my self I caught have tripping,
(This Frost is perillous for slipping)
I've brought this stupifying weather,
These Elements, too near together ;
The bearded therefore look'd as Nature,
Instead of forming humane Creature,
So many Garrisons had made us,
Our Beards t'our Sconces Pallisadoes.
Perukes now stuck so firm and stedfast,
They all were riveted to headfast ;
Men that bought Wiggs to goe a wooing,
Had them made natural now and growing ;
But let them have a care, for truly
The hair will fall 'twixt this and *July*.
The tender Ladies, and the Lasses,
Were vitrif'd to drinking-Glasses,

Contriv'd to such an admiration,
After so odd fantaſtick faſhion,
One ſcarce knew at which end to guzzle,
The upper or the lower muzzle.
The Earth to that degree was cruſted
That, let me never more be truſted
(I ſpeak without Poetick Figure)
If I don't think a lump no bigger
Than a good Wall-nut, had it hit one,
Would as infallibly have ſplit one,
As Cannon-ſhot, that killing's ſure at,
Had not both been alike obdurate.
The very Rocks, which in all reaſon
Should ſtoutliſt have withſtood the ſeaſon,
Repetrifi'd with harder matter,
Had no more privilege than water :
Had *Pegasus* ſtruck ſuch a Mountain,
It would have fail'd him for a Fountain ;
'Twas well *Pernaffus*, when he ſtarted,
Prov'd to his hoof more tender-hearted,
Or elſe of *Greece* the ſullen Bulley,
And *Trojan Hector*, had been dully

In thread-bare Prose, alas! related,
Which now in Song are celebrated;
For steed Poetick ne'er had whinny'd
Greek Iliad, or Latin Æneid;
Nor *Nero* writ his ribble rabbles;
Of sad Complaints, Love, and strange Fables:
Then too *Anacréon* and *Flaccus*
Had ne'er made Odes in praise of *Bacchus*,
And taught blind Harpers for their bread sneak,
From Feast to Feast to make Cats dead squeak.
Nor *Martial* giv'n so great offences,
With Epigrams of double Senfes.
Rhime then had ne'er been scan'd on Fingers,
No Ballad-makers then, or Singers,
Had e'er been heard to twang out Meetre,
Musick than which back droans make sweeter:
Of Poetry, that writing mystick,
There had not extant been one Dystich;
And, which is worst, the noblest sort on'r,
And to the World the most important
Of th' whole Poetical Creation,
Burlesque, had never been in fashion.

But how have I this while forgot so
My Mistress Dove, who went to pot too;
My white Dove that was smoaking ever,
In spight of Winter's worst endeavour,
And still could so evade or fly him,
As never to be pinnion'd by him,
Now numb'd with bitterness of weather,
Had not the pow'r to stir a Feather,
Wherein the Nymph was to be pitt'd,
But flag'd her wings and so submitted.
The Ruffian bound though, knowing's betters,
Her Silver feet in Chrystal Fetters,
In which Estate we saw poor Dove lye,
Even in Captivity more lovely:
But in the fate of this bright Princess
Reason it self you know convinces,
That her pinniferous fry must die all,
Imprison'd in the Chrystal Vial;
And doubtless there was great Mortality
Of Trout and Grailing of great Quality,
Whom Love and Honour did importune
To stick to her in her misfortune,

Thought

Though we shall find, no doubt, good Dishes
Next Summer of Plebeian Fishes,
Or, if with greater art and trouble
An old Patrician Trout we bubble,
In better Liquor swim we'll make him
By odds than that from whence we take him.

Now though I have in stuff confounded,
Of small truths and great lies compounded,
Giv'n an account, that we in *England*
May, for cold weather, vie with *Green-land*,
I han't yet the main reason given,
Why I so very long have driven
My answer to the last you sent me,
Which did so highly complement me:
Know therefore that both Ink and Cotton
So desperately hard were gotten,
It was impossible by squeezing
To get out either truth or leasing:
My Fingers too, no more being jointed,
My Love and Manners disappointed;

Nay, I was numb'd on that strange fashion,
I could not sign an Obligation,
(Though Heaven such a Friend ne'er sent me)
Would one a thousand pounds have lent me
On my own Bond; and who is't buckles
To writing, pray, that has no knuckles?
But now I'm thaw'd beyond all Conscience
Into a torrent of damn'd Nonsense:
Yet still in this our Climate frigid
I'm one day limber, next day rigid;
Nay, all things yet remain so crusty,
That were I now but half so lusty
As when we kiss'd four months ago,
And had but *Dutch* Golo'shoes on,
At one run I would slide to *Lon---*
But surely this transforming weather
Will soon take leave for altogether,
Then what now *Lapland* seems in *May*,
You'll swear is sweet *Arcadia*.

Clepsydra

Clepsydra.

I.

WHY, let it run! who bids it stay?
Let us the while be merry;
Time there in water creeps away,
With us it posts in Sherry.

II.

Time not employ'd's an empty sound,
Nor did kind Heaven lend it,
But that the Glas should quick goe round,
And men in pleasure spend it.

III.

Then set thy foot, brave Boy, to mine,
Ply quick to cure our thinking;
An hour-glas in an hour of Wine
Would be but lazy drinking.

IV. The

I V.

The man that snores the hour-glass out
Is truly a time-waster,
But we, who troll this glass about,
Make him to post it faster.

V.

Yet though he flies so fast, some think,
'Tis well known to the Sages,
He'll not refuse to stay and drink,
And yet perform his stages.

V I.

Time waits us whilst we crown the hearth,
And dotes on Rubie Faces,
And knows that this Carrier of mirth
Will help to mend our paces :

V I I.

He stays with him that loves good time,
And never does refuse it,
And only runs away from him
That knows not how to use it:

VIII. He

VIII.

He only steals by without noise
From those in grief that waste it,
But lives with the mad roaring Boys
That husband it, and taste it.

IX.

The moralist perhaps may prate
Of vertue from his reading,
Tis all but stale and foisted chat
To men of better breeding.

X.

Time, to define it, is the space
That men enjoy their being;
'Tis not the hour, but drinking glass,
Makes time and life agreeing.

XI.

He wisely does oblige his fate
Does chearfully obey it,
And is of Fops the greatest that
By temp'rance thinks to stay it.

XII. Come,

XII.

Come, ply the Glas then quick about,
 To titillate the Gullet,
 Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,
 Against a Cannon-Bullet.

*Eclogue.**Corydon, Clotten.*

Corydon. **R**ise, *Clotten*, rise, take up thy Pipe & ply,
 The Shepherds want thee, 'tis *Pan's*
 Holy-day;

And thou, of all the Swains, wert wont to be
 The first to grace that great Solemnity.

Clotten. True, *Corydon*, but then I happy was,
 And in *Pan's* favour had a Minion's place:
Clotten had then fair Flocks, the finest Fleece
 These Plains and Mountains yielded then was his.

In these auspicious times the fruitfull Dams
Brought me the earliest and the kindli'st Lambs;
Nor rightly watch about them need I keep,
For *Pan* himself was Shepherd to my Sheep;
But now, alas! neglected and forgot
Are all my off'rings, and he knows me not.
The bloody Wolf, that lurks away the day,
When night's black palm beckons him out to prey
Under the cover of those guilty shades,
No Folds but mine the rav'nous Foe invades;
And there he has such bloody havock made,
That, all my Flock being devour'd or stray'd,
I now have lost the Fruits of all my pain,
And am no more a Shepherd but a Swain.

Corydon. So sad a Tale thou tell'st me, that I must
Allow thy grief (my *Clotten*) to be just,
But mighty *Pan* has thousand Flocks in store,
He, when it pleases him, can give thee more,
And has perhaps afflicted thee, to try
Thy Vertue onely, and thy Constancy.

Repine

Repine not then at him that thou art poor,
'Twas by his bounty thou wert rich before ;
And thou should'st serve him at the same free rate,
When most distress'd, as when most fortunate.

Clotten. Thus do the healthfull still the sick advise,
And thus men preach when they would fain seem wise,
But if in my wretched Estate thou wert,
I fear me thy Philosophy would start,
And give thee o'er to an afflicted Sense,
As void of Reason as of Patience.
Had I been always poor, I should not be
Perhaps so discontent with Poverty,
Nor now so sensible of my disgrace,
Had I ne'er known what Reputation was ;
But from so great a height of happiness
To sink into the bottom of distress
Is such a change as may become my care,
And more than, I confess, I well can bear.

Corydon. But art thou not too sensible, my Lad,
Of those few losses thou hast lately had ?

Thou art not yet in want, thou still dost eat
Bread of the finest Flower of purest Wheat;
Who better Syder drinks, what Shepherd's board
Does finer Curds, Butter, or Cheese afford?
Who wears a Frock, to grace a Holy-day,
Spun of a finer Wooll, or finer Grey?
Whose Cabin is so neatly swept as thine,
With Flow'rs and Rushes kept so sweet and fine?
Whose name amongst our many Shepherds Swains
So great as thine is throughout all these Plains?
Who has so many Friends, so pretty Loves?
Who by our bubbling Fountains and Green Groves
Passes away the Summer heats so well?
And who but thee in singing does excell?
So that the Swains, when *Clotten* sings or plays,
Lay down their Pipes, and listen to his Lays?
Wherein then can consist, I fain would know,
The Misery that thou complain'st of so?

Clotten. Some of these things are true, but, *Corydon*,
That which maintain'd all these, alas! is gone,
The want of Wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to doe good offices;

Which

Which growing less, those Friends will fall away ;
Poverty is the ground of all decay ;
With our Prosperities our Friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a Friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old Friends are now afraid of me,
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common Hangman's shamefull company.
Those who by Fortune were advanc'd above,
Being oblig'd by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear least my necessity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,
And are resolv'd they will not grant ; and those
Have shar'd my Meat, my Money, and my Cloaths,
Grown rich with others Spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Least shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been ;
By which means I am stripp'd of all supplies,
And left alone to my own Miseries.

Corydon. In the relation that thy grief has made,
The World's false friendships are too true display'd ;
But, courage man, thou hast one Friend in store,
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor :
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now than when Fortunate.

Clotten. All goodness then on Earth I see's not lost,
I of one Friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before ;
And I to thee as true a Friend will prove,
Not to abuse but to deserve thy love.

I

To

*To my dear and most worthy Friend,
Mr. Isaac Walton.*

WHilst in this cold and blust'ring Clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and Tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempest'ous Nooks
The chillest Blasts our peace invade,
And by great Rains our smallest Brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better Clime than this
You our dear Friend have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in Rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another *May*,
We'll recompence an Age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day:

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
That the best Master's hand can doe
With the most deadly killing Flie:

day without too bright a Beam,
A warm, but not a scorching Sun,
Southern gale to curl the Stream,
And (Master) half our work is done.

Here whilst behind some bush we wait
The Scaly People to betray,
We'll prove it just with treach'rous Bait
To make the preying Trout our prey;

And think our selves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller Fry.

This (my best Friend) at my poor Home
Shall be our Pastime and our Theme,
But then should you not deign to come
You make all this a flatt'ring Dream.

*To the Countess of Chesterfield, on the
Birth of her first Son.*

M Adam, let an humble stranger
Give you Joy without the danger
Of correction from your brow ;
And I fancy 'tis not easie
For the rudest to displease ye,
Y'are in so good an humour now.

Such a Treasure you have brought us,
As in gratitude has taught us
 To praise and bless your happy Womb;
And since you have oblig'd so many,
You cannot but expect sure (can ye?)
 To be thank'd at least by some.

A more wish'd-for Heir by Heaven
Ne'er to Family was given,
 Nor a braver Boy to boot;
Finer ne'er was born before him,
One may know who got and bore him,
 And now a-days 'tis hard to do't.

You Copie well, for which the rather,
Since you so well have hit the Father,
 Madam, once more try your skill
To bring of th'other Sex another
As Fair, and Good, and like the Mother,
 And double 'em after when you will.

To *Chloris*.*Stanzas Irreguliers.*

I.

LOrd! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How! still expect to have your will,
And carry the Dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were!

II.

'Fie, *Chloris*, 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your errour, and be wise,
I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them Cruelties.

III.

I was a Fool whilst you were fair,
And I had Youth t'excuse it,
And all the rest are so that Lovers are;
I then my self your Vassal swear,
And could be still so; (which is rare;)
Nay, I could force my will
To love, and at a good rate still,
But on condition that you not abuse it;
I am now Master of the Gate,
And therefore, *Chloris*, 'tis too late
Or to insult, or to capitulate.

IV.

'Tis Beauty that to Womankind
Gives all the Rule and Sway,
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey;
Your Beauty 'twas at first did awe me,
And into Bondage, woefull Bondage draw me;
It was your Cheek, your Eye, your Lip,
Which rais'd you first to the Dictator-ship:

V.

But your six months are now explr'd,
 'Tis time I now should reign,
And if from you obedience be requir'd,
 You must not to submit disdain,
But practise what y've seen me doe,
And love and honour me as I did you;
That will an everlasting peace maintain,
And make me Crown you Sovereign once again.

VI.

And Faith consult your Glafs, and see
 If I ha'n't reason on my side;
Are those eyes still the same they use to be?
 Come, come, they're alter'd, 'twill not be deny'd:
And yet although the Glafs be true,
And shew you, you no more are you,
 I know you'll scarce believe it,
For Womankind are all born proud, and never, never
 leave it.

VII. Yet

VII

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more *Rebellious* heart than mine ;
For as your eyes still shoot my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a *Subject* still,
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine :
Your *Beauties* sweet are in their height,
And I must still adore,
New years, new *Graces* still create,
Nay, maugre *Time*, *Mischance* and *Fate*,
You in your very ruins shall have more
Than all the *Beauties* that have grac'd the World before.

Old

Old *Tityrus* to *Eugenia*.

I.

E *Ugenia* young, and fair, and sweet,
The Glories of the Plains,
In thee alone the Graces meet
To conquer all the Swains:
Tall as the Poplar of the Grove,
Streight as the winged shaft of Love,
As the Spring's early Blossoms white,
Soft as the Kisses of the light,
Serene and modest as the Morn,
E'er Vapors doe from Fens arise,
To dim the Glory of the Skies,
Untainted, or with Pride, or Scorn,
To oblige the World, bright Nymph, thou sure wast
born.

II. O!

II.

O! be still fair, thou charming Maid,
For Beauty is no Crime;
May thy Youth's Flower never fade,
But still be in its prime:
Be calm, and clear, and modest still,
Oblige as many as you will,
Still, still be humble, still be sweet,
By those ways conquer all you meet;
But let them see 'tis undesign'd,
Nat'ral Vertues, not put on
To make a prize of any one,
The native goodness of your mind,
And have a care of being over-kind.

III.

That's (my *Eugenia*) a mistake
That noblest ardours cools,
And serves on th'other side to make
Damn'd over-weening Fools.

Be courteous unto all, and free,
As far as Virgin-modesty ;
Be not too shie, but have a care
Of being too familiar;
The Swain you entertain alone,
To whom you lend your hand or lip,
Will think he has you on the hip,
And streight conclude you are his own,
Women so easie, men so vain are grown.

I V.

Reserv'dness is a mighty Friend
To Form and Vertue too,
A shining merit should pretend
To such a Star as you ;
'Tis not a Roundelay well plaid,
A Song well sung, a thing well said,
A Fall well giv'n, a Bar well thrown,
Should carry such a lovely one.

Should

Should these knacks win you, you will be
 (Of all the Nymphs that with their Beams
 Gild swift *Columba's* Chrystal Streams)
Lost to the World, your self, and me,
And more despis'd than freckled *Lalage*.

V.

Maintain a modest kind of State,
 'Tis gracefull in a Maid ;
It does at least respect create,
 And makes the Fools afraid.
Eugenia, you must pitch upon
A *Sylvia*, not a *Corydon* ;
'Twould grate my Soul to see those Charms
In an unworthy Shepherd's Armes.
A little coldness (Girl) will doe,
 Let baffled Lovers call it Pride,
 Pride's an excess o'th' better side,
Contempt to arrogance is due,
Keep but state now, and keep't hereafter too.

Epistle to John Bradshaw Esq;

II.

SIR, you may please to call to mind,
That Letters you did lately find
From me, which I conceiv'd were very kind ;

So hearty kind, that by this hand Sir,
Briefly, I doe not understand Sir,
Why you should not vouchsafe some kind of answer.

What though in Rhime y'are no proficient ?
Your Love should not have been deficient,
When down-right Prose to me had been sufficient.

'Tis true, I know that you dare fight Sir,
But what of that ? that will not fright Sir ;
I know full well your Worship too can write Sir.

Where the Peace therefore broken once is,
Unless you send some fair Responses,
I doubt there will ensue some broken Sconces.

Then

Then dream not valour can befriend you,
For if I justly once suspend you,
Your Sanct'ary, nor your Club, can yet defend you;
But, fairly Sir, to work to goe;
What the Fiend is the matter, trow,
Should make you use an old Companion so?

I know the life you lead a-days,
And, like poor Swan, your foot can trace
From home to Pray'rs, thence to the fore-
nam'd * place:

* viz. the
Sanctuary.

And can you not from your Precation,
And your as daily Club-Potation,
To think of an old Friend find some vacation.

'Tis true you sent a little Letter,
With a great Present, which was better,
For which I must remain your humble Debtor,

But for th'Epistle, to be plain,
That's paid with Int'rest back again,
For I sent one as long at least as twain.

Then

Then mine was Rhime, and yours but Reason;
If therefore you intend t'appease one,
Let me hear from you in some mod'rate season.

'Tis what y'are bound to by the tie
Of Friendship first, then Equity,
To which I'll add a third, call'd Charity.

For one that's banish'd the Grand Mond
Would sometimes by his Friends be own'd,
'Tis comfort after whipping to be moan'd.

But though I'm damn'd t'a People here,
Than whom my Dog's much civiller,
I hear from you some twice or thrice a year.

Saints that above are plac'd in Glory,
Unless the Papists tell a Story,
Commiserate poor Souls in Purgatory,

Whilst you, Sir Captain, Heav'n remit ye,
Who live in Heav'n on Earth, the City,
On me, who live in Hell, can have no pity.

In faith it looks unkind! pray mend it,
Write the least Scrip you will, and send it,
And I will bless and kiss the hand that pen'd it.

Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq;

III

WHat though I writ a tedious Letter,
Whereas a shorter had been better,
And that 'twas writ in Moor-lands Metre,
To make it run, I thought, the sweeter,
Yet there was nought in that Epistle,
At which your Worship ought to bristle;

K

For

For though it was too long, 'twas civil,
And though the Rhime; 'tis true, was evil,
I will maintain 'twas well meant yet,
And full of heart, though void of wit;
Why, with a Horse-Pox, then should you,
I thought my Friend, keep such adoe,
And set *Tom Weaver* on my back,
Because I ha'n't forsooth the knack
To please your over-dainty ear;
(Impossible for me I fear)

Nor can my Poesy strew with Posies
Of Red, White, Damask, Provençe Roses,
Bears-ears, Anemonies, and Lillies,
As he did in *Diebus illis*?

What man! all Amblers are not Courtyats,
Neither can all who Rhime be Laureats:
Besides the Moor-lands not a Clime is,
Nor of the year it now the time is
To gather Flowers, I suppose,
Either for Poetry or Prose;
Therefore, kind Sir, in courteous fashion,
I wish you spare your expectation.

And since you may be thin of clothing,
(Something being better too than nothing)
Winter now growing something rough,
I send you here a piece of Stuff,
Since your old *Weaver's* dead and gone,
To make a Fustian Waistcoat * on.
Accept it, and I'll rest your Debtor,
When more Wit sends it, I'll send better.

*For Rhimes takes
a new Figure.

And here I cannot pretermitt
To that Epitome of Wit,
Knowledge and Art, to him whom we
Saucily call, and I more saucily
Presume to write the little *d*.
All that your Language can improve
Of Service, Honour, and of Love:
After whose Name the rest I know
Would sound so very flat and low,
They must excuse, if in this case
I wind them up *Et Cætera's*.

Lastly, that in my tedious Scribble
 I may not seem incorrigible,
 I will conclude by telling you
 (And on my honest word 'tis true)
 I long as much as new made Bride
 Does for the Marriage Even Tide ;
 Your plump *Corpusculum* t'imbrace,
 In this abominable place :
 And therefore when the Spring appears,
 (Till when short days will seem long years)
 And that under this scurvy hand,
 I give you, Sir, to understand,
 In *April, May*, or then abouts,
 Doves People are your humble Trouts,
 Be sure you do not fail but come
 To make the *Peak Elizium* ;
 Where you shall find then, and for ever,
 As true a * Friend as was *Tom*
Warner.

* Though not half
 so good a Poet.

The

The Retirement.

Stanzas Irreguliers.

To Mr. Isaack Walton.

I.

Farewell thou busie World, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And doe more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole Age out-wears
Upon thy most conspicuous Theatres,
Where nought but Vice and Vanity do reign.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautifull the Fields appear!

How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
What Peace! what Unanimity!
How innocent from the leud Fashion,
Is all our bus'ness, all our Conversation!

III.

Oh how happy here's our leifure!
Oh how innocent our pleasure!
Oh ye Vallies, oh ye Mountains,
Oh ye Groves and Chryftall Fountains,
 How I love at liberty,
By turn to come and visit ye!

IV. O Soli-

IV.

O Solitude, the Soul's best Friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's Wonders to intend ;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still ;
For it is thou alone that keep'st the Soul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none ;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease !

VI.

Oh my beloved Nymph! fair Dove,
Princess of Rivers, how I love
Upon thy flow'ry Banks to lie,
And view thy Silver stream,
When gilded by a Summer's Beam,
And in it all thy wanton Fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my Angle upon them,
The All of Treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

VII.

Such streams *Rome's* yellow *Tiber* cannot show,
Th' *Iberian Tagus*, nor *Ligurian Po*;
The *Meuse*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;

And *Loire's* pure streams yet too polluted are

With thine much purer to compare :

The rapid *Garonne*, and the winding *Seine*

Are both too mean,

Beloved Dove, with thee

To vie Priority :

Nay, *Tame* and *Ifis*, when conjoyn'd, submit,

And lay their Trophies at thy Silver Feet.

VIII.

Oh my beloved Rocks ! that rise

To awe the Earth, and brave the Skies,

From some aspiring Mountain's crown

How dearly do I love,

Giddy with pleasure, to look down,

And from the Vales to view the noble heights above!

IX. Oh

IX.

Oh my beloved Caves! from Dog-star heats,
And hotter Persecution safe Retreats,
What safety, privacy, what true delight
In the artificial Night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly
To hide me from Society,
Even of my dearest Friends, have I
In your recesses friendly shade
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

X.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one

Should

Should I think my self to be,
Might I in this desert place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturb'd and free!

Here in this despis'd recess

Would I mangre Winter's cold,

And the Summer's worst excess,

Try to live out to sixty full years old,

And all the while

Without an envious eye

On any thriving under Fortune's smile,

Contented live, and then contented die.

Rondeau.

Rondeau.

THou Fool! if madness be so rife,
That, spight of wit, thou'lt have a Wife,
I'll tell thee what thou must expect,
After the Honey-Moon neglect,
All the sad days of thy whole Life :

To that a World of Woe and Strife,
Which is of Marriage the effect,
And thou thy woe's own Architect,

Thou Fool !

Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,
Ill words i'th' scolding Dialect,
For she'll all Tabor be, or Fife ;
Then prythee go and whet thy Knife,
And from this Fate thy self protect,

Thou Fool !

To Cupid.

I

Fond Love, deliver up thy Bow,
I am become more Love than thou ;
I am as wanton grown, and wild,
Much less a Man, and more a Child,
From *Venus* born, of chaster kind,
A better Archer, though as blind.

II

I surrender without more ado,
I am both King and Subject too,
I will command, but must obey,
I am the Hunter and the Prey,
I vanquish, yet am overcome,
And Sentencing receive my Doom.

HL No

III.

No springing Beauty scapes my Dart,
And ev'ry ripe one wounds my Heart;
Thus whilst I wound, I wounded am,
And, firing others, turn to flame,
To shew how far Love can combine
The Mortal part with the Divine.

I V.

Faith, quit thine Empire, and come down,
That thou and I may share the Crown,
I've tri'd the worst thy Arms can doe,
Come then, and taste my power too,
Which (howsoe'er it may fall short)
Will doubtless prove the better sport.

V.

Yet do not ; for in Field and Town,
The Females are so loving grown,
So kind , or else so lustfull, we
Can neither err, though neither see;
Keep then thine own Dominions, Lad,
Two Loves would make all Women mad.

To Ælia.

O D E.

P OOR antiquated Slut, forbear,
Thy Importunity's so strong,

It will, I fear, corrupt the Air,

V. Ye And doe an universal wrong.

Be

Be modest, or I swear and vow,
I neither can nor will be kind;
Pox on't! now thou dost clam'rous grow,
There's no enduring in the wind.

Whilst silence did thy thoughts betray,
I only was the sufferer;
But now thy Lungs begin to play,
All the whole Province suffers here.

Faith, *Ælia*, if thou be'st so hot,
That nor Satiety, nor Age,
Can cool the over-boiling Pot,
Nor thy ebullient Lust assuage,

Yet be so charitably kind,
Though damn'd thou art resolv'd to be,
As not to poyson all Mankind
By fulsome importunity.

But

But sure 'tis time we should give o'er,
And if I mourn my time mispent,
How much for fifty years of Whore
Ought'st thou, poor *Ælia*, to repent ?

Yet, if in spight of all advice
Thou needs wilt importune me still,
I am not so reclaim'd from Vice,
But I can satisfie thy will :

And 'twill to my advantage be;
For should I new amours begin,
Delight might damn me, when with thee
The penance expiates the sin.

L

Sonnet.

Sonnet.

GOE, false one, now I see the cheat,
Your love was all a Counterfeit,
And I was gall'd to think that you,
Or any she, could long be true.

How could you once so kind appear,
To kifs, to sigh, and shed a tear,
To cherish and caress me so,
And now not let but bid me go?

Oh Woman! Frailty is thy name,
Since she's untrue y'are all to blame,
And but in man no truth is found:

'Tis a fair Sex, we all must love it,
But (on my conscience) could we prove it,
They all are false ev'n under ground.

Stanzas de Monsieur Bertand.

I.

W Hilst wishing Heaven in his ire
Would punish with some judgment dire
This heart to love so obstinate;
To say I love her is to lie,
Though I do love t'extremity,
Since thus to love her is to hate.

II.

Since from this my hatred springs,
That she neglects my Sufferings,
And is unto my love ingrate,
My hatred is so full of flame,
That from affection first it came,
That 'tis to love her thus to hate.

III.

I wish that milder Love, or Death,
That ends our Miseries with our breath,
Would my affections terminate;
For to my Soul, depriv'd of peace,
It is a torment worse than these
Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

IV.

Let Love be gentle or severe,
It is in vain to hope or fear
His grace or rage in this estate,
Being I from my fair one's Spirit
Nor mutual love, nor hatred merit,
Thus foolishly to love and hate.

V.

Or, if by my example here
It just and equal do appear,

She love and loath who is my fate,
Grant me, ye powers, in this case,
Both for my punishment and grace,
That as I do, she love and hate.

The eighth Psalm paraphrased.

1. **O** Lord, our Governour, whose potent sway
All Pow'rs in Heav'n and Earth obey,
Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored Name !
Thy Glories thou hast seated, Lord, on high,
Above the Empirean Sky.

L 3

2. Out

2. Out of the mouths of Infants, newly come
From the dark Closet of the Womb,
Thou hast ordained pow'rfull Truth to rise,
To baffle all thine Enemies;
That thou the furious Rage might'st calm agen,
Of bloody and revengefull men.
3. When on thy Glorious Heav'ns I reflect,
Thy work, almighty Architect,
The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast made
T'illuminate night's sable shade:
4. Oh! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King
Should mind so poor a wretched thing;
Or Man's frail Off-spring, that Almighty God
Should stoop to visit his abode?
5. For thou createdst him but one degree
Below the Heav'niy Hierarchy
Of blest'd and happy Angels, and didst crown
Frail Dust with Glory and Renown.

6. Over the works of thy Almighty hand
Thou giv'st him absolute command,
And all the rest that thou hast made
Under his feet hast subject laid;
7. All Sheep, and Oxen, and the wilder breed
Of Beasts that on their Fellows feed;
8. The Air's Inhabitants, and scaly brood,
That live and wanton in the Flood,
And whatsoe'er does either swim or creep
Thorough th'investigable Deep:
9. Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored Name!

Advice.

I.

GO, thou perpetual whining Lover,
For shame leave off this humble Trade,
'Tis more than time thou gay'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her,
By them more obstinate she's made,
And thou by Love, fond, constant Love, betray'd.

II.

The more, vain Fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still,
Is more perverse the more you woo her,
When thou art humblest lays thee lower,
And when most prostrate to her will
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

III.

By Heaven 'tis against all Nature,
Honour and Manhood, Wit and Sense,
To let a little Female Creature
Rule on the poor account of Feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shamefull as her Insolence.

IV.

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least,
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this 'doe for ever bind her
As firm and true as thine own Breast,
On Love and Vertue's double Interest:

V. But

V.

But if thou canst not live without her,
 This onely she, when it comes to't,
 And she relent not,(as I doubt her),
 Never make more adoe about her,
 To sigh and whimper is no boot ;
 Go, hang thy self, and that will do't.

*Lyrick.**Ex Cornelio Gallo**Trans.*

L *Ydia*, thou lovely Maid, whose white
 The Milk and Lilly does outvie,
 The pale and blushing Roses light,
 Or polish'd Indian Ivory,

Dishevel

Dishevel, Sweet, thy yellow hair,
Whose Ray doth burnish'd Gold disprize,
Disclose thy neck so white and fair,
That doth from snowy shoulders rise.

Virgin, unvail those starry eyes
Whose Sable brows like arches spread,
Unvail those Cheeks, where the Rose lies
Streak'd with the *Tyrian* Purple's red.

Lend me those Lips with Coral lin'd,
And kisses mild of Doves impart,
Thou ravishest away my mind,
Those gentle kisses wound my heart.

Why suck'st thou from my panting Breast
The youthfull Vigour of my Blood?
Hide those twin-apples, ripe, if press'd,
To spring into a milky Floud.

From thy expanded bosome breath
Perfumes *Arabia* doth not know ;
Thy ev'ry part doth love bequeath,
From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy bosome's killing-white then shade,
Hide that temptation from mine eye ;
See'st not I languish, cruel Maid !
Wilt thou then go, and let me die ?

Amoret in Masquerade.

B Less me ! wonder how I'm struck
With that Youth's victorious look !
So much Lustre, so much Grace,
Never broke from humane face ;

Fond *Narcissus* was an *Als*,
Cynthia's Love a Moon-Calf was,
Ganimede, that bears *Jove's* Boul,
Was a Chit, *Paris* an Owl,
And *Adonis*, with th'fine *Miss*,
Was a Puppy-Dog to this.

Women, now lay by your Charms,
Here is one has other Arms,
And of greater power too,
Than your Megazines can shew:
All your Beauties, all your Arts,
Conqu'ring or deceiving hearts,
You may spare and let alone,
We shall henceforth be by none
Conquer'd, but this peerless one.

Yet I have a Lover been,
Sev'ral Beauties I have seen,
Nor in Love am yet so rude,
But I've often been subdu'd ;

Nor so old but that again,
Once more struck I might have been,
By some Glances, or some Features
Of those little Female Creatures,
Had I but escap'd this night,
Seeing of this charming sight:
But now having seen those eyes,
I all Female force despise;
Yet my flame I can't approve,
'Tis but a prodigious love,
And there can be little joy
In thus doating on a Boy,
Who, although he love again,
Never can reward my pain:
Yet methinks it cannot be,
There is in't some Mystery,
Nature sure would ne'er so use me,
Nor Instinct so much abuse me,
As my Reason thus to blind,
But there's something in the wind.

I have

I have e'er a loather been
Of the foul *Italian* Sin,
And yet know not where the bliss is
In a little Stripling's kisses
My heart tells me, to those eyes
There belongs a pair of thighs,
'Twixt whose Iv'ry Columns is
Th'Ebor folding door to bliss:
And this Spring, all that we see
Strut with such Formality,
Huff, and strive to look so big,
Is but *Pallas* in a Wigg;
And though his count'nance he doth set
To a good pitch of counterfeit,
Yet he cannot hide the while,
Venus dimple in his smile;
Were the Story not cold fled,
And the party long since dead,
I should swear a thousand Oaths,
Hellen 'twere in *Paris* cloths;

But

But there I should wrong him yet,
Hellen was not half so sweet,
For all *Greeks* and *Trojans* arming,
Nor is *Venus* half so charming;

Pretty *Monsieur*, I must pry
More into your Symmetry;
Those fine Fingers were not made
To be put to th'fighting trade,
And that pretty little arme,
Methinks threatens no great harm;
Wastes, which Thimbles will environ,
Are not to be shell'd with Iron,
And those little Martin-nests,
Which swell out upon your Breasts,
With Steel are not to be press'd,
But whereon for Kings to rest;
Your soft Belly, not unlike,
May sometimes feel push of Pike,
But there will be Balfom found
In the Spear to heal the wound;

Nor those thighs yet, by their leaves,
Were, I take it, made for Greaves;
Nor yet do you walk so wide,
As you us'd to ride astride,
But look your Saddle, when you do,
Be well stuff'd and pummell'd too.
Next, those pretty Legs and Feet
Ne'er were spur'd and booted yet,
I dare swear it. Come, tell truth,
Are you not a cloven Youth?

See, he laughs, and has confess'd,
God-a-mercy for the Jest:

Monsieur Amoret let me

Your *Valet de Chambre* be,

I will serve with humble duty

Both your Valour and your Beauty,

You shall all day Master hight,

But my Mistress, Sir, at night:

M

Which

Which if you will please to grant
To your humble Supplicant,
Since you wear your Wigg so featly,
And become your Cloaths so neatly,
He has sworn, who thus beseeches,
You shall always wear the Breeches.

Estreines.

To Calista.

I.

I Reckon the first day I saw those eyes,
Which in a moment made my heart their prize
To all my whole futurity,
The first day of my first new year,
Since then I first began to be,
And knew why Heaven plac'd me here ;
For till we love, and love discreetly too,
We nothing are, nor know we what we doe.

II. Love

II.

Love is the Soul of Life, though that I know
Is call'd Soul too, but yet it is not so,
Not rational at least, untill
Beauty with her diviner light
Illuminates the grooping will,
And shews us how to chuse aright;
And that's first prov'd by th'objects it refuses,
And by being constant then to that it chuses.

III.

Days, Weeks, Months, Years, and Lustres take
So small time up i'th' Lover's Almanack,
And can so little Love assuage,
That we (in truth) can hardly say,
When we have liv'd at least an Age,
A long one, we have lov'd a day.
This day to me, so slowly does time move,
Seems but the Noon unto my Morning Love.

IV.

Love by swift time, which sickly passions dread,
Is no more measur'd than 'tis limited :

That passion where all others cease,
And with the fuel lose the flame,
Is evermore in its encrease,

And yet being love, is still the same:
They err call liking Love, true Lovers know
He never lov'd who does not always so.

V.

You who my last love have, my first love had,
To whom my all of love was, and is paid,

Are onely worthy to receive

The richest New-years-gift I have,
My love, which I this morning give,
A nobler never Monarch gave,

Which each New-year I will present a new,
And you'll take care, I hope, it shall be due.

Epigramme de Monsieur des-Portes.

Some four years ago I made *Phillis* an offer,
Provided she would be my Wh--re,
Of two thousand good Crowns to put in her Coffer,
And I think should have given her more.

About two years after, a Message she sent me,
She was for a thousand my own,
But unless for an hundred she now would content me,
I sent her word I would have none.

She fell to my price six or seven weeks after,
And then for a hundred would doe;
I then told her in vain she talk'd of the matter,
Than twenty no farther I'd goe.

T'other day for six Ducatoons she was willing,
 Which I thought a great deal too dear,
 And told her unless it would come for two shilling,
 She must seek a Chapman elsewhere.

This Morning she's come, and would fain buckle gratis,
 But she's grown so fullsome a Wh--re,
 That now methinks nothing a far dearer rate is,
 Than all that I offer'd before.

Epigramme de Monsieur Cotin.

I Perish of too much desire
 If she inexorable prove,
 And shall with too much Joy expire
 If she be gracious to my love.

Thus nought can cure my wounded Breast,
But I most certain am to die,
Or by the ill by which possess'd,
Or by the happy remedy.

Epigramme de Monsieur Maynard.

OLD Fop, why should you take such pains
To paint and Perriwig it so?
My nobler love, alas! disdains
To stoop so infamously low.

Time, that does mow the fairest Flow'rs,
Has made so very bold with yours,
You should expect to be deni'd;
The Footmen can no more endure ye,
And if no sport in Hell, assure ye,
You'll never more be occupi'd.

A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque.

THE Lives of frail men are compar'd by the (Sages,
 Or unto short Journies, or Pilgrimages,
 As men to their Inns do come sooner or later,
 That is, to their Ends ; (to be plain in my matter :)
 From whence, when one dead is, it currantly follows,
 He has run his Race, though his Goal be the Gallows;
 And this 'tis, I fancy, sets Folk so a madding,
 And makes Men and Women so eager of gadding;
 Truth is, in my youth I was one of those People
 Would have gone a great way to have seen an high
 Steeple,
 And though I was bred 'mongst the Wonders o'th' Peak,
 Would have thrown away Money, and ventur'd my
 To have seen a great Hill, a Rock, or a Cave, (neck
 And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave;
 But at Forty years old you may (if you please)
 Think me wiser than run such errands as these;

Or

Or, had the same humour still ran in my Toes,
 A Voyage to *Ireland* I ne'er should have chose:
 But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
 Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
 I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?
 Why, faith, It was that makes the Old Woman trot;
 And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
 If I went to the place whereof *Nick* was asham'd.

Oh Couriate! thou Traveller fam'd as *Ulysses*,
 In such a stupendious labour as this is
 Come lend me the Aids of thy hands and thy feet,
 Though the first be pedantick, the other not sweet,
 Yet both are so restless in Peregrination,
 They'll help both my Journey, and eke my Relation.

'Twas now the most beautifull time of the year,
 The days were now long, and the Sky was now clear,
 And *May*, that fair Lady of splendid renown,
 Had dress'd her self fine, in her flowr'd Tabby Gown,

When

When about some two hours and an half after Noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it
too soon,

With a pitifull voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tun'd up my Pipes to sing loth to depart,
The Ditty concluded, I call'd for my Horſe,
And with a good pack did the Jument endorſe,
Till he groan'd and he farted under the burthen,
For ſorrow had made me a cumberſome Lurden:
And now farewell *Dove*, where I've caught ſuch
brave Diſhes

Of over-grown, golden, and ſilver-ſcal'd Fiſhes;
Thy Trout and thy Grailing may now feed ſecurely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em ſo ſurely;
Feed on then, and breed on, untill the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.

By pacing and trotting, betimes in the Even,
E'er the Sun had forſaken one half of the Heav'n,
We all at fair *Congerton* took up our Inn,
Where the Sign of a King kept a King and his Queen

But who do you think came to wellcome me there ?
No worfe a man, marry, than good Master Mayor,
With his Staff of Command, yet the man was not
lame,

But he needed it more when he went, than he came ;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous fashon,
When each one, to keep his Brains fast in his head,
Put on a good Night-cap, and streight-way to bed.

Next Morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and
Bacon,

And of sovereign Hostess our leaves kindly taken,
(For her King(as 'twas rumor'd)by late pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)

We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid e'er we met with a bidding ;

But there (having over night plied the Tap well)

We now must needs water at place call'd *Holmes-
Chapel*;

A Hay ! quoth the foremost, Ho ! who keeps the House ?

Which said, out an Host comes as brisk as a Loufe,

His

His hair comb'd as slick, as a Barber he'd bin,
A Cravat with black Ribbon ti'd under his chin,
Though by what I saw in him I streight'gan to fear
That knot would be one day slip'd under his ear:
Quoth he, (with low Congy) what lack you my Lord?
The best Liquor, quoth I, that the House will afford:
You shall streight, quoth he, and then calls out, *Mary*,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary:
Hold, hold, my spruce Host, for i'th' Morning so early
I never drink Liquor but what's made of Barley;
Which words were scarce out, but, which made me
admire,
My Lordship was presently turn'd into Squire;
Ale, Squire, you mean, quoth he, nimbly again,
What, must it be pur'd? no, I love it best plain:
Why, if you'll drink Ale, Sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the best Ale i'th' Land, if you'll go to the price,
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple,
But then, in plain truth, it is six pence a Bottle:
Why, Faith, quoth I, Friend, if your Liquor be such,
For the best Ale in *England*, it is not too much;

Let's have it, and quickly; O Sir! you may stay,
A Pot in your pate is a mile in your way :
Come, bring out a Bottle here presently, Wife,
Of the best *Cheshire* Hum he e'er drank in his Life.
Streight out comes the Mistress in Waistcoat of Silk,
As clear as a Milk-maid, and white as her Milk,
With Visage as oval and slick as an Egg,
As streight as an Arrow, as right as my Leg ;
A court'sie she made, as demure as a Sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her,
Then ducking another with most modest meen,
The first word she said, was, wilt please you walk in ?
I thank'd her, but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away ;
She said she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that Road,
I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the Nation
Should no where afford better accommodation :
Mean while my spruce Landlord has broken the Cork,
And call'd for a Bodkin, though he had a Fork ;

But

But I shew him a Skrew, which I told my brisk Gull
A Trepane was for Bottles had broken their skull;
Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,
But 'twas I that appli'd it, and pull'd the Cork out:
Bounce, quoth the Bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smoak'd, like a new fir'd Gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it;
Mine Host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no fuller,
Look here, Sir, quoth he, both for Nap and for colour,
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't,
I defie *Leek*, and *Lambhith*, and *Sandwich* to boot:
By my troth he said true, for I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a Toss-pot these twenty good
years,
And have drank so much Liquor has made me a
Debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better;
We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round Shillings were whipt away
roundly;

And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we staid t'other
Noggin.

From thence we fet forth with more mettle and
spright,
Our Horses were empty, our Coxcombs were light,
O'er *Dellamore* Forrest we, Tantivy, posted,
Till our Horses were basted as if they were roasted;
In truth, we pursu'd might have been by our Host,
And I think Sir *George Booth* did not gallop so fast,
Till about two a Clock after Noon, God be blest'd,
We came safe and sound, all to *Chester* i'th' West.

And now in high time 'twas to call for some Meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must
eat;

And I faith we had Vict'als both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, Mistress *Anderton*, for a good Wcman,
Thy Guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a Common,

And

And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a Drab, and be pox'd for his pains.

And here I must stop the Carier of my Muse,
The poor Jade is weary, 'lafs! how should she chuse,
And if I should farther here spur on my Course,
I should, questionless, tire both my Wits and my Horse:
To night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's Even,
To morrow to Church, and ask pardon of Heaven.
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have pen'd it,
An odd kind of Life, and 'tis well if we mend it;
But to morrow (God willing) we'll have t'other bout,
And better or worse be't, for Murther will out,
Our future Adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the Story.

Canto

Canto 2.

(taken,
After seven hours sleep, to commute for pains
A man of himself, one would think, might
awaken,

But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of Bells,
Which, ringing to Mattens all over the Town,
Made me leap out of Bed, and put on my Gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the
Choire,

When streight I perceived my self all on a fire ;
For the two fore-nam'd things had so heated my
bloud,

That a little Phlebotomy would doe me good :
I sent for Chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed bloud, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted Steeleetto quite thorough the Vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain ;

N

When

When having twelve Ounces he bound up my arme,
And I gave him two *Georges*, which did him no
harm :

But after my bleeding I soon understood
It had cool'd my Devotion as well as my Bloud,
For I had no more mind to look on my *Psalter*
Than (saving your presence) I had to a Halter ;
But like a most wicked and obstinate Sinner,
Then sat in my Chamber till Folks came to dinner
I din'd with good stomach, and very good chear,
With a very fine Woman, and good Ale and Beer ;
When my self having stuff'd than a Bag-pipe more full
I fell to my smoaking untill I grew dull ;
And therefore to take a fine nap thought it best,
For when Belly full is bones would be at rest ;
I tumbled me down on my Bed like a swad,
Where O the delicious Dream that I had !
Till the Bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now wak'd me again, chiming all in to Vespers ;
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were
grizzle,

Had my cloths neatly brush'd, and then put on my
Sword,
Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.

Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had bin
A most humble obedient Servant to sin;
And now in Devotion was even so proud,
I scorned (forsooth) to joyn pray'r with the Croud,
For though courted by all the Bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the Compliment;
But to the Cathedral still held on my pace,
As 'twere, scorning to kneel but in the best place;
I there made my self sure of good Musick at least,
But was something deceiv'd, for 'twas none of the best;
But however I staid at the Churches commanding
Till we came to the peace passes all understanding,
Which no sooner was ended, but whirl and away,
Like Boys in a School when they've leave got to play,

All save Master Mayor, who still gravely stays
Till the rest had left room for his Worship and's Mace:
Then he and his Brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In Authority's Tail, than the head of a Rout.

In this rev'rend order we marched from Pray'r;
The Mace before me borne as well as the May'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious Gold Belt in the rear of his Train,
Made such a low Congey, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days;
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my
Fist,
Till the Pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiss'd
By which, though thick-scall'd, he must understand
this,
That I was a most humble Servant of his;
Which also so wonderfull kindly he took,
(At I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look,)

That to have me dogg'd home, he streightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted ;
I was scarce in my Quarters, and set down on Crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to Supper;
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his Worship much thanks for his kind Invitation,
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any Supper at all ;
But that after Supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his Worship's commands :
Sure no one will say, but a Patron of Slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorelander ;
And since on such reasons to sup I refus'd,
Nothing did doubt to be holden excus'd ;
But my quaint Repartée had his Worship possess'd
With so wonderfull good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere Impatience he hop'd in his Breeches
To see the fine Fellow that made such fine Speeches :
Go, Sirrah, quoth he, get you to him again,
And will and require in his Majesties Name,

That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in *West-Chester*:
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet minc'd his Message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me onely, good Sir, I am sorry
To tell you my Master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his Guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest,
He would neither say Grace, nor sit down on his Bum,
Nor open his Napkin, untill you do come.
With that I perceiv'd no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a Flail,
I said I was ready Master May'r to obey,
And therefore desir'd him to lead me the way:
We went, and e'er *Malkin* could well lick her ear,
For it but the next door was, forsooth, we were there
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the Stairs
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a Mayor's,
But every thing else must be highly commended;
I there found his Worship most nobly attended,

Besides such a Supper as well did convince,
A May'r in his Province to be a great Prince:
As he *sate in his Chair, he did not much vary,
In state, nor in face, from our Eighth English *Harry*;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with Glory, I cannot tell that:
Being enter'd the Chamber half length of a Pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like
One of those little Gentlemen brought from the
Indies,
And skrewing my self into Congeys and Cringes,
By then I was half way advanc'd in the Room
His Worship most rev'rendly rose from his Bum,
And with the more Honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanc'd a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely dosing a Hat worth a Tester,
He bad me most heartily wellcome to *Chester*;

* By which you may note, that either the man was mistaken, or the Mayor was not so good as his word, when he said he would not sit down till I came.

I thank'd him in Language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith fate us all down to Table.

Now here you must note, and 'tis worth Obser-
vation,

That as his Chair at one end o'th' Table had station,
So sweet Mistress May'refs, in just such another,
Like the fair Queen of Hearts, fate in state at the
other;

By which I perceiv'd, though it seem'd a Riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle;
But perhaps 'tis a Rule there, and one that would
mind it

Amongst the Town-Statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th'Pottage each deep his Spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When streight, with the look and the tone of a Scold,
Mistress May'refs complain'd that the Pottage was
cold,

And all long of your fiddle-faddle, quoth she ;
Why, what then, Goody two-shoes, what if it be ?
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle, quoth he. }

I was

I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th'discourse,

The May'r, not the gray Mare, was the better Horse ;
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year ;
However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the Man, to submit to his place ;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault ;
But this brush being past we fell to our Diet,
And e'ery one there fill'd his Belly in quiet.

Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master Mayor's Curiosity 'gan to awaken ;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his
Chair,

He will'd and requir'd me there to declare
My Countrey, my Birth, my Estate, and my Parts,
And whether I was not a Master of Arts ;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither :

Giving

Giving me caution, no lye should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me.
I answer'd, my Country was fam'd *Stafford-shire*;
That in Deeds, Bills, and Bonds, I was ever writ Squire;
That of Land, I had both forts, some good, and some
evil,

But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my Parts, they were such as he saw;
That indeed I had a small smatt'ring of Law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o'th' Bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that Arms I had ever more studi'd than Arts,
And was now to a Captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the bus'ness which led me through *Palatine*
ground

Into *Ireland* was, whither now I was bound;
Where his Worship's great favour I loud will pro-
claim,

And in all other places where ever I came.
He said, as to that, I might doe what I list,
But that I was wellcome, and gave me his fist;

When

When having my Fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for some Bottles and Pipes.

To trouble you here with a longer Narration
Of the several parts of our Confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious, I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend Records of the City,
Where doubtless the Acts of the May'rs are recorded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.

In short, then we pip'd, and we tipp'd Canary,
Till my Watch pointed one in the Circle Horary ;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most gratefull heart ;
And because to great men Presents are acceptable,
I presented the May'r, e'er I rose from the Table,
With a certain fantastical Box and a Stopper ;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to rise early i'th' Morning.

Canto 3.

THe Sun in the Morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th'Eaſtern Mountains peeping up's head,
The Caſement being open, eſpi'd me in bed;
With his Rays he ſo tickled my lids that I wak'd,
And was half aſham'd, for I found my ſelf nak'd;
But up I ſoon ſtart, and was drefſ'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of Ale, Sugar, and Spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my Nawls, whip'd to Horſe, and away:
A Guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the Mountains of *Walës*;
Twenty good ſhillings, which ſure very large is;
Yet that would not ſerve, but I muſt bare his Charges;
And yet for all that, rode aſtride on a Beaſt,
The worſt that e'er went on three Legs, I proteſt;

It certainly was the most ugly of Jades,
His hips and his rump made a right Ace of Spades ;
His sides were two Ladders, well spur-gall'd withall ;
His neck was a Helve, and his head was a Mall ;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll
 spare,
For the Creature was wholly denuded of hair,
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a Mane, and a sprig of a Tail ;
And by these the true colour one can no more
 know,
Than by Mouse-skins above stairs the Merkin be-
 low :
Now such as the Beast was, even such was the
 Rider,
With a head like a Nutmeg, and legs like a Spider ;
A voice like a Cricket, a look like a Rat,
The brains of a Goose, and the heart of a Cat ;
Even such was my Guide, and his Beast, let them
 pass,
The one for a Horse, and the other an Ass.

But

But now with our Horses, what found and what
rotten,
Down to the Shoar, you must know, we were
gotten ;
And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,
Unless we did mean to encounter the Tide ;
And then my Guide lab'ring with heels and with
hands,
With two up and one down, hopp'd over the Sands,
Till his Horse, finding th'labour for three Legs too
fore,
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four :
And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whip-
ping,
Dry-shod we came where Folks sometimes take
Shipping ;
And where the Salt-Sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring, t'have hinder'd our Journey to *Flint* ;
But were, by good luck, before him got thither,
He else would have carried us no man knows whi-
ther.

And

And now Her in *Wales* is, Saint *Taph* be her
speed,
Gotts plutter her taste, some Welch-Ale her had
need;
For her ride in great haste, and was like flit her
Breeches,
For fear of her being catcht up by the Fishes;
But the Lord of *Flint* Castle's no Lord worth a
Louse,
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his
House;
But in a small House near unto't there was store
Of such Ale, as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welch are not wise of their Fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we
came;
My Guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
O'er Hills, and o'er Valleys uncouth and uneven,
Untill 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,

More

More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well
tell,

We happily came to *St. Winnifred's Well* ;

I thought it the Pool of *Bethesda* had been

By the Cripples lay there, but I went to my Inn

To speak for some Meat, for so Stomach did motion,

Before I did farther proceed in Devotion ;

I went into th'Kitchen, where Vict'als I saw,

Both Beef, Veal, and Mutton, but all on't was raw;

And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,

For four Chickens were slain by my Dame and her
Daughter;

Of which to Saint *Win.* e'er my vows I had paid,

They said I should find a rare Friggasse made ;

I thank'd them, and streight to the Well did repair,

Where some I found cursing, and others at Pray'r;

Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in,

Some naked, where Botches and Boiles might be seen;

Of which some were Fevors of *Venus* I'm sure,
And therefore unfit for the Virgin to cure ;
But the Fountain, in truth, is well worth the fight,
The beautifull Virgin's own tears not more bright ;
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
Her Conscience, her Name, nor her self were more
clear :

In the bottom there lie certain stones that look
white,

But streak'd with pure red, as the Morning with
light,

Which they say is her bloud, and so it may be,

But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.

Over the Fountain a Chapel there stands,

Which I wonder has scap'd Master *Oliver's* hands;

The floor's not ill pav'd, and the Margent o'th'
Spring,

Enclos'd with a certain Octagonal Ring;

From each Angle of which a Pillar does rise,

Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice

To support and uphold from falling to ground

Of Cupolo wherewith the Virgin is crown'd.

Now 'twixt the two Angles, that fork to the North,
And where the cold Nymph does her Bason pour
forth,

Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis
said,

And 'tis true, for I heard Folks Teeth hack in their
head;

For you are to know, that the Rogues and the
Whores

Are not let to pollute the Spring-head with their
fores.

But one thing I chiefly admir'd in the place,
That a Saint, and a Virgin, endu'd with such Grace,
Should yet be so wonderfull kind a well-willer,
To that whoring and filching Trade of a Miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the Wheels,
Of I cannot tell how many Water-mills :

I've studi'd that point much, you cannot guess why,
But the Virgin was, doubtless, more righteous than I:
And now for my wellcome, four, five, or six Lasses,
With as many Chrystalline liberal Glasses,

Did all importune me to drink of the Water
 Of Saint *Winnefreda*, good *Thewit's* fair Daughter:
 A while I was doubtfull, and stood in a Muse,
 Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to
 chuse,
 Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,
 From the rest o'th' fair Maidens did carry me quite;
 I took the Glas from her, and, whip, off it went,
 I half doubt I fanſi'd a health to the Saint;
 But he was a great Villain committed the slaughter,
 For St. *Winnefred* made most delicate water.
 I flip'd a hard Shilling into her soft hand,
 Which had like to have made me the place have pro-
 fan'd,
 And giving two more to the Poor that were there,
 Did, sharp as a Hawk, to my quarters repair.

My Dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
 I never ate better meat that I can tell;
 When having half din'd, there comes in my Host,
 A Catholick, good, and a rare drunken Tost;

This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot;
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own Life,
And one thing, that he had converted his Wife.

But now my Guide told me, it time was to go,
For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted:
On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
Sometimes on three Legs, and sometimes on
four,
Coasting the Sea, and over Hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall
in;
For underneath *Neptune* lay shalking to watch
us,
And, had we but slip'd once, was ready to catch
us:

Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed,
Redland-Castle and *Abergoney* we pass'd,
And o'er against *Connaway* came at the last:
Just over against a Castle there stood,
O'th' right hand the Town, and o'th' left hand a
Wood;

'Twixt the Wood and the Castle they see at high
water

The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And besides, upon such a steep Rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he scape being
drowned:

Perhaps though in time one may make them to
yield,

But 'tis pretty'st Cob-Castle e'er I beheld.

The Sun now was going t'unharness his Steeds,
When the Ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the
Weeds,

Came in as good time, as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arme of the Sea;
And bestowing our Horses before and abaft,
O'er god *Neptune's* wide Cod-piecc gave us a waft;
Where scurvily landing at foot of the Fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the Port,
Where another King's head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown.

The

*The Storm.**To the Earl of -----*

HOW with ill Nature does this World abound!
When I, who ever thought my self most sound,
And free from that infection, now must chuse
Out you, (my Lord,) whom least I should abuse
To trouble with a Tempest, who have none
In your firm Breast t'afflict you of your own;
But since of Friendship it the nature is,
In any accident that falls amiss,
Whether of sorrow, terrour, loss, or pain,
Caus'd or by Men or Fortune, to complain
To those who of our ills have deepest sense,
And in whose favour we've most confidence.

Pardon, if in a Storm I here engage
Your calmer thoughts, and on a Sea, whose rage,
When but a little mov'd, as far outbraves
The tamer Mutinies of *Adria's* Waves,
As they, when worst for *Neptune* to appease
The softest curls of most pacifick Seas ;
And though I'm vain enough half to believe
My danger will some little trouble give,
I yet more vainly fancies 'twill advance
Your pleasure too, for my deliverance.

'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,
For slow, but certain Navigation best ;
The Earth had dress'd her self so fine and gay,
That all the World, our little World, was *May* ;
The Sea too, had put on his smoothest face,
Clear, slick, and even as a Looking-glass ;

The rugged Winds were lock'd up in their Gaokes,
And were but *Zephyrs* whisper'd in the Sails;
All Nature seem'd to court us to our woe;
Good God! can Elements dissemble too?
Whilst we, secure, consider'd not the whiles
That greatest Treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.

Aboard we went, and soon were under Sail,
But with so small an over-modest Gale,
And to our Virgin Canvass so unkind,
As not to swell their laps with so much wind,
As common courtship would in breeding pay
To Maids less buxom and less trim than they.
But of this Calm we could not long complain,
For scarcely were we got out to the Main
From the still Harbour but a League, no more,
When the false Wind (that seem'd so chaste before)

The Ship's lac'd Smock began to stretch and tear,
Not like a Suitor, but a Ravisher ;
As if delight were lessen'd by consent,
And tasted worfe for being innocent.
A Sable Curtain, in a little space,
Of thick wove Clouds was drawn o'er *Phæbus* face,
He might not see the horreur of the fight,
Nor we the comfort of his heav'nly light :
Then, as this darkness had the Signal been,
At which the furious Storm was to begin,
Heaven's loud Artillery began to play,
And with pale flashes made a dreadfull day :
The Centre shook by these, the Ocean
In hills of Brine to swell and heave began ;
Which growing Mountains, as they rolling hit,
To surge and foam, each other broke and split,
Like men, who, in intestine storms of state,
Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what ;

But with the stream of fury headlong run
To war, they know not how nor why begun.

In this disorder freight the winds forlorn,
Which had lain ambush'd all the flatt'ring Morn,
With unexpected fury rushes in,
The ruffling Skirmish rudely to begin;
The Sea with Thunder-claps allarm'd before,
Assaulted thus anew, began to roar.
In Waves, that striving which should fastest run,
Crouded themselves into confusion.

At which advantage *Æolus* brought on
His large spread Wings, and main Battallion,
When by opposing shoars the flying Foe
Forc'd back against the Enemy to flow,
So great a conflict follow'd, as if here
Th'enrag'd Enemies embattel'd were;

Not only one another to subdue,
But to destroy themselves and Nature too.

To paint this Horrour to the life, weak Art
Must want a hand, Humanity a heart,
And I, the bare Relation whilst I make,
Methinks am brave, my hand still does not shake;
For surely since men first in Planks of wood
Themselves committed to the faithless Floud,
Men born and bred at Sea, did ne'er behold
Neptune in such prodigious furrows roll'd;
Those winds, which with the loudest terrour roar,
Never so stretch'd their lungs and cheeks before;
Nor on this floating stage has ever been
So black a Scene of dreadfull ruine seen.

Poor Yacht! in such a Sea how canst thou live?
What ranfome would not thy pale Tenants give

To be set down on the most desp'rate shoar,
Where Serpents hiss, Tygers and Lyons roar,
And where the men, inhumane Savages,
Are yet worse Vermin, greater Brutes than these?
Who would not for a danger that may be
Exchange a certain ruine that they see?
For such, unto our Reason, or our fear,
Ours did in truth most manifest appear;
And how could we expect a better end,
When Winds and Seas seem'd only to contend,
Not which should conquer other in this War,
But in our wreck which should have greatest share?
The Winds were all let loose upon the Main,
And every wind that blew a Hurricane,
Nereus's whole pow'r too muster'd seem'd to be,
Wave rode on wave, and every wave a Sea.
Of our small Bark gusts rush'd the trembling sides
Against vast billows that contain'd whole Tides,

To
Which

Which in disdainfull fury beat her back
With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,
'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in,
As if they meant their liquid walls between
T'engage the wretched hulk, and crush her flat,
And make her squeeze to death her dying freight.
Sometimes she on a Mountain's ridge would ride,
And from that height her gliding Keel then slide
Into a Gulf yawning, and deep as Hell,
Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell;
Then by another billow rais'd so high,
As if the Sea would dart her into th'Sky,
To be a Pinnacle to the *Argosie*;
Then down a precipice so low and steep,
As it had been the bottom of the Deep :
Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,
Were miserably tofs'd and bandi'd so,

'Twas

Tw'as strange our little Pink, though ne'er so tight,
Could weather't so, and keep her self upright ;
Or was not sunk with weight of our despair,
For Hope, alas ! could find no ank'ring there:
Her Prow, and Poop, Star-board, and Lar-board side
Being with these Elements so hotly plid,
Tw'as no less than a Miracle her seams
Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very Beams
Continu'd faithfull in these loud extremes ;
That her tall Masts, so often bow'd and bent
With gust on gust, were not already spent ;
That all, or any thing indeed withstood
A Sea so hollow, such a high wrought Floud.

Here, where no Sea-man's Art nor strength avails,
Where use of Compass, Rudder, or of Sails,
There now was none ; the Mariners all stood
Cloudless and cold as we ; or though they cou'd

Something

Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,
Were ev'ry one astonish'd ne'ertheless
To that degree, they either had no heart
Their Art to use, or had forgot their Art.
Meanwhile the miserable Passengers,
With sighs the hardest, the more soft with tears,
Mercy of Heav'n in various accents crav'd,
But after drowning hoping to be sav'd.
How oft, by fear of dying, did we die ?
And every death, a death of cruelty,
Worse than worst Cruelties provok'd impose
On the most hated, most offending Foes.
We fanci'd death riding on every Wave,
And every hollow seem'd a gaping Grave :
All things we saw such horror did present,
And all of dying too were so intent,
Ev'ry one thought himself already dead,
And that for him the tears he saw were shed.

Such as had not the courage to behold
Their danger above deck, within the Hold
Utter'd such groans in that their floating Grave;
As even unto terrour terrour gave;
Whilst those above pale, dead, and cold appear,
Like Ghosts in *Charon's* Boat that sailing were.
The last day's dread, which none can comprehend,
But to weak fancy only recommend,
To form the dreadful Image from sick fear,
That fear and fancy both were height'ned here
With such a face of horror, as alone
Was fit to prompt Imagination,
Or to create it where there had been none.
Such as from under Hatches thrust a head
To enquire what news, seem'd rising from the dead,
Whilst those who staid above, bloudless with fear,
And gastly look, as they new risen were.

The bold and timorous, with like horrou'r struck,
Were not to be distinguish'd by their look ;
And he who could the greatest courage boast
Howe'er within, look'd still as like a Ghost.

Ten hours in this rude Tempest we were toss'd,
And ev'ry moment gave our selves for lost ;
Heav'n knows how ill prepar'd for sudden death,
When the rough winds, as they'd been out of breath,
Now seem'd to pant, and panting to retreat,
The Waves with gentler force against us beat ;
The Sky clear'd up, the Sun again shone bright,
And gave us once again new life and light ;
We could again bear sail in those rough Seas,
The Sca-men now resume their offices ;
Hope warm'd us now anew, anew the heart
Did to our cheeks some streaks of bloud impart ;

And in two hours, or very little more,
We came to Anchor Faulcon-shot from shoar,
The very same we left the Morn before ;
Where now in a yet working Sea, and high,
Untill the wind shall veere, we rolling lie,
Resting secure from present fear ; but then
The dangers we escap'd must tempt agen ;
Which if again I safely shall get through,
And sure I know the worst the Sea can doe)
So soon as I shall touch my native Land,
I'll thence ride Post to kiss your Lordship's hand.

O D E.

IS't come to this, that we must part ?
Then Heav'n is turn'd all cruelty,
And Fate has neither eyes nor heart,
Or else (my Sweet) it could not be.

She's a blind Deity I'm sure ;
For woefull sights compassion move,
And Heav'nly minds could ne'er endure
To persecute the truest love.

Love is the highest attribute
Of pow'rs unknown we Mortals know ;
For that all homage we commute
From that all good, and Mercies flow.

And can there be a Deity
In those eternal seats above,
Will own so dire a Cruelty,
As thus to punish faithfull Love?

Oh Heav'nly Pow'rs! be good and just,
Cherish the Law your selves have made,
We else in vain in Vertue trust,
And by Religion are betray'd.

Oh! punish me some other way
For other sins, but this is none;
Take all the rest you gave away,
But let my dearest Dear alone.

Strip me as into th'World I came,
I never shall dispute your will,
Or strike me dumb, deaf, blind or lame,
But let me have *Chlorinda* still.

Why was she given me at all?
I thought indeed the Gift too great
For my poor Merit ; but withall
I always knew to value it.

I first by you was worthy made,
Next by her choice ; let me not prove
Blasphemous, if I'm not afraid
To say most worthy by my love.

And must I then be damn'd from Bliss
For valuing the Blessing more,
Be wretched made through Happiness,
And by once being rich more poor ?

This Separation is, alas !
Too great a punishment to bear,
Oh ! take my life, or let me pass
That life, that happy life, with her.

O my *Chlorinda*! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a Mine of Love for thee,
The Treasure would supply desert.

Let the King send me where he please,
Ready at Drum and Trumpet's call,
I'll fight at home, or cross the Seas,
His Soulder, but *Chlorinda's* Thrall.

No change of Diet, or of Air,
In me can a Distemper breed;
And if I fall it should be fair,
Since 'tis her blood that I'm to bleed.

And sitting so I nothing fear
A noble she of living fame;
And who shall then be by, nay hear,
In my last groans, *Chlorinda's* Name?

But I am not proscrib'd to die,
My Adversaries are too wise;
More rigour and less Charity
Condemns me from *Chlorinda's* eyes.

Ah cruel Sentence, and severe!
That is a thousand deaths in one;
Oh! let me die before I hear
A sound of Separation.

And yet it is decreed, I see,
The Race of men are now combin'd,
Though I still keep the Body free,
To persecute a Loyal mind.

And that's the worst that Man can doe,
To banish me *Chlorinda's* sight,
Yet will my heart continue true,
Maugre their power and their spight.

Mean while my *Exit* now draws nigh,
When, Sweet *Chlorinda*, thou shalt see
That I have heart enough to die,
Not half enough to part with thee.

Εἰς τὸ δῶν πίνειν.

Paraphras'd from Anacreon.

THe Earth with swallowing drunken showers
Reels a perpetual round,
And with their *Healts* the *Trees* and *Flowers*
Again drink up the Ground.

The Sea, of Liquor spuing full,
The ambient Air doth sup,
And thirsty *Phæbus* at a pull
Quaffs off the Ocean's cup.

When

When stagg'ring to a resting place,
His bus'ness being done,
The Moon, with her pale platter face,
Comes and drinks up the Sun.

Since Elements and Planets then
Drink an eternal round,
'Tis much more proper sure for men
Have better Liquor found.

Why may not I then, tell me pray,
Drink and be drunk as well as they?

On Christmas-day.

Hymn.

I.

Rise, happy Mortals, from your sleep,
Bright *Phosphor* now begins to peep,
In such apparel as ne'er dress'd
The proudest day-break of the East :
Death's Sable Curtain 'gins disperse,
And now the blessed Morn appears,
Which has long'd and pray'd for him
So many Centuries of years,
To defray th'arrears of sin.
Now through the joyfull Universe
Beams of Mercy and of Love
Shoot forth comfort from above,
And Choirs of Angels do proclaim
The Holy *Jesus* blessed Name.

II.

Rise Shepherds, leave your Flocks, and run,
The Soul's great Shepherd now is come ;
Oh! wing your tardy feet, and fly
To greet this dawning Majesty :

Heaven's Messenger, in tidings blest'd,
Invites you to the Sacred place,
Where the blessed Babe of Joy,
Wrapp'd in his Holy Father's Grace,
Come's the Serpent to destroy,
That lurks in ev'ry humane Breast.

To *Judah's Beth'lem* turn your feet,
There you shall Salvation meet ;
There, in a homely Manger hurl'd,
Lies the *Messias* of the World.

III.

Riding upon the Morning's wings,
The joyfull Air Salvation sings,
Peace upon Earth, tow'rds men good will,
Ecchoes from ev'ry Vale and Hill;
For why the Prince of Peace is come,
The glorious Infant, who this Morn
 (By a strange mysterious Birth,)
Is of his Virgin Mother born,
 To redeem the Seed of Earth
From foul rebellious heavy doom.
Travel *Magi* of the East,
To adore this sacred Guest;
And offer up (with reverence,)
Your Gold, your Myrrhe, and Frankincense.

I V.

At th'teeming of this Blessed Womb
All Nature is one Joy become ;
The Fire, the Earth, the Sea, and Air,
The great Salvation do declare :
 The Mountains skip with Joy's excess,
 The Ocean's briny billows swell
 O'er the surface of their Lands,
And at this Sacred Miracle
 Flouds do clap their liquid hands,
Joy's Inundation to exprefs ;
 Babes spring in the narrow rooms
 Of their tender Mothers Wombs,
And all for Triumph of the Morn
Wherein the Child of blifs was born.

V. Let

V.

Let each religious Soul then rise ·
To offer up a Sacrifice,
And on the wings of Pray'r and Praise
His gratefull heart to Heaven raise;
For this, that in a Stable lies,
This poor neglected Babe is he,
Hell and Death that must controll,
And speak the blessed Word, be free
To ev'ry true believing Soul:
Death has no sting, nor Hell no prize
Through his Merits great, whilst we
Travel to Eternity,
And with the Blessed Angels sing
Hosannah's to the Heav'nly King.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Rise then, O rise, and let your voices
Tell the Spheres the Soul rejoyces.
In *Beth'lem* this auspicious Morn,
The Glorious Son of God is born.
The Child of Glory, Prince of Peace,
Brings Mercy that will never cease,
Merits that wipe away the sin
Each Humane Soul was forfeit in;
And washing off the fatall stain,
Man to his Maker knits again:
Joyn then your gratefull Notes, and sing
Hofannah's to the Heav'nly King.

Sophick Who n

Sapbick Ode.

How easie is his Life, and free,
Who, urg'd by no necessity,
Eats chearfull Bread, and over night does pay
For's next day's *Crapula*.

No fuitor such a mean estate
Invites to be importunate,
No supple flatt'rer, robbing Villain, or
Obstreperous Creditor.

This man does need no Bolts nor Locks,
Nor needs he start when any knocks,
But may on careles Pillow lie and snoar,
With a wide open door.

Trouble and Danger Wealth attend,
An usefull but a dang'rous Friend,
Who makes us pay, e'er we can be releas'd,
Quadruple Interest.

Q

Let'

Let's live to day then for to morrow,
The Fool's too provident will borrow
A thing, which through Chance or Infirmary,
'Tis odds he ne'er may see.

Spend all then e'er you go to Heaven,
So with the World you will make even ;
And men discharge by dying Nature's score,
Which done we owe no more.

The Morning Quatrains.

I.

THe Cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forgo ;
Tir'd Nature is by sleep redress'd,
And Labour's overcome by Rest.

II.

We have out-done the work of Night,
'Tis time we rise t'attend the Light,
And e'er he shall his Beams display,
To plot new bus'ness for the day.

III.

None but the slothfull, or unsound,
Are by the Sun in Feathers found,
Nor, without rising with the Sun,
Can the World's bus'ness e'er be done.

IV.

Hark! Hark! the watchfull Chanticle,
Tells us the day's bright Harbinger
Peeps o'er the Eastern Hills, to awe
And warn night's sov'reign to withdraw.

V.

The Morning Curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn;
Aurora has her Roses shed,
To strew the way *Sol's* steeds must tread.

VI

Xanthus and *Æthon* harness'd are,
To roll away the burning Carr,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the Chariotier.

VII.

The sable Cheeks of fullen Night
Are streak'd with Rosie streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear,
To shade the other Hemisphere.

VIII.

The merry Lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for days loud wellcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

IX.

Now doors and windows are unbar'd,
Each-where are chearfull voices heard,
And round about Good-morrows fly,
As if Day taught Humanity.

X.

The Chimnies now to smoke begin,
And the old Wife sits down to spin,
Whilst *Kate*, taking her Pail, does trip
Mulls swoln and straddling Paps to strip.

XI.

Vulcan now makes his Anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and *Maud* doth sing,
And *Silvio* with his Bugle Horn
Winds an Imprime unto the Morn.

XII.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phæbus array'd in burning Gold,
Lashing his fiery Steeds, displays
His warm and all enlight'ning Rays.

XIII.

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are Labourers,
And Manufactures of each trade
By op'ning Shops are open laid.

XIV. Hw

XIV.

Hob yokes his Oxen to the Team,
The Angler goes unto the stream,
The Wood-man to the Purlews highs,
And lab'ring Bees to load their thighs.

XV.

Fair *Amarillis* drives her Flocks,
All night safe folded from the Fox,
To flow'ry Downs, where *Collin* stays,
To court her with his Roundelays.

XVI.

The Traveller now leaves his Inn
A new days Journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

XVII

The slick-fac'd School-boy Sachel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To Knowledge and to Vertue's flow.

XVIII.

The Fore-horse gingles on the Road,
The Waggoner lugs on his Load,
The Field with busie People snies,
And City rings with various cries.

XIX.

The World is now a busie swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm;
But let's take heed our Acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we doe.

XX. None

XX.

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkeſt ſhade,
And ſin, though it could ſcape the eye,
Would be diſcover'd by the Cry.

Noon Quatrains.

I.

THe day grows hot, and darts his Rays
From ſuch a ſure and killing place,
That this half World are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

II.

His early Glories were benign,
Warm to be felt, bright to be ſeen,
And all was comfort, but who can
Endure him when *Meridian*?

III.

Of him we as of Kings complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign,
But to the *Zenith* got of pow'r,
Those whom they should protect devour.

IV.

Has not another *Phaeton*
Mounted the Chariot of the Sun,
And, wanting Art to guide his Horſe,
Is hurri'd from the Sun's due courſe.

V.

If this hold on, our fertile Lands
Will ſoon be turn'd to parched Sands,
And not an Onion that will grow
Without a *Nile* to overflow.

VI The

VI.

The grazing Herds now droop and pant,
Een without labour fit to faint,
And willingly forsook their Meat
To seek out cover from the heat.

VII.

The lagging Ox is now unbound,
From larding the new turn'd up ground,
Whilst *Hobbinal* alike o'er-laid,
Takes his course dinner to the shade.

VIII.

Cellars and Grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest,
And not a Soul above is found
Can find a refuge under ground.

IX. When

IX.

When Pagan Tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly Womb
Of unknown Subterranean *Rome*.

X.

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'er pass'd,
In a more mild and temp'rate Ray
We may again enjoy the day.

The

The Night.

Written by *Monsieur le Comte
de Cremail.*

Stanzas.

I

OH Night! by me so oft requir'd,
Oh Night! by me so much desir'd,
Of my Felicity the cause,
Oh Night! so wellcome to my eyes,
Grant, in this horror of the Skies,
This dreadfull shade thy Curtain draws,
That I may now adore this Night
The Star that burns and gives me light.

II Spread

II.

Spread o'er the Earth thy Sable Veil,
Heaven's twinckling sparklets to conceal,
That darkness seems to day t' improve;
For other light I do need none
To guide me to my lovely one,
But only that of mine own love;
And all light else offends my sight,
But hers whose eye does give me light.

III.

Oblivion of our forepasts'd woes,
Thou Charm of sadness, and repose
Of Souls that languish in despair,
Why dost thou not from *Lethe* rise?
Dost thou not see the whole World snies
With Lovers who themselves declare
Enemies to all noise and light,
And covet nothing but the Night?

IV.

At her transparent Window there
Thou'lt see *Aminta's* eye appear,
That, like a Sun set round with Ray,
The shadows from the Sky shall chase,
Changing the colour of its face
Into a bright and glorious day ;
Yet do not fear this Sun so bright,
For 'tis a mighty Friend to Night.

V.

Rise then, lov'd Night, rise from the Sea,
And to my Sun *Aurora* be,
And now thy blackest Garment wear ;
Dull sleep already thee forgoes,
And each-where a dumb silence does
Thy long'd-for long approach declare ;
I know the Star that gives me light,
To see me only stays for Night.

VI. Ha!

V L

Ha! I see shades rise from th' Abiss,
And now I go the Lips to kiss,
The Breasts and Eyes have me deceiv'd;
Oh Night! the height of my desire,
Canst thou put on so black attire
That I by none can be perceiv'd,
And that I may this happy Night
See the bright Star that gives me light?

V I I.

Oh that my dusky Goddess could
In her thick Mantle so enfold
Heaven's torches, as to damp their fire,
That here on Earth thou might'st for ever
Keep thy dark Empire, Night, and never
Under the Waves again retire;
That endless so might be the Night,
Wherein I see the Star my light!

Evening.

Quatrains.

I.

THE Day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his Steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the Chariot down the Hill.

II.

With Labour spent, and Thirst oppress'd,
Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,
From Fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to Meteors in the Night.

III.

The Shadows now so long do grow,
That Brambles like tall Cedars show,
Mole-hills seem Mountains, and the Ant
Appears a monstrous Elephant.

IV.

A very little little Flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock ;

R

Whilst

Whilst the small Stripling following them,
Appears a mighty *Polypheme*.

V.

These being brought into the Fold,
And by the thrifty Master told,
He thinks his Wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost, or stray'd.

VI.

Now lowing Herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the Villains Yard,
The Cart's on Tayl set down to rest,
Bearing on high the Cuckolds Crest.

VII.

The hedg is stript, the Clothes brought in,
Nought's left without should be within,
The Bees are hiv'd, and hum their Charm,
Whilst every House does seem a Swarm.

VIII.

The Cock now to the Roost is prest :
For he must call up all the rest ;
The Sow's fast pegg'd within the Sty,
To still her squeaking Progeny.

IX.

Each one has had his Supping Mefs,
The Cheefe is put into the Prefs,
The Pans and Bowls clean scalded all,
Rear'd up against the Milk-house Wall.

X.

And now on Benches all are fat
In the cool Air to sit and chat,
Till *Phæbus*, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the World the way to Rest.

Night.

Quatrains.

I.

THE Sun is set, and gone to sleep
With the fair Princess of the Deep,
Whose Bosom is his cool Retreat,
When fainting with his proper Heat :

II.

His Steeds their flaming Nostrils cool
In Spume of the *Cerulean* Pool;
Whilst the Wheels dip their hissing Naves
Deep in *Columbus's* Western Waves.

III.

From whence great rows of Smoke arise
To overshadow the Beauteous Skies;
Who bid the World's bright Eye adieu
In gelid tears of falling Dew.

IV.

And now from the *Iberian* Vales
Nights sable Steeds her Chariot hales,
Where double Cypress Curtains screen
The gloomy Melancholick Queen.

V.

These, as they higher mount the Sky,
Ravish all Colour from the Eye,
And leave it but an useless glass,
Which few, or no Reflections grace.

V I.

The Crystal Arch o're *Pindus's* Crown
Is on a sudden dusky grown,
And all's with Fun'ral Black o'respread,
As if the Day, which sleeps, were dead.

V II.

No Ray of Light the Heart to chear,
But little twinkling Stars appear ;
Which like faint dying embers ly,
Fit nor to work, nor travel by,

V III.

Perhaps to him they Torches are,
Who guide Night's Sovereign's drowsy Car,
And him they may befriend so near,
But us they neither light, nor chear.

I X.

Or else those little sparks of Light
Are Nayls that tyre the Wheels of Night,
Which to new Stations still are brought,
As they rowl o'r the gloomy Vault.

X.

Or Nayls that arm the Horses hoof,
Which trampling o're the marble Roof,
And striking Fire in the Air,
We Mortals call a shooting Star.

XI.

That's all the Light we now receive,
Unless what belching *Vulcans* give,
And those yield such a kind of Light
As adds more horror to the Night.

XII.

Nyctimene now freed from day,
From fullen Bush flies out to prey,
And does with Feret note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' usurping Dame.

XIII.

The Rail now cracks in Fields and Meads,
Toads now forsake the Nettle-beds,
The tim'rous Hare goes to relief,
And wary Men bolt out the Theef.

XIV.

The Fire's new rak't, and Hearth swept clean
By *Madg*, the dirty Kitchin Quean,
The Safe is lock't, the Mouse-trap set,
The Leaven laid, and Bucking wet.

XV.

Now in false Floors and Roofs above,
The lustful Cats make ill-tun'd Love,
The Ban-dog on the Dunghil lies,
And watchful Nurse sings Lullabies.

XVI.

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The *Bittern* booms it in the Reeds,
And *Reynard* entering the back Yard,
The Capitolian Cry is heard.

XVII.

The *Goblin* now the Fool alarms,
Higgs meet to mumble o're their Charms;
The *Night mare* rides the dreaming Ass,
And *Fairies* trip it on the grass.

XVIII.

The Drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of Ale sweats through his Pores,
Yet when he wakes the Swine shall find
A Cropala remains behind.

XIX.

The Sober now and Chast are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest,
And to sound sleeps they've best pretence,
Have greatest share of Innocence.

XX.

We should so live then that we may
Fearless put off our Clotts and Clay,
And travel through Death's shades to Light ;
For every Day must have its Night.

Ode.

GOOD night, my Love, may gentle rest
Charm up your Senses till the Light,
Whilst I with Care and Woe oppress,
Go to inhabit endless Night.

There, whilst your Eyes shall grace the Day,
I must in the despairing shade,
Sigh such a woful time away,
As never yet poor Lover had.

Yet to this endless Solitude
There is one dangerous step to pass,
To one that loves your sight so rude,
As Flesh and Blood is loth to pass.

But I will take it to express
I worthily your Favours wore,
Your merits (Sweet) can claim no less,
Who dyes for you can do no more.

Ode

Ode de Monsieur Racan.

I Ngrateful cause of all my harms,
I go to seek amidst Alarms
My Death, or Liberty;
And that's all now I've left to do,
Since (cruel Fair) in serving you
I can nor live nor dye.

The King his Towns sees desart made,
His Plains with armed Troops o're-spread,
Violence do's controul;
All's Fire and Sword before his Eyes,
Yet has he fewer Enemies
Than I have in my Soul.

But yet, alas ! my hope is vain
To put a period to my pain,
By any desperate ways,
'Tis you that hold my Life enchain'd,
And (under Heaven) you command,
And only you, my days.

In a Battel's loud'st Alarms,
Rush amongst incens'd Arms,

Invoking Death to take me,
Seeing me look so pale, the Foe
Will think me Death himself, and so
Not venture to attaque me.

In Bloody Fields where *Mars* doth make
With his loud Thunder all to shake,

Both Earth, and Heav'n to boot;
Mans pow'r to kill me I despise,
Since Love, with Arrows from your Eyes,
Had not the Pow'r to doo't.

No, I must languish still unblest,
And in worst Torments manifest
My firm Fidelity;

Or that my Reason set me free,
Since (Fair) in serving you I see,
I can nor live nor dye.

Contentation.

*Directed to my Dear Father, and most Worthy
Friend, Mr. Isaac Walton.*

HEav'n, what an Age is this ! what Race
Of Giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's Face,
And with his Providence make War !

II.

I can go no where but I meet
With Malecontents, and Mutineers,
As if in Life was nothing sweet,
And we must Blessings reap in Tears,

III.

O senseless Man, that murmurs still
For Happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his Will,
What he would have to make him so.

IV.

I V.

Is it true Happiness to be

By undiscerning Fortune plac't,
In the most eminent Degree,

Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

V.

Titles and Wealth are Fortune's Toyls

Wherewith the Vain themselves ensnare?

The Great are proud of borrow'd Spoils,

The Miser's Plenty breeds his Care.

V I.

The one supinely yawns at rest,

Th' other eternally doth toyl,

Each of them equally a Beast,

A pamper'd Horse, or lab'ring Mowl.

V I I.

The Titulado's oft disgrac'd,

By publick hate, or private frown,

And he whose Hand the Creature rais'd,

Has yet a Foot to kick him down.

VIII.

VIII.

The Drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute Beast both feeds, and lies,
Prone to the Earth, he digs his Grave,
And in the very labour dies.

IX.

Excess of ill got, ill kept Pelf,
Does only Death, and Danger breed,
Whilst one rich Worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

X

By which we see what Wealth and Pow'r
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of Life do often sour,
And gull Ambition with a Cheat.

XI.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has Lusts that are immoderate.

XII.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own Vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head
To all the Storms Man's Peace invade.

XIII.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick't up in favours of the Fair,
Mirrors, with every Breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

XIV.

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,
Does offer far, than serve, enslave,
And with the Magick of a Kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

XV.

Oh fruitful Grief, the World's Disease /
And vainer Man to make it so,
Who gives his Miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

XVI.

XVI.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving Shapes and Names to things ;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our Sufferings.

XVII.

We call that Sickness, which is Health,
That Persecution, which is Grace ;
That Poverty, which is true Wealth,
And that Dishonour, which is Praise.

XVIII.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial Eye,
And if to Misery we fall,
'Tis through our own Infirmary.

XIX.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious Youth to danger climb,
And want of Vertue, when the old
At Persecution do repine.

X X.

Alas, our Time is here so short,
That in what state soe're 'tis spent,
Of Joy or Wo does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

X X I.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our Measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly Appetite.

X X I I.

'Tis Contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little Life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

X X I I I.

A very little satisfies
An honest, and a grateful heart,
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

X X I V.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose Necessaries bound his Care,
And honest Labour makes his Bed.

X X V.

Who free from Debt, and clear from Crimes,
Honours those Laws that others fear,
Who ill of Princes in worst Times
Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

X X V I.

Who from the busie World retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

X X V I I.

Who, with his Angle, and his Books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII.

This man is happier far than he
Whom publick Business oft betrays,
Through Labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

XXIX.

The World is full of beaten Roads,
But yet so slippery withall,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

XXX.

Untrodden Paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure,
And he comes soonest to his rest,
Whose Journey has been most secure.

XXXI.

It is Content alone that makes
Our Pilgrimage a Pleasure here,
And who buyes Sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill Commodity too dear.

XXXII

But he has Fortunes worst withstood,
And Happiness can never miss,
Can covet nought, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

Stances de Monsieur de Scudery.

FAIR Nymph, by whose Perfections mov'd,
My wounded heart is turn'd to flame,
By all admir'd, by all approv'd,
Endure at least to be lov'd,
Although you will not love again.

Aminta, as unkind as fair,
What is there that you ought to fear?
For cruel if I you declare,
And that indeed you cruel are ;
Why the Reproach may you not hear ?
Even Reproaches should delight,
If Friendship for me you have none ,

And

And if no Anger, I have yet
Enough perhaps that may invite
Your hatred or Compassion.

When your Disdain is most severe,
When you most rigorous do prove,
When frowns of Anger most you wear,
You still more charming do appear,
And I am more and more in Love.

Ah, let me, Sweet, your sight enjoy,
Though with the forfeit of my Life,
For fall what will, I'de rather dye,
Beholding you, of present Joy,
Than absent, of a lingering grief.

Let your Eyes lighten, till expiring
In flame, my Heart a Cinder lye,
Falling is nobler than retiring,
And in the glory of aspiring,
'Tis brave to tumble from the Sky.

Yet I would any thing embrace
Might serve your Anger to appease,

And if I may obtain my grace,
Your steps shall leave no print, nor trace
I will not with Devotion kiss.

If, Tyrant, you will have it so,
No word my Passion shall betray,
My wounded Heart shall hide its woe ;
But if it sigh, those Sighs will show,
And tell you what my Tongue would say.

Should yet your Rigour higher rise,
Even those offending Sighs shall cease,
I will my Pain and grief disguise ;
But, Sweet, if you consult mine Eyes,
Those Eyes will tell you my Disease.

If the utmost my Respect can do,
Still will your Cruelty displease,
Consult your Face, and that will shew
What Love is to such Beauty due,
And to the state of my Disease.

Melan-

Melancholy.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

W^Hat in the name of wonder's this
Which lyes so heavy at my heart,
That I evn Death it self could kiss,
And think it were the greatest Bliss
Even at this moment to depart!
Life, even to the wretched dear,
To me's so nauseous grown,
There is no ill, I'de not commit,
But proud of what would forfeit it,
Would act the mischeif without fear,
And wade through thousand lives to lose my own.

II.

Yea, Nature never taught me bloody Rules;
Nor was I yet with vicious precept bred;
And now my Virtue paints my cheeks in Gules,
To check mee for the wicked thing I said.

'Tis not then I, but something in my Breast,
With which unwittingly I am possest,
Which breaths forth Horror to proclaim
That I am now no more the same :
One that some seeds of Vertue had ;
But one run resolutely mad,
A Fiend, a Fury, and a Beast,
Or a Demoniack at least,
Who, without sence of Sin, or shame,
At nothing but dire mischiefs aim,
Egg'd by the Prince of Fiends, and Legion is his Name.

I I I.

Alas ! my Reason's overcast,
That Sovereign Guide is quite displac't,
Clearly dismounted from his Throne,
Banish'd his Empire, fled and gone,
And in his room
An infamous Usurper's come,
Whose Name is sounding in mine Ear
Like that, methinks, of *Oliver*.

Nay, I remember in his Life,
Such a Disease as mine was mighty rise,

And

And yet, methinks, it cannot be,
That he
Should be crept into me,
My skin could ne're contain sure so much Evil,
Nor any place but Hell can hold so great a Devil.

I V.

But by its symtomes now I know
What is that does torment me so,
'Tis a disease,
As great a Fiend almost as these,
That drinks up all my better blood,
And leaves the rest a standing Pool,
And though I ever little understood,
Makes me a thousand times more Fool.
Fumes up dark vapours to my Brain,
Creates burnt Choler in my breast,
And of these nobler parts possest,
Tyrannically there does reign,
Oh when (kind Heaven) shall I be well again.

V.

Accursed Melancholy, it was Sin
First brought thee in;

Sin lodg'd the first in our first Father's Breast,
By Sin thou'rt nourish't, and by Sin increast,
Thou'rt man's own Creature, he has giv'n thee pow'r,
The sweets of Life thus to devour.

To make us shun the cheerful Light,
And creep into the shades of Night,
Where the sly Tempter ambush't lies
To make the discontented Soul his prize.

There the Progenitor of guile,
Accosts us in th' old Serpent's style ;
Rails at the World as well as we,
Nay, Providence it self's not free ;
Proceeding then to Arts of Flattery,
He there extolls our Valour and our Parts,
Spreads all his Nets to catch our Hearts,
Concluding thus ; what generous mind

Would longer here draw breath,
That might so sure a Refuge find
In the repose of Death !

Which having said, he to our choice presents
All his destroying Instruments,

Swords

Swords and Steeleto's, Halters, Pistols, Knives,
Poysons, both quick and slow, to end our Lives,
Or if we like none of those fine Devices,
He then presents us Pools and Precipices ;
Or to let out, or suffocate our breath,
And by once dying to obtain an everlasting Death.

V I.

Avaunt thou Devil Melancholy,
Thou grave and sober Folly ;
Night of the Mind, wherein our Reasons grope
For future Joys, but never can find hope.
Parent of Murthers, Treasons, and Despair,
Thou pleasing and eternal care :
Go sow thy rank and poy's'nous seeds
In such a soyl of mind as breeds,
With little help, black and nefarious deeds ;
And let my whiter Soul alone,
For why should I thy sable weed put on,
Who never meditated ill, nor ill have never done !

V I I.

V I I.

Ah, 'tis ill done to me, that makes me sad
And thus to pass away,
With sighs the tedious Nights, and does
Like one that either is, or will be mad.
Repentance can our own fowl soules make pure,
And expiate the foulest Deed,
Whereas the thought others offences breed,
Nothing but true amendment one can cure.
Thus man, who of this world a member is,
Is by good nature subject made
To smart for what his fellows do amiss,
As he were guilty, when he is betray'd,
And mourning for the vices of the Time,
Suffers unjustly for anothers Crime.

V I I I.

Go foolish Soul, and wash thee white,
Be troubled for thine own misdeeds
That Heav'nly sorrow comfort breeds,
And true contrition turns delight.

Let Princes thy past services forget,

Let dear-bought Friends thy Foes becom,
Though round with misery thou art beset,

With Scorn abroad, and Poverty at home;
Keep yet thy hands but clear, and Conscience pure,

And all the ills thou shalt endure
Will on thy Worth such luster set

As shall out-shine the brightest Coronet.

And Men at last will be asham'd to see,

That still,

For all their malice, and malicious skill,

Thy mind revive as it was us'd to be,

And that they have disgrac't themselves to honor thee.

Hope.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

HOPE, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeseeing reckless Minds,
Thou deceiving Parrisite,
Which no where Entertainment finds

But

But with the wretched ; or the vain ;
 'Tis they alone fond Hope maintain.
 Thou easie Fool's chief Favorite ;
 Thou fawning Slave to slaves, that still remains
 In Gallies, Dungeons, and in Chains ;
 Or with a whining Lover lov'st to play,
 With treach'rous Art
 Fanning his Heart,
 A greater Slave by far, than they
 Who in worst Durance wear their Age away.
 Thou, whose Ambition mounts no higher,
 Nor does to greater Fame aspire,
 Than to be ever found a lyar :
 Thou treach'rous Fiend, deluding Shade,
 Who would with such a Phantom be betray'd,
 By whom the wretched are at last more wretched
 (made !

II.

Yet once, I must confess, I was
 Such an overweening Ass,
 As in Fortunes worst distress
 To believe thy Promises ;

Which

Which so brave a change foretold,
Such a stream of Happiness,
Such Mountain hopes of glitt'ring Gold,
Such Honours, Friendships, Offices,
In Love and Arms so great Success ;
That I ev'n hugg'd my self with the conceit,
Was my self Party in the cheat,
And in my very Bosom laid
That fatal Hope by which I was betray'd,
Thinking my self already rich, and great :
And in that foolish thought despis'd
Th' advice of those who out of Love advis'd ;
As I'de foreseen what they did not foresee,
A Torrent of Felicity,
And rudely laught at those, who pittyng wept for
(me.

III.

But of this Expectation, when 't came to 't,
What was the fruit ?
In sordid Robes poor Disappointment came,
Attended by her Handmaids, Grief and Shame ;
No Wealth, no Titles, no Friend could I see,
For they still court Prosperity,
Nay,

Nay, what was worst of what Mischance could do,
My dearest Love forlook me too ;
My pretty Love, with whom, had she been true,
Even in Banishment,
I could have liv'd most happy and content,
Her sight which nourish't me withdrew.
I then, although too late, perceiv'd
I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
And call'd for it re'xpostulate
The Treachery and foul deceit :
But it was then quite fled away,
And gone some other to betray,
Leaving me in a state
By much more desolate,
Than if when first attack't by Fate,
I had submitted there
And made my courage yeild unto despair.
For Hope, like Cordials, to our wrong
Does but our Miseries prolong,
Whilst yet our Vitals daily wast,
And not supporting Life, but pain
Call their false friendships back again
And unto Death, grim Death abandon us at last.

IV.

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
Thou thine own Treach'ry hast out-done :
For Chance, perhaps may have befriended
 Some one th' hast labour'd to deceive
With what by thee was ne're intended,
 Nor in thy pow'r to give :
But me thou hast deceiv'd in all, as well
 Possible, as impossible,
And the most sad Example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.
But thou hast taught me Wisdom yet,
 Henceforth to hope no more
Than I see reason for,
A Precept I shall ne're forget :
Nor is there any thing below
 Worth a man's wishing, or his care,
When what we wish begets our wo,
 And Hope deceiv'd becomes Despair.
Then thou seducing Hope farewell,
No more thou shalt of Sense bereave me,
 No more deceive me,
I now can countercharm thy Spell,

T

And

And for what's past, so far I will be even,
Never again to hope for any thing but Heaven.

Epistle to the Earl of ———

TO write in Verse, O Count of mine,
To you, who have the Ladies nine,
With a wet finger, at your call,
And I believe have kist 'um all,
Is such an undertaking, none
But *Peakrill* bold would venture on :
Yet having found, that, to my woes
No help will be procur'd by Prose,
And to write that way is no boot,
I'll try if Ryming will not doe't.

Know then, my Lord, that on my word,
Since my first, second, and my third,
Which I have pester'd you withall,
I've heard no syllable at all,
Or where you are, or what you do ;
Or if I have a Lord, or no.

A pretty comfort to a man
That studies all the ways he can
To keep an Interest he does prize
Above all other Treasuries.

But let that pass, you now must know
We do on our last Quarter go ;
And that I may go bravely out,
Am trowling merry Bowl about,
To Lord, and Lady, that and this,
As nothing were at all amiss,
When after twenty days are past,
Poor *Charles* has eat and drunk his last.
No more Plum-porridge then, or Pye,
No Brawn with Branch of Rosemary,
No Chine of Beef, enough to make
The tallest Yeoman's Chine to crack ;
No Bag-pipe humming in the Hall,
Nor noise of House-keeping at all,
Nor sign, by which it may be said,
This House was once inhabited.
I may perhaps, with much ado,
Rub out a Christmas more, or two ;

Or, if the Fates be pleas'd, a score,
But never look to keep one more.

Some three Months hence, I make account
My Spur-gall'd *Pegasus* to mount,
When, whither I intend to go,
My Horse, as well as I, will know :
But being got, with much ado,
Out of the reach a Stage or two,
Though not the conscience of my shame,
And *Pegasus* fall'n desprate lame,
I shake my stirrups, and forsake him,
Leaving him to the next will take him ;
Not that I set so lightly by him,
Would any be so kind to buy him ;
But that I think those who have seen
How ill my Muse has mounted been,
Would certainly take better heed
Than to bid money for her Steed.

Being then on foot, away I go,
And bang the hoof, *incognito*,

Though

Though in condition so forlorn,
Little Disguise will serve the turn,
Since best of Friends, the World's so base,
Scarce know a man when in Disgrace.

But that's too serious. Then suppose,
Like trav'ling *Tom*, with dint of Toes,

Coriat.

I'me got unto extreamest shore,
Sick, and impatient to be o're
That Channel which secur'd my State
Of Peace, whilst I was fortunate,
But in this moment of distress,
Confines me to unhappiness ;
But where's the Money to be had
This surly *Neptune* to perswade ?
It is no less than shillings ten,
Gods will be brib'd as well as men,
Imagine then your High-lander
Over a Cann of muddy Beer,
Playing at Passage with a pair
Of drunken Fumblers for his Fare ;
And see I've won, oh, lucky chance,
Hoist Sail amain, my Mates, for *France* ;

Fortune was civil in this throw,
And having rob'd me, lets me go.
I've won, and yet how could I choose,
He needs must win, that cannot lose ;
Fate send me then a happy wind,
And better luck to those behind.

But what advantage will it be
That Winds and Tides are kind to me,
When still the wretched have their woes,
Wherever they their Feet dispose ?
What satisfaction, or delight
Are ragousts to an appetite ?
What ease can *France* or *Flanders* give
To him that is a Fugitive ?
Some two years hence, when you come o're,
In all your State, Ambassadour,
If my ill Nature be so strong
T' out-live my Infamy so long,
You'll find your little Officer
Ragged as his old Colours are ;

And

And naked, as he's discontent,
Standing at some poor Sutlers Tent,
With his Pike cheek't, to guard the Tun
He must not tast when he has done.
Hump, says my Lord, I'm half afraid
My Captain's turn'd a Reformade,
That scurvy Face I sure should know,
Yes faith, my Lord, 'tis even so,
I am that individual he :
I told your Lordship how 'twould be.
Thou did'st so, *Charles*, it is confest,
Yet still I thought thou wer't in jest ;
But comfort ! Poverty's no Crime,
I'll take thy word another time.

This matters now are coming to,
And I'm resolv'd upon't ; whilst you,
Sleeping in Fortune's Arms, near dream
Who feels the contrary Extream ;
Faith write to me, that I may know
Whether you love me still, or no ;

Or if you do not, by what ways
I've pull'd upon me my disgrace ;
For whilst I still stand fair with you,
I dare the worst my Fate can do ;
But your opinion long I find,
I'm sunk for ever to mankind.

Beauty.

PINDARICK ODE.

*In Answer to an Ode of Mr. Abraham Cowley's
upon the same Subject.*

I.

BEauty ! thou Master-piece of Heav'n's best skill,
Who in all shapes and lights art Beauty still,
And whether black, or brown, tawny, or white,
Still strik'st with wonder every judging sight ;
Thou triumph, which dost entertain the Eye
With Admirations full variety.

Who

Who, though thou varieſt here and there,
And trick'ſt thy ſelf in various colour'd hair,
And though with ſeveral waſhes Nature has
Thought fit thy ſeveral Lineaments to grace,
Yet Beauty ſtill we muſt acknowledge thee,
Whatever thy Complexion be.

II.

Beauty, Love's Friend, who help'ſt him to a Throne,
By Wiſdom Deify'd, to whom alone

Thy Excellence is known;

And ne're neglected but by thoſe have none ;

Thou noble Coyn, by no falſe ſleight allay'd,

By whom we Lovers Militant are paid;

True to the Touch, and ever beſt

When thou art brought unto the Teſt,

And who do'ſt ſtill of higher value prove,

As deeper thou art ſearch'd by Love.

He who allows thee only in the Light

Is there miſtaken quite,

For there we only ſee the outer ſkin,

When the Perfection lies within ;

Beauty

Beauty more ravishes the Touch than Sight,
And seen by Day, is still enjoy'd by Night,
For Beauty's chiefest Parts are never seen.

III.

Beauty, thou Active, Passive good !
Who both inflam'st and cool'st our Blood !
Thou glorious Flow'r, whose sov'reign juyce
Does wonderful Effects produce,
Who, Scorpion-like, do'st with thee bring
The Balm that cures thy deadly sting.
What pity 'tis the fairest Plant
That ever Heaven made
Should ever ever fade,
Yet Beauty we shall never want :
For she has off-sets of her own,
Which e're she dyes will be as fairly blown,
And though they blossom in variety,
Yet still new Beauties will descry,
And here the Fancy's govern'd by the Eye.

IV.

Beauty, thy Conquests still are made
Over the Vigorous more than the Decay'd ;
And chiefly o're those of the Martial Trade ;
And whom thou conquer'st still thou keep'st in thrall,

Untill you both together fall,
Whereas of all the Conquerours, how few
Know how to keep what they subdue ?
Nay, even froward Age subdues thee too.

Thy Power, Beauty, has no bounds,
All sorts of men it equally confounds,
The young and old does both enslave,
The proud, meek, humble, and the brave,
And if it wounds, it only is to save.

V.

Beauty, thou Sister to Heav'n's glorious Lamp,
Of finer Clay, thou finer stamp !
Thou second Light, by which we better live,
Thou better Sexe's vast prerogative !

Thou greatest gift that Heaven can give !
He who against thee does inveigh,
Never yet knew where Beauty lay,
And does betray

A deplorable want of Sense,
 Blindness, or Age, or Impotence :
 For Wit was given to no other end,
 But Beauty to admire, or to commend ;
 And for our Sufferings here below
 Beauty is all the recompence we know :
 'Tis then for such as cannot see,
 Nor yet have other sense to friend
 Adored Beauty, thus to slander thee,
 And he who calls thee madness let him be,
 By his own doom from Beauty doom'd for me.

Rondeau.

FOrbear (fair *Phillis*) Oh forbear
 Those deadly killing frowns, and spare
 A heart so loving, and so true,
 By none to be subdu'd, but you,
 Who my poor life's sole *Princess* are.
 You only can create my care ;
 But offend you I all things dare ;
 Then lest your cruelty you rue
 Forbear ;

And

And lest you kill that heart, beware,
To which there is some pitty due,
If but because I humbly sue.
Your anger therefore, sweetest fair,
Though mercy in your Sex is rare,
Forbear.

Woman.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

WHat a bold Theam have I in hand,
What Fury has possess'd my Muse,
That could no other subject choose,
But that which none can understand !
Woman, what Tongue, or Pen is able
To determine what thou art,
A thing so moving, and unstable,
So Sea like, so investigable,
That no Land Map, nor Sea-man's Chart,
Though

Though they shew us snowy Mountains,
Chalky Cliffs, and Christal Fountains,
Sable Thickets, golden Groves,
All that man admires and loves,
Can direct us to thy heart !
Which, though we seek it night and day
Through vast Regions Ages stray,
And over Seas with Canvas wings make way ;
That Heart the whiles,
Like to the floating Isles,
Our Compass evermore beguiles,
And still, still, still remains *Terra Incognita*,

II.

Woman ! the fairest sweetest Flow'r
That in happy *Eden* grew,
Whose sweets and graces had the pow'r
The World's sole *Monarch* to subdue,
What pity 'tis thou wer't not true.
But there, even there, thy frailty brought in sin,
Sin that has cost so many Sighs and tears,
Enough to ruin all succeeding Heirs,

To

To Beauties *Temple* let the *Devil* in.
And though (because there was no more)
 It in one single story did begin ;
Yet from the Seeds shed from that fruitful Core,
Have sprung up Volumes infinite, and great,
With which th'ore charged world doth sweat,
 Of women false, proud, cruel, insolent;
 And what could else befall,
Since she her self was President
 Who was the *Mother* of them all ;
 And who, altho' Mankind indeed was scant,
To shew her malice, rather than her want,
Would make a loathsome *Serpent* her Gallant.

III.

O Mother *Eve*, sure 't was a fault
 So wild a *Rule* to give,
Ere there were any to be taught,
 Or any to deceive.
'Twas ill to ruine all thy Offspring so,
Ere they were yet in *Embryo*,

Great

Great mischeifs did attend thy easie will,
 For all thy Sons (which usually are
 The Mothers care)
 For ever lost, and ruin'd were,
 By thy instructing thy fair Daughters ill.
 What's he that dares his own fond choice approve
 Or be secure his spouse is Chast ;
 Or if she be, that it will last,
 Yet all must love.

Oh Cruel *Nature* that does force our wills
 To embrace those necessary ills !

Oh negligent, and treacherous eyes,
 Given to man for true and faithful spies ;
 How oft do you betray your trust,
 And joyn'd Confederate with our lust,
 Tell us that Beauty is, which is but flesh, that flesh but
 (Dust.

I V.

Heaven, if it be thy undisputed will
 That still

This charming Sex we must adore,
 Let us love less, or they love more ;

For so the Ills that we endure,
Will find some ease, if not a cure:
Or if their hearts from the first *Gangrene* be
Infected to that desperate degree

As will no Surgery admit;
Out of thy love to Men at least forbear
To make their faces so subduing fair,

And if thou wilt give Beauty, limit it:
For moderate Beauty, though it bear no price,
Is yet a mighty enemy to Vice,
And who has Vertue once, can never see

Any thing of Deformity
Let her Complexion swart, or Tawny be,
A Twilight Olive, or a Mid-night Ebony.

V.

She that is chaste, is always fair,
No matter for her Hue,
And though for form she were a Star,
She's ugly, if untrue:

True Beauty alwayes lies within,
Much deeper, than the outer skin,

V

So

So deep, that in a Woman's mind,
It will be hard, I doubt, to find ;
Or if it be, she's so deriv'd,
And with so many doors contriv'd,
Harder by much to keep it in.
For Vertue in a Woman's Breast
Seldom by Title is possess'd,
And is no Tenant, but a wand'ring Guest.

V I.

But all this while I've soundly slept,
And rav'd as Dreamers use :
Fy ! what a coil my brains have kept
T' instruct a sawcy Muse
Her own fair Sex t'abuse.
'Tis nothing but an ill Digestion
Has thus brought Women's Fame in question,
Which have been, and still will be what they are,
That is, as chaste, as they are sweet and fair ;
And all that has been said
Nothing but ravings of an idle Head,

Trow-

Troubled with fumes of wine;
For now, that I am broad awake
I find 'tis all a gross mistake,
Else what a case were his, and thine, and mine?

The World.

O D E.

I.

FY ! What a wretched World is this ?
Nothing but anguish, griefs, and fears,
Where, who does best, must do amiss,
Frailty the Ruling Power bears
In this our dismal Vale of Tears.

II.

Oh! who would live, that could but dye,
Dye honestly, and as he shou'd,
Since to contend with misery
Will do the wisest Man no good,
Misfortune will not be withstood.

III.

The most that helpless man can do
Towards the bett'ring his Estate
Is but to barter woe for woe,
And he ev'n there attempts too late,
So absolute a Prince is Fate.

IV.

But why do I of Fate complain ;
Man might live happy, if not free,
And Fortunes shocks with ease sustain,
If Man would let him happy be :
Man is Man's Foe, and Destiny.

V.

And that Rib Woman, though she be
But such a little little part ;
Is yet a greater Fate than he,
And has the Power, or the Art
To break his Peace ; nay break his Heart.

VI.

Ah, glorious Flower, lovely peice
Of superfine refined Clay,
Thou poyson'st only with a Kiss,
And dartest an auspicious Ray
On him thou meanest to betray.

VII.

These are the World, and these are they
That Life does so unpleasant make,
Whom to avoid there is no way
But the wild Defart straight to take,
And there to husband the last stake.

VIII.

Fly to the empty Defarts then,
For so you leave the World behind,
There's no World where there are no Men,
And Brutes more civil are, and kind,
Than Man whose Reason Passions blind.

IX.

For should you take an Hermitage,
Tho' you might scape from other wrongs,
Yet even there you bear the rage
Of venemous, and slanderous tongues,
Which to the Innocent belongs.

X.

Grant me then, Heav'n, a wilderness,
And there an endless Solitude,
Where though Wolves howl, and Serpents hiss,
Though dang'rous, 'tis not half so rude
As the ungovern'd Multitude.

XI.

And Solitude in a dark Cave,
Where all things hush, and silent be,
Resembleth so the quiet Grave,
That there I would prepare to flee,
With Death, that hourly waits for me.

*De Vita Beata.**Paraphras'd from the Latin.*

COME, y^eare deceiv'd, and what you do
Esteem a happy Life's not so ;

He is not happy that excells

Ith' Lapidary's Bagatells ;

Nor he, that when he sleeps doth lye

Under a stately Canopy ;

Nor he, that still supinely hides,

In easie Down, his lazy sides ;

Nor he, that Purple wears, and sups

Luxurious Draughts in golden Cups ;

Nor he, that loads, with Princely Fare,

His bowing Tables, whilst they'l bear ;

Nor he, that has each spacious Vault

With Deluges of Plenty fraught,

Cull'd from the fruitful *Libyan* Fields,

When Autumn his best Harvest yields :

But he whom no mischance affrights,
Nor popular applause delights,
That can unmov'd, and undismay'd
Confront a Russians threatening blade:
Who can do this; that man alone
Has power Fortune to dethrone.

Q. Cicero, De mulierum levitate.

Transl.

C Ommit a Ship unto the Wind
But not thy Faith to Woman-kind,
For th' Oceans waving billows are
Safer than Woman's faith by far.
No Woman's good, and if there be
Hereafter such a thing as she,
'Tis by, I know not what, of Fate,
That can from bad, a good create.

Despair.

Despair.

ODE.

IT is decreed, that I must dy,
And could lost men a reason shew
For losing so themselves, 'tis I,
Woman, and Fate will have it so.

Woman, more cruel, than my Fate,
From thee this sentence was severe,
Tis thou condemn'st me, fair ingrate,
Fate's but the Executioner.

And mine must be Fate's hands to strike
At this uncomfortable life,
Which I do loath, cause you dislike,
And court cold Death to be my wife.

In whose embraces though I must
Fail of those Joyes, that warm'd my heart,
And

And only be espous'd to dust,
Yet Death, and I shall never part.

That's one assurance I shall have,
Although I wed Deformity,
And must inhabit the cold Grave,
More than I, Sweet, could have with thee.

And yet if thou could'st be so kind,
As but to grant me a Reprieve,
I'm not to Death so much inclin'd,
But I could be content to live.

But so, that that same life should be
With thee, and with thy kindness blest;
For without thee, and all of thee,
I were dying only with the rest.

But that, you'l say's, too arrogant,
T'enslave your Beauties, and your will,
And cruelty in you to grant,
Who saving one, must Thousands kill.

And yet you Women take a pride
To see men dye by your disdain;
But thou wilt weep the Homicide,
When thou consider'st whom th'ast slain.

Yet don't; for being as I am,
Thy Creature, thou in this estate,
To Life, and Death hast equal claim,
And may'st kill him thou did'st create.

Then let me thine own Doom abide,
Nor once for him o'recast thine eyes,
Who glories, that he liv'd, and dy'd
Thy Lover, and thy Sacrifice.

Sonnet.

WHY dost thou say thy Heart is gone,
And no more mine, no more thine own?
But, past retrieve, for ever wed,
By sacred Vow, t' anothers Bed?

Why

Why dost thou tell me that I lye
Bound in the same perplexed tye,
And that our now divided Souls
Are cold, and distant as the Poles?

Dost thou not know, when first our Loves
Were plighted in the secret Groves,
Our hearts were chang'd with equal Flame,

Say, *Chloris*, then how can it be?
Could'st thou give me, or I give thee?

No, no, our selves are still the same.

Sonnet.

HOW should'st thou love, and not offend?
Why, *Cloris*, I will tell thee how,
As thou did'st once, so love me now,
And lye with me, and there's an end.

Thou

Thou only art enjoyn'd (my Sweet)
To keep thy Reputation high,
And that indeed is Secrecy,
Since all do err, though all not see't.

Then fairest, fearless of all blame,
That sacred Treasure of thy Name
e, Into my faithful Arms commit ;

Thou once did'st trust me with thy Fame,
I then was just and true to it,
And, *Chloris*, I am still the same.

Sonnet.

*C*hloris, whilst thou and I were free,
Wedded to nought but Liberty,
How sweetly happy did we live,
How free to promise, free to give ?

Then

Then, Monarch's of our selves, we might
Love here, or there, to change delight,
And ty'd to none, with all dispencc,
Paying each Love its recompence.

But in that happy freedom, we
Were so improvidently free,
To give away our liberties ;

And now in fruitful sorrow pine
At what we are, what might have bin,
Had thou, or I, or both been wise.

Sonnet.

WHY dost thou say thou lov'st me now,
And yet proclaim it is too late,
When bound by folly, or by Fate,
Thou can'st no further grace allow ?

Repeat

Repeat no more that killing Voice,
Thou beauteous Victrice of my heart ;
Or find a way to ease my smart,
Maugre thy now repented choice.

'Tis not too late to love, and do
What Love and Nature prompt thee to,
 Whilst thus thou triumph'st in thy prime,

Thou may'st discreetly love, and use
Those Pleasures thou did'st once refuse :
 But to profess it were a Crime.

Poverty.

Pindarick Ode.

I

THOU greatest Plague that Mortals know !
 Thou greatest Punishment !
 That Heav'n has sent
To quell and humble us below !

Thou

Thou worst of all Diseases and all Pains
By so much harder to endure,
By how much thou art hard to cure,
Who having rob'd Physicians of their brains,
As well as of their Gain
A Chronical Disease doth still remain!
What Epithet can fit thee, or what words thy ills ex-
(plain!

I I.

This puzzles quite the *Æsculapian* Tribe
Who, where there are no Fees, can have no wit
And make them helpless Med'cines still provide,
Both for the sick, and poor alike unfit.
For inward griefs all that they do prepare
Nothing but Crumbs, and Fragments are,
And outwardly apply no more
But sordid Rags unto the sore.
Thus Poverty is dress'd, and Dose't
With little Art, and little Cost,
As if poor Rem'dies for the Poor were fit
When Poverty in such a place doth sit,
That 'tis the grand Projection only that must conquer it.

III.

Yet Poverty, as I do take it,

Is not so Epidemical

As many in the world would make it,

Who all that want their wishes Poor do call;

For if who is not with his Divident

Amply content,

Within that acceptation fall,

Most would be poor, and peradventure all.

This would the wretched with the rich confound;

But I not call him Poor does not abound,

But him, who snar'd in Bonds, and endless strife,

The Comforts wants more than Supports of Life;

Him whose whole Age is measur'd out by fears,

And though he has wherewith to eat,

His Bread does yet

Tast of affliction, and his Cares

His purest Wine mix and allay with Tears.

IV.

'Tis in this sence that I am poor,

And I'me afraid shall be so still,

Obstrēp'rous Creditors besiege my door,

And my whole House clamorous Eccho's fill;

X

From

From these there can be no Retirement free,
From Room to Room, they hunt, and follow me ;
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
But persecute me Night, and Day ;
Torment my body, and my mind,
Nay, if I take my heels, and fly,
They follow me with open Cry,
At Home no rest, Abroad no Refuge can I find.

V.

Thou worst of Ills ! what have I done,
That Heav'n should punish me with thee ?
From Insolence, Fraud, and Oppression,
I ever have been innocent and free.
Thou wer't intended (Poverty)
A scourge for Pride, and Avarice,
I ne're was tainted yet with either Vice ;
I never in prosperity,
Nor in the height of all my happiness,
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
My hand, my heart, my door
Were ever open'd to the poor ;

And

And I to others in their need have granted,
E're they could ask, the thing they wanted;
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
Do only beg for Peace, and cannot have it.

VI.

Give me but that, ye bloody Persecutors,
(Who formerly have been my suitors)
And I'll surrender all the rest
For which you so contest,
For Heav'n's sake, let me but be quiet,
I'll not repine at Cloths, nor Diet,
Any habit ne'r so mean,
Let it be but whole, and clean,
Such as Nakedness will hide,
Will amply satisfy my pride;
And for meat
Husks, and Acorns I will eat,
And for better never wish ;
But when you will me better treat,
A Turnip is a Princely dish :

Since then I thus far am subdu'd,
And so humbly do submit,
Faith, be no more so monstrous rude,
But some Repose at least permit;
Sleep is to Life, and Humane Nature due,
And that, alas, is all for which I humbly sue.

Death.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

AT a Melancholick season,
As alone I musing fate,
I fell, I know not how, to reason
With my self of Man's Estate,
How subject unto Death, and Fate:
Names that Mortals so affright,
As turns the brightest Day to Night,
And spoils of Living the Delight,

With

With which, so soon as Life is tasted,
Lest we should too happy be,
Even in our Infancy,
Our joys are quash't, our hopes are blasted ;
For the first thing that we hear,
(Us'd to still us when we cry)
The Nurse to keep the Child in fear,
Discreetly tell's it, it must dy,
Be put into a hole, eaten with worms ;
Presenting Death in thousand ugly forms,
Which tender minds so entertain,
As ever after to retain,
By which means we are Cowards bred,
Nurs't with unnecessary dread,
And ever dream of dying, 'till w're dead.

II.

Death! thou Child's Bug-bear, thou fools terrour,
Gastly set forth the weak to awe ;
Begot by fear, increast by error,
Whom none but a sick Fancy ever saw,
Thou who art only fear'd
By the illiterate, and tim'rous Heard,

But by the wife
Esteem'd the greatest of Felicities.
Why, thence by an Universal Law,
Entail'd upon Mankind thou art,
Should any dread, or seek t'avoid thy Dart,
When of the two, Fear is the greatest smart?
O senceless Man, who vainly flies
What Heaven has ordain'd to be
The Remedy
Of all thy Mortal pains, and miseries.

III.

Sorrow, Want, Sicknefs, Injury, Mischance,
The happy'st Man's certain Inheritance,
With all the various Ills,
Which the wide World with mourning fills,
Or by Corruption, or Disaster bred,
Are for the living all, not for the dead.

When Life's Sun sets, Death is a Bed
With sable Curtains spread,
Where we lye down
To rest the weary Limbs, and careful Head,
And to the Good, a Bed of Down.

There,

There, there no frightful Tintamarre
Of Tumult in the many headed Beast,
Nor all the loud Artillery of War,
Can fright us from that sweet, that happy Rest,
 Wherewith the still, and silent Grave is blest;
Nor all the rattle, that above they keep,
Break our repose, or rouse us from that everlasting sleep.

I V.

The Grave is priviledg'd from noise, and care,
 From Tyranny, and wild oppression,
Violence has so little power there,
 Ev'n worst Oppressors let the dead alone:
We're there secure from Princes frowns,
 The Insolencies of the Great,
From the rude hands of barb'rous Clowns,
 And Policies of those that sweat
 The simple to betray, and cheat:
Or, if some one with Sacrilegious hand,
 Would persecute us after Death,
His want of Power shall his Will withstand,
And he shall only lose his breath;

For all that he by that shall gain,
Will be Dishonour for his pain,
And all the clutter he can keep
Will only serve to rock us whilst we soundly sleep.

V.

The Dead no more converse with Tears,
With idle Jealousies and Fears,
No danger makes the Dead man start,
No idle Love torments his heart,
No loss of Substance, Parents, Children, Friends,
Either his Peace, or Sleep offends;
Nought can provoke his anger, or despite,
He out of combat is, and injury,
'Tis he of whom Philosophers so write,
And who would be a Stoick let him dye,
For whilst we living are, what Man is he,
Who the Worlds wrongs does either feel, or see,
That possibly from Passion can be free!

But must put on
A noble Indignation
Warranted both by Vertue, and Religion.

VI.

VI.

Then let me dye, and no more subject be

Unto the Tyrannizing pow'rs,

To which this short Mortality of ours,

Is either preordain'd by Destiny,

Or bound by natural Infirmary.

We nothing, whilst we here remain,

But Sorrow, and Repentance gain,

Nay, ev'n our very joyes, are pain;

Or being past,

To woe, and torment turn at last:

Nor is there yet any so sacred place,

Where we can sanctuary find,

No Man's a friend to Sorrow, and Disgrace;

But flying one, we other mischiefs meet;

Or if we kinder Entertainment find,

We bear the seeds of Sorrow in the Mind,

And keep our frailty, when we shift our feet.

Whilst we are Men we still our Passions have,

And he that is most free, is his own slave,

There is no refuge, but the friendly Grave.

On the Death of the Most Noble
Thomas Earl of Ossory.

Carmen Irregulare.

I.

Enough! Enough! I'll hear no more,
And would to Heav'n I had been deaf before
That fatal Sound had struck my Ear:
Harsh Rumor has not left so sad a note
In her hoarse Trumpet's brazen throat
To move Compassion, and inforce a Tear.
Methinks all Nature should relent, and droop,
The Center shrink, and Heaven stoop,
The Day be turn'd to mourning Night,
The twinkling Stars weep out their Light,
And all things out of their Distinction run
Into their primitive Confusion.
A Chaos, with cold Darknes overspread,
Since the Illustrious *Ossory* is dead.

II.

When Death that fatal Arrow drew,
Ten Thousand hearts he pierced through,
Though one alone he out-right slew;
Never since Sin gave him his killing Trade,
He, at one shot, so great a slaughter made;
He needs no more at those let fly,
They of that wound alone will dye,
And who can now expect to live, when he,
Thus fell unpriviledg'd we see!
He met Death in his greatest Tryumph, War,
And always thence came off a Conqueror,
Through rattling shot, and Pikes the Slave he fought,
Knock't at each Cuirass for him, as he fought,
Beat him at Sea, and baffled him on shore,
War's utmost fury he out-brav'd before:
But yet, it seems, a Fever could do more.

III.

The *English* Infantry are *Orphans* now,
Pale Sorrow hangs on every Souldiers brow:

Who

Who now in Honour's path shall lead you on,
Since your beloved General is gon?
Furl up your Ensigns, case the warlike Drum,
Pay your last honours to his Tomb;
Hang dow your Manly heads in sign of woe;
That now is all that your poor Loves can do;
Unless by Winter's Fire, or Summer's shade
To tell what a brave Leader once you had:
Hang your now useless Arms up in the Hall,
There let them rust upon the sweating Wall;
Go, Till the Fields, and with inglorious Sweat,
An honest, but a painful living get:
Your old neglected Callings now renew,
And bid to glorious War a long adieu.

I V.

The *Dutch* may now have Fishing free,
And, whilst the Consternation lasts,
Like the proud Rulers of the Sea,
Shew the full stature of their Masts;
Our *English Neptune*, deaf to all Alarms,
Now soundly sleeps in Deaths cold Arms,

And

And on his Ebon Altar has laid down
His awful Trident, and his Naval Crown.

No more shall the tall Frigate dance
For joy she carries this Victorious Lord,
Who to the Captain chain'd Mischance,
Commanding on her lofty board.
The Sea it self, that is all tears,
Would weep her soundless Channel dry,
Had she unhappily but Ears,
To hear that *Offory* could dye.

Ah, cruel Fate, thou never struck'st a blow,
By all Mankind regretted so;
Nor can't be said who should lament him most,
No Country such a Patriot e're could boast,
And never Monarch such a Subject lost.

V.

And yet we knew that he must one day dye,
That should our grief assuage;
By Sword, or Shot, or by Infirmary;
Or, if these fail'd, by Age.

But

But He, alas! too soon gave place
To the Successors of his Noble Race:
We wisht, and coveted to have him long,
He was not old enough to dye so soon,
And they to finish what he had begun,
As much too young:
But Time, that had no hand in his mischance,
Is fitter to mature, and to advance
Their early hopes to the Inheritance
Of Titles, Honors, Riches, and Command,
Their Glorious Grandfir's Merits have obtain'd,
And which shines brighter than a Ducal Crown,
Of their Illustrious Family's Renown;
Oh, may there never fail of that brave Race,
A man as great, as the great *Ossory* was,
To serve his Prince, and as successful prove
In the same Valour, Loyalty, and Love;
Whilst his own Vertues swell the cheeks of Fame,
And from his consecrated Urn doth Flame
A Glorious Pyramid to *Botelers* Name.

*Ode Bachique.
De Monsieur Racan.*

NOW that the Day's short and forlorn,
Dull Melancholy *Capricorn*
To Chimney-corners Men translate,
Drown we our Sorrows in the glass,
And let the thoughts of Warfare pass,
The Clergy, and the third Estate.

II.

Menard, I know what thou hast writ,
That spritely issue of thy Wit
Will live whilst there are men to read :
But, what if they recorded be
In Memory's Temple, boots it thee,
When thou art gnawn by Worms, and dead ?

III.

Henceforth those fruitless studies spare,
Let's rather drink until we stare
Of this immortal juyce of ours,

Which

Which does in excellence precede
The Beverage which *Gannimede*
Into th' Immortals Goblet pours.

I V.

The Juyce that sparkles in this glafs
Makes tedious Years like Days to pafs,
Yet makes us younger still become,

By this from lab'ring thoughts are chac't
The sorrow of those Ills are past,
And terrour of the Ills to come.

V.

Let us drink brimmers then, Time's fleet,
And steals away with winged feet,
Haling us with him to our Urn,

In vain we sue to it to stay,
For Years like Rivers pass away,
And never, never do return.

VI.

When the Spring comes attir'd in Green,
The Winter flies, and is not seen:
New Tydes do still supply the Main:

But when our frolick Youth's once gone,
And Age has ta'ne possession,
Time nere restores us that again.

VII.

Deaths Laws are Universal, and
In Princes Palaces command,
As well as in the poorest Hutt,

We're to the *Parcæ* subject all,
The threds of Clown's and Monarchs shall,
Be both by the same Cizors cut.

VIII.

Their rigours which all this deface,
Will ravish in a little space,
What ever we most lasting make,

Y

And

And soon will lead us out to drink,
Beyond the pitchy Rivers Brink,
The waters of Oblivion's Lake.

*Epistle to Sir Clifford Clifton, then
sitting in Parliament.*

W H E N from thy kind hand, my dearest, dear [brother,
Whom I love as th'adst been the Son of my Mother,
Nay, better, to tell you the truth of the story,
Had you into the World but two minutes before me;
I receiv'd thy kind Letter, good Lord, how it eas'd me
Of the villanous Spleen that for six days had seiz'd me:
I start from my Couch, where I lay dull and muddy,
Of my Servants inquiring the way to my Study,
For, in truth, of late days I so little do mind it,
Should one turn me twice about I never should find it:
But by help of direction, I soon did arrive at
The place where I us'd to sit fooling in private.

So soon as got thither, I straight fell to calling,
Some call it invoking, but mine was plain bawling;

I call'd for my Muse, but no answer she made me,
Nor could I conceive why the Slut should evade me,
I knew I there left her, and lock't her so safe in,
There could be no likelihood of her escaping :
Besides, had she scap't, I was sure to retrieve her,
She being so ugly that none would receive her :
I then fell to searching, since I could not hear her,
I sought all the shelves, but never the nearer :
I tumbled my Papers, and rifled each Packet,
Threw my Books all on heaps, and kept such a racket,
Disordering all things, which before had their places
Distinct by themselves in several Classes,
That who'd seen the confusion, and look't on the ware,
Would have thought he had been at *Babylon* Fair :
At last, when for lost I had wholly resign'd her,
Where canst thou imagine, dear K^{nt}, I should find her?
Faith, in an old Drawer, I late had not been in,
'Twixt a course pair of sheets of the Housewifes own
A Sonnet instead of a coif her head wrapping, (spinning,
I happily took her small Ladship napping.

Why how now, Minx, quoth I, what's the matter I
That you are so hard to be spoke with to day? (Pray,

Fy, fy on this Idleness, get up, and rowze you,
For I have a present occasion to use you :
Our Noble *Mecænas*, Sir *Clifford of Cud-con*,
Has sent here a Letter, a kind and a good one :
Which must be suddenly answer'd, and finely,
Or the Knight will take it exceeding unkindly ;
To which having some time sat musing and mute,
She answer'd sh'ad broke all the strings of her Lute ;
And had got such a Rheum with lying alone,
That her Voice was utterly broken and gone :
Besides this, she had heard, that of late I had made
A Friendship with one that had since bin her Maid ;
One Prose, a flatternly ill-favour'd toad,
As common as Hackney, and beaten as Road,
With whom I sat up sometimes whole Nights together,
Whil'st she was expos'd to the Wind and weather.
Wherefore, since that I did so slight and abuse her,
Shelikewise now hop'd I would please to excuse her.

At this sudden reply I was basely confounded,
I star'd like a Quaker, and groan'd like a Round-head,
And in such a case, what the Fiend could one do ?
My conscience convinc'd her Reproaches were true ;

To

To swagger, I durst not, I else could have beat her,
But what if I had, I'd been never the better,
To quarrel her then had been quite out of season,
And ranting would ne'r have reduc'd her to reason;
I therefore was fain to dissemble Repentance,
I disclaim'd and forswore my late new Acquaintance.
I kist her, and hugg'd her, I clapt her, and chuck't her,
I push't her down backward, and offer'd to have -----
But the Jade would not buckle, she pish't & she pouted,
And wrigling away, fairly left me without it:
I caught her, and offered her Mony, a little,
At which, she cry'd that were to plunder the Spittle:
I then, to allure her, propos'd to her, Fame,
Which she so much despised, she pish't at the name;
And told me in answer, that she could not glory at
The Sail-bearing Title of Muse to a Laureat,
Much less to a Rhymer, did nought but disgust one,
And pretended to nothing but pittiful Fustion.
But oh, at that word, how I rated, and call'd her,
And had my Fist up, with intent to have maul'd her:
At which, the poor Slut, half afraid of the matter,
Changing her note, 'gan to wheedle and flatter;

Protesting she honour'd me, *Jove* knew her heart,
Above all the Peers o' th' Poetical Art :
But that of late time, and without provocation,
I had been extremely unjust to her Passion.
Me thought this founded, I then laid before her,
How long I had serv'd her, how much did adore her ;
How much she herself stood oblig'd to the Knight,
For his kindness and favour, to whom we should write;
And thereupon called, to make her amends,
For a Pipe and a Bottle, and so we were Friends.

Being thus made Friends, we fell to debating
What kind of Verse we should congratulate in :
I said 't must be Doggrel, which when I had said,
Maliciously smiling, she nodded her head,
Saying Doggrel might pass to a friend would not show
And do well enough for a *Derbyshire* Poet. (it,
Yet mere simple doggrel, she said, would not do,
It needs must be galloping doggrel to boot,
For Amblers and Trotters, tho' th' had thousands of
Could never however be made to be fleet ; (feet,
But would make so damnable slow a progression,
They'd not reach up to *Westminster* till the next Session.

Thus

Thus then unto thee, my dear Brother, and Sweeting,
In *Canterbury* Verse I send health and kind greeting,
Wishing thee honour, but if thou bee'st cloy'd we't,
Above what thy Ancestry ever enjoy'd yet ;
May'st thou sit where now seated, without fear of blush-
Till thy little fat buttock e'en grow to the cushin.
Give his Majesty Mony, no matter who pays it,
For we never can want it so long as he has it ;
But, wer't Wisdom to trust sawcy Counsel in Letters,
I'de advise thee beware falling out with thy betters ;
I have heard of two Dogs once that fought for a bone,
But the Proverb's so greazy, I'll let it alone ;
A word is enough to the wife ; then resent it,
A rash Act than mended is sooner repented :
And, as for the thing call'd a Traytor ; if any
Be prov'd to be such, as I doubt there's too many ;
Let him e'en be hang'd up, and never be pray'd for,
What a pox were blocks, gibbets, and gallowies made for ?
But I grow monstrous weary, and how should I chuse,
This galloping Rhyme has quite jaded my Muse :

And I swear, if thou look'st for more posting of hers,
Little K^{nt}, thou must needs lend her one of thy Spurs.
Farewel then, dear Bully, but ne're look for a Name,
For, expecting no honour, I will have no shame :
Yet, that you may ghes at the Party that writes t'ee,
And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up these Lights t'ee.

For his Stature, he's but a contemptible Male,
And grown something swab with drinking good Ale;
His Looks, than your brown, a little thought brighter,
Which gray hairs make every year whiter & whiter,
His Visage, which all the rest mainly disgraces,
Is warp't, or by Age, or cutting of Faces.
So that, whether 't were made so, or whether 't were
In good sooth, he's a very unpromising Bard : (marr'd,
His Legs, which creep out of two old-fashion'd Knap sacks,
Are neither two Mill-posts, nor yet are they trap-sticks;
They bear him, when sober, bestir 'em and spare not,
And who the Devil can stand when they are not ?

Thus much for his Person, now for his condition,
That's sick enough full to require a Physician :

He

He always wants Mony, which makes him want ease,
 And he's always besieg'd, tho himself of the Peace,
 By an Army of Duns, who batter with Scandals,
 And are Foemen more fierce than the *Goths* or the *Van-*
 But when he does sally, as sometimes he does, (*dals.*
 Then hey for *Bess Jackson*, and a Fig for his Foes:
 He's good Fellow enough to do every one right,
 And never was first that ask't, what time of Night:
 His delight is to tofs the Cann merrily round,
 And loves to be wet, but hates to be drow'nd:
 He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,
 Which gives him the trouble that other men ha' not.
 He honours his Friend, but he wants means to show
 And loves to be rhyming, but is the worst Poet. (*it,*
 Yet among all these Vices, to give him his due,
 He has the Vertue to be a true Lover of you.
 But how much he loves you, he says you may guess it,
 Since nor Prose, nor yet Meeter, he swears can ex-
 (*press it.*

Stances

Stances de Monsieur Bertaud.

I.

WHilst wishing, Heaven, in his ire,
Would punish with some Judgment dire,
This heart to Love so obstinate;
To say I love her, is to lye,
Though I do love t' Extremity,
Since thus to love her, is to hate.

II.

But since from this my hatred Springs,
That she neglects my Sufferings,
And is unto my love ingrate;
My hatred is so full of flame,
Since from affection first it came,
That 'tis to love her, thus to hate.

III.

I wish that milder Love, or Death,
That ends our miseries with our Breath,
Would my Afflictions terminate,
For to my Soul, depriv'd of peace,
It is a torment worse than these,
Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

IV.

IV.

Let Love be gentle, or severe,
It is in vain to hope, or fear
 His grace, or rage in this Estate ;
Being I, from my fair ones Spirit,
Nor mutual Love, nor hatred merit,
 Thus sencelessly to Love, and Hate.

V.

Or, if by my Example here
It just, and equal do appear,
 She love, and loath who is my Fate ;
Grant me, ye Powers, in this case,
Both for my punishment and grace,
 That as I do, she Love, and Hate.

Contentment.

Pindarick Ode.

I.

THou precious Treasure of the peaceful mind,
Thou Jewel of Inestimable price,
Thou bravest Soul's Terrestrial Paradise,

Dearest

Dearest Contentment, thou best happiness

That Man on Earth can know,
Thou greatest gift Heav'n can on Man bestow,
And greater than Man's Language can express;
(Where highest Epithets would fall so low,
As only in our dearth of words to show,

A part of thy perfection; a poor part
Of what to us, what in thy self thou art)

What Sin has banisht thee the World,
And in thy stead despairing Sorrow hurld
Into the breasts of Humane kind;
Ah, whether art thou fled! who can this Treasure find!

II.

No more on Earth now to be found,
Thou art become a hollow sound,
The empty name of something that of old
Mankind was happy in, but now,
Like a vain Dream, or Tale that's told,
Art vanisht hence we know not how.
Oh, fatal loss, for which we are
In our own thoughts at endless War,
And each one by himself is made a Sufferer!

III.

Yet 'twere worth seeking, if a Man knew where,
Or could but guess of whom to enquire:
But 'tis not to be found on Earth, I fear,
And who can best direct will prove a Lyar,
Or be himself the first deceiv'd,
By none, but who'd be cheated too, to be believ'd.

IV.

Shew me that Man on Earth, that does profess
To have the greatest share of happiness,
And let him, if he can,
Forbear to shew the Discontented Man:
A few hours Observation will declare,
Hee is the same that others are.
Riches will cure a Man of being poor,
But oft creates a thirst of having more,
And makes the Miser starve, and pine amidst his store.

V.

Or if a plentiful Estate,
In a good Mind, good Thoughts create,

A generous Soul, and free,
Will Mourn at least, though not repine,
To want an overflowing Mine
Still to supply a constant Charity;
Which still is Discontent, what e're the Motive be.

V I.

Th' ambitious, who to place aspire,
When rais'd to that they did pretend,
Are restless still, would still be higher;
For that's a Passion has no end.
'Tis the minds Wolf, a strange Disease,
That ev'n Society can't appease,
An Appetite of such a kind,
As does by feeding still increase,
And isto eat, the more it eats, inclin'd.
As the Ambitious mount the Sky,
New prospects still allure the Eye,
Which makes them upwards still to fly;
Till from the utmost height of all,
Fainting in their Endeavour, down they fall,
And lower, than at first they were, at last do lye.

V I I.

VII.

I then would know where lies the happiness
Of being Great,
For which we blindly so much strive, and press,
Fawn, Bribe, Dissemble, Toyl, and Sweat;
Whilst the Mind Tortur'd in the doubtful quest,
Is so Sollicitous to be at rest;
Nay, when that Greatness is obtain'd, is yet
More Anxious how to keep, than t'was to get
Unto that glorious height of tickle Place,
And most, when unto honour rais'd, suspects disgrace.

VIII.

Were Men contented, they'd sit still,
Embrace, and hug their present state,
Without contriving Good or Ill,
And have no conflicts with the Will,
That still is prompting them, to Love, to Hate,
Fear, Envy, Anger, and I can't tell what,
All which, and more, do in the mind make War,
And all with Contentation inconsistent are.

IX.

And he who says he is content,
But hides ill nature from Mens sight;
Nor can he long conceal it there,
Something will vent,
For all his cunning, and his care,
That will disclose the Hypocrite.
A Man may be contented for an hour
Or two, or three; perhaps a Night;
But then his pleasure wanting Power,
His tast goes with his Appetite.
Frailty the peace of Humane life Confounds;
Flesh does not know, Reason obeys no bounds.

X.

But 'tis our selves that give this frailty sway,
By our own promptness to obey
Our Lust, Pride, Envy, Avarice;
By being so confederate with vice,
As to permit it to Controul
The Rational immortal Soul,

Which

Which, whilst by these subjected, and oppress,
Cannot enjoy it self, nor be at rest;

But, or transported is with Ire,
Pufft up with vain, and empty Pride;
Or languishes with base desire,
Or pines with th' Envy it would hide.

And (the Grave Stoick let me not displease)

All Men that we converse with here,
Have some, or all of their disturbances,
And rarely settled are, and clear.

If ever any mortal then could boast
So great a Treasure, with that Man 'tis lost;
And no one should, because none truly can,
Though sometimes pleas'd, say, he's a contented Man.

Epigram.

F*Y, Delia*, talk no more of Love,
It galls me to the Heart,
You Threescore are, I doubt above,
For all your plaistering Art.

And therefore spare your pains you may ;
 For though you press me Night and Day,
 I can't do that my Soul abhors:
 Or by your Art's assistance, though I might
 Prevail upon my appetite,
 I dur'st not couple, though I swear
 With you, of all the World, for fear
 Of Cuckolding my Ancestors.

Scribere jussit Amor.

Ad Candidum Scriptorem.

U*T tibi versiculos recito, tu, Candide, scribis :*
Carmina si mea sunt, sunt tua scripta tamen.

In Mendacem.

EPIG.

M*Endax*, 'tis said th'art such a Lyar grown,
 That th' hast renounc't all *Truth*, and 'tis well
 Lying best fits our *Manners* and our *Times* ; (done ;
 But, pray thee, *Mendax*, do not praise my *Rhymes*.
Day-

Day-Break.

I.

Stay, *Phæbus*, stay, and cool thy flaming Head
In the Green bosom of thy liquid Bed:
Betray not, with thine envious Light,
Th' embraces of an happy Night;
For her fair blushes, if thou dar'st to rise,
Will, by Eclipse, hoodwink thy sawcy Eyes.

II

Lest Lovers do upbraid thy beamy Car,
With the pale glory of th' inferiour Star,
And henceforth dare to say, in scorn,
Sol's Ray is wain'd to *Phæbe's* horn,
And, for his Treason to a Lovers bliss,
Suffers *Atæons* *Metamorphosis*.

III.

Why should we rise to adore the rising *Sun*,
And leave the Rites to greater Lights undone?
Or quit her warm, and spicy nest,
Because the *Morn* peeps through the *East*,

To scorch in thy rude flames, to toyl, and sweat,
When in *Loves* fire we melt without thy heat?

I V.

When from my passionate Embraces she
Springs, as aſham'd to be ſurpriz'd by thee,
The pillows furrow'd brows deſcry
A wrath for thy diſcovery,
Swell, and wax pale at thy inſulting height,
For rage to be depriv'd of her dear weight.

V.

Then ſtay, or laſh thy Pamper'd Horſes ſtill,
To ſhew a ſwift obedience to her Will,
And bluſhing, bow as low as Night,
Leſt I purſue thee, by thy Light,
And lock the Morning-Doors to ſtop thy Race,
Imprifoning ſo in Clouds thy tell-tale Face.

SONG

S O N G

Set by Mr. Coleman.

I.

W^HY, *Dearest*, should'st thou weep, when I re-^{(late}
The story of my wo?
Let not the swarthy Mists of my black Fate,
O'recast thy Beauty so,
For each rich Pearl lost on that score,
Adds to mischance, and wounds your *Servant* more,

II.

Quench not those *Stars*, that to my bliss should Guide;
Oh, spare that precious Tear!
Nor let those drops unto a deluge Tide,
To drown your Beauty there,
That cloud of Sorrow makes it Night,
You lose your Lustre, but the *World* its Light.

Forbidden Fruit.

I.

Pish! 'tis an idle fond excuse,
And *Love*, enrag'd by this abuse,
Is deaf to any longer truce.

II.

My *Zeal*, to Lust you still impute,
And when I justify my suit,
You tell me, 'Tis *Forbidden Fruit*.

III.

What though your Face be Apple-round,
And with a Rosy colour Crown'd?
Yet, Sweet, it is no Apple found.

IV.

Nor have you ought resembling more
That fatal Fruit the Tree once bore,
But that indeed your Heart's a core.

V.

'Tis true, the bliss that I would taste,
Is something lower than the waste,
And in your Gardens Centre plac't.

VI.

A Tree of Life too, I confess,
Though but Arbuscular in dress,
Yet not forbidden ne'retheless.

VII.

It is a tempting golden tree,
Which all Men must desire that see,
Though it concern'd Eternity.

VIII.

Then, since those blessings are thine own,
Not subject to Contrition,
Then, *Fairest, Sweetest*, grant me one.

IX.

Thy *Dragon*, wrapt in drowfulness,
Ne're thinks whose bed thy beauties bless,
Nor dreams of his *Hesperides*.

*The Picture.*Set by Mr. *Lares*.

HOW, *Chloris*, can I e're believe
The Vows of Woman kind,
Since yours I faithless find,
So faithless, that you can refuse
To him your *Shadow*, t' whom, to chuse,
You swore you could the *Substance* give.

II.

Is't not enough that I must go
Into another Clime,
Where Feather-footed Time
May turn my Hopes into Despair,
My downy Youth to bristled Hair,
But that you add this torment too ?

III.

Perhaps you fear m' Idolatry
Would make the Image prove
A Woman fit for Love ;

Or

Or give it such a Soul, as shone
Through fond *Pigmalion's* living bone ;
That so I may abandon thee.

I V.

Oh, no! 'twould fill my *Genius's* room,
Mine honest one, that when
Frailty would love again,
And faulting with new Objects burn,
Then, Sweetest, would thy Picture turn
My wandring Eyes to thee at home.

*On One, who said, He drank to
clear his Eyes.*

AS *Phæbus*, drawing to his Western Seat,
His shining Face bedew'd with beamy Sweat,
His flaming Eyes at last grown blood-shot-red,
By Atoms sprung from his hot Horses speed,
Drives to that Sea-green Bosom of his Love's,
And in her Lap his fainting Light improves ;

So

So *Thyrsis*, when at th' unresisted flame
Of thy fair *Mistress's* eye, thine dull became,
In sovereign Sack thou did'st an Eye-salve seek,
And stol'st a blest dew from her rosie Cheek:
When straight thy lids a chearful vigour wore,
More quick and penetrating than before.

I saw the sprightly Grape in glory rise,
And with her Day thy drooping Night surprize,
So that, where now a giddy darkness dwells,
Brightness now breaks through liquid Spectacles

Had *Adam* known this cure in *Paradice*,
He'd scap'd the Tree, and drunk to clear
(his Eyes.

The Separation.

I.

I Ghes'd none wretched in his love,
But who his *Mistress's* scorn did prove,
Nor judg'd him happy, but whose fire
Was paid with mutual desire:

But

But, sad Experience tells,
In both extreams there dwells

A destiny, which so malignant is
To make Man wretched in his greatest bliss.

II.

The brightest *Beauty* I adore,
That consecrated Earth e're bore,
The sweetest *Person*, fairest *Mind*,
That ever met in Woman-kind;

And (which afflicts me) am
Met with an equal flame:

For, had she hated me, her scorn might have
Condemn'd my Infant-love to its blest Grave.

III.

But such 'tis nourisht by her grace,
As Time, nor Objects can deface,
To such a faith, as cannot be
Compell'd from its Integrity.

But oh, th' unwelcome cause,
Of superstitious *Laws*!

That us, from our mutual Embraces tear,
And separates our bloods, because too near.

Another

Another of the same.

I.

AT what a wild malicious rate,
Blind, cruel *Deity*,
Do thy keen Arrows fly !
Sure th' art not *God of Love*, but *Hate*,
Bold *Tyrant-Child*, that can't endure
To make a Wound admits no Cure.

II.

An Happiness can wait upon
Strangers, that distant are,
As *North and Southern Star*,
But we, though born under one *Zone*,
Who in one *Root*, one *Cradle* lay,
In Love must be less blest than they.

III.

Ah ! that's the cause why we must run,
Like streams sprung from one Source,
Each in a various course,
The fiction *Incest* so to shun :

When

When better, that we mixt, it were,
Than other Rivers ravish't her.

But I'll pursue her, till our floods agree,
Alphens I, and *Arethusa* she.

On the great Eater of Grays-Inn.

O H! for a lasting wind! that I may rail
At this vile *Cormorant*, this *Harpey-male*:
That can, with such an hungry hast, devour
A years Provision in one short liv'd hour.
Prodigious Calf of *Pharoah's* lean-rib'd Kine,
That swallowest Beef, at every bit a Chine!
Yet art thy self so meagre, Men may see
Approaching *Famine* in thy *Phys'nonmy*.

The World may yet rejoice, thou wer't not one
That shar'd *Joves* mercy with *Dencalion*;
Had he thy grinders trusted in that boat,
Where the whole Worlds *Epitomy* did float,

Clean,

Clean, and Unclean had dy'd, th' *Earth* found a want
Of her irrational Inhabitant :

'Tis doubted, there their fury had not cea'st,
But of the humane part too made a Feast ;

How Fruitless then had been *Heaven's* charity ?
No Man on earth had liv'd, nor Beast, but thee.
Had'st thou been one to feed vpon the fare
Stor'd by old *Priam* for the *Grecian* War ;
He, and his Sons had soon been made a prey,
Troys ten years Siege had lasted but one day ;
Or thou might'st have preserv'd them, and at once
Chop't up *Achilles*, and his *Mirmydons*.

Had'st thou been *Bell*, sure thou had'st sav'd the Lives
O' th' cheating *Priests*, their Children, and their Wives,
But at this rate, 'twould be a heavy tax
For *Hercules* himself to cleanse thy jakes.

Oh ! that kind *Heav'n* to give to thee would please
An *Estridge-maw*, for then we should have peace.
Swords then, or shining Engines would be none,
No Guns, to thunder out Destruction :

No rugged Shackles would be extant then,
Nor tedious Grates, that limit free-born Men,
But thy Gut-pregnant womb thy paws do fill
With spoils of *Natures* good, and not her ill.

'Twas th' *Inns* of *Courts* improvidence to own
Thy Wolvish Carcase for a Son 'o th' Gown:
The danger of thy jaws, they ne're foresaw;
For, Faith! I think thou hast devour'd the *Law*.

No wonder th' art complain'd of by the Rout,
When very Curs begin to smell thee out.
The reasons *Southwark* rings with howlings, are,
Because thou rob'st the Bull-Dogs of their share.

Beastly *Consumer*! not content to eat
The wholesome quarters destin'd for Mens meat,
But Excrement, and all: nor wilt thou bate
One entrail, to inform us of thy *Fate*:
Which will, I hope, be such an ugly Death,
As hungry *Beggars*, can in cursings breath,

But

But I have done, my *Muse* can scold no more,
She to the Bearwards Sentence turns thee o're,
And, since so great's thy Stomach's tyranny,
For writing this, pray God, thou eat not me.

*An Epitaph on my Dear Aunt,
Mrs. Ann Stanhope.*

FOrbear, bold *Passenger*, forbear
The verge of this sad *Sepulchre* :
Put off thy shooes, nor dare to tread
The Hallowed Earth, where she lyes dead :
For in this Vault the *Magazine*
Of Female virtue's stor'd, and in
This Marble *Casket* is confin'd
The *Jewel* of all Woman-kind.

For here she lies, whose *Spring* was Crown'd
With every grace in Beauty found ;
Whose *Summer* to that *Spring* did suit,
Whose *Autumn* crackt with happy Fruit.

Whose

Whose *Fall* was like her *Life*, so spent,
Exemplary, and *Excellent*.

For here the fairest, chastest *Maid*,
That this *Age* ever knew, is laid:
The best of *Kindred*, best of *Friends*,
Of most *Faith*, and of fewest *Ends*;
Whose *Fame* the *Tracks* of *Time* survives;
The best of *Mothers*, best of *Wives*.

Lastly, which the whole *Sum* of praise implies,
Here she, who was the best of *Women*, lies.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. Coleman.

I.

SEE, how like *Twilight Slumber* falls
T'obscure the glory of those balls,
And, as she sleeps,
See how *Light* creeps

A a

Thorow

Thorow the Chinks, and Beautifies
The rayie fringe of her fair *Eyes*.

II.

Observe *Loves* feuds, how fast they fly,
To every heart, from her clos'd Eye,
What then will she,
When waking, be?

A glowing Light for all t' admire,
Such, as would set the *World* on fire.

III.

Then seal her Eye-lids, gentle *Sleep*,
Whiles cares of her mine open keep;
Lock up, I say,
Those Doors of *Day*,
Which with the *Morn* for Lustre strive,
That I may look on her, and live.

An Epitaph on M. H.

I N this cold *Monument* lies one,
That I know who has lain upon,

The happier *He*: her Sight would charm,
And Touch have kept *King David* warm.
Lovely, as is the dawning *East*,
Was this Marble's frozen *Guest*;
As soft, and Snowy, as that Down
Adorns the *Blow-balls* frizled Crown;
As straight and slender as the *Crest*,
Or *Antlet* of the one-beam'd Beast;
Pleasant as th' odorous *Month* of *May*:
As glorious, and as light as *Day*.

Whom I admir'd, as soon as knew,
And now her Memory pursue
With such a superstitious Lust,
That I could fumble with her Dust.

She all Perfections had, and more,
Tempting, as if design'd a *Whore*,
For so she was; and since there are
Such, I could wish them all as fair.

Pretty she was, and young, and wise,
And in her Calling so precise,
That Industry had made her prove
The sucking *School-Mistress* of Love :
And *Death*, ambitious to become
Her *Pupil*, left his Ghastly home,
And, seeing how we us'd her here,
The raw-bon'd *Rascal* ravisht her.

Who, pretty *Soul*, resign'd her Breath,
To seek new Letchery in Death.

The Retreat.

I

I Am return'd, my *Fair*, but see
Perfection in none but thee :

Yet many *Beauties* have I seen,
And in that Search a *Truant* been,
Through Fruitless Curiosity.

II.

I've been to see each blear-ey'd *Star*,
Fond Men durst with thy light compare;
And, to my admiration, find,
That all, but I, in Love are blind,
And none but Thee, divinely fair.

III.

Here then I fix, and now grown wise,
All *Objects*, but thy face, despise,
(Taught by my folly) now I swear,
If you forgive me, ne're to err,
Nor seek *Impossibilities*.

The Sleeper.

What a strange lump of Laziness here lies,
That from the light of *Day* bolts up his Eyes!
Thou look'st, when *God* created thee, as if
He had forgot t' impart his breath of Life.

That th'art with Seven sleepy *Fiends* posselt,
A man would judge, or that bewitcht at least.
It is a curse upon thee, without doubt,
And *Heav'n* for *Sin*, has put thy Candles out.

I could excuse thee, if this Sloth could be
Bred by the venom of *Infirmity* ;
But 'tis in *Nature's* force impossible,
Her whole *Corruption* makes not such a spell,
Though thou an *Abstract* had'st ingroft of all
Ills, and Diseases *Apoplectical*.
Wer't thou not *Male*, I should guess thee the *Bride*
Cut out of sleeping *Adam's* senceless side ;
But that I do this doubtful *Quere* find,
Whether such Sloth can spring from humane kind ?
If so, thy *Mother* in conception,
With *Wine*, and *Dormice* fed her *Embriou* ;
Or, when he did the penitential deed,
Thy drowsie *Father* voided *Poppy seed*,

I should believe th'had'st drunk in *Lettes* deep,
But that I see, th'ast not forgot to sleep.

Sleep

Sleep without end, which justifies the *Theme*
That thus informs, *Mans life is but a Dream.*
Just such is thine; and since 'tis so profound,
'Tis well if thou wak'st at the Trumpets sound.

The Token.

I.

WELL, cruel *Mistress*, though you'r too unkind,
Since thus my banishment's by you design'd,
I go, but with you leave my heart behind.

II.

A truer heart, I'me sure you never wore,
'Tis the best Treasure of the blind *God's* store,
And, truly, you can justly ask no more.

III.

Then blame me not, if curious to know,
I ask, on what fair Limb you will bestow
The Token, that my zeal presents you now?

I V.

I shall expect so great an interest
 For such a *Gift*, as t'have that *Gem* possess,
 Not of your *Cabinet*, but of your *Breast*.

V.

There fixt, 'twill glory in its blest remove,
 And flaming by degrees a *Vigil* prove,
 Icy Disdain to thaw, nay, kindle love.

Song. Montrofs.

I.

ASk not, why sorrow shades my brow ;
 Nor why my sprightly looks decay ?
 Alas! what need I Beauty now ,
 Since he, that lov'd it, dy'd to day.

II.

Can ye have Ears, and yet not know,
Mirtillo, brave *Mirtillo's* slain?
 Can ye have Eyes, and they not flow,
 Or Hearts, that do not share my pain?

III.

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
For in my Breast, such Wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so
That the whole *World* appears my grave.

IV.

But I'll go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the cold, cold Arms of *Death*:
And under yon sad *Cypress-tree*,
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my Breath.

SONG.

I.

PRe'thee, why so angry, Sweet?
'Tis in vain,
To dissemble a Disdain,
That Frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,
And kiss it to a Smile again.

II.

In that pretty Anger is
Such a grace,
As Loves fancy would embrace,
As to new Crimes may *Youth* entice,
So that Disguise becomes that *Face*.

III.

When thy rosie Cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sm with a pretence:
Through that sweet chiding Blush there breaks,
So fair, so bright an Innocence.

IV.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire
That Eyes, drest in an angry shape,
Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

*A Journey into the Peak.**To Sir Aston Cockain.*

SIR, Coming home into this *Frozen Clime*,
Grown cold, and almost senceless, as my Rhyme,
I found that *Winters* bold impetuous rage
Prevented *Time*, and antidated *Age*,
For in my Veins, did nought but Crystal dwell,
Each Hair was frozen to an Icicle.
My flesh was Marble, so, that as I went,
I did appear a walking *Monument*:
T might have been judg'd, rather than Marble, Flint,
Had there been any spark of fire in't.

My Mistress looking back, to bid *good Night*,
Was *Metamorphos'd* like the *Sodomite*.

Like *Sinon's* horse, our horses were become,
And since they could not go, they slid home;
The hills were hard, to such a quality,
So beyond *Reason* in *Philosophie*,

If *Pegasus* had kick'd at one of those,
Homer's Odyssees had been writ in Prose.

These are strange stories, Sir, to you, who sweat
Under the warm *Sun's* comfortable heat ;
Whose happy Seat of *Pooley* far out-vies
The fabled Pleasures of blest *Paradise* :
Whose *Canaan* fills your House with Wine and Oyl,
Till't crack with burdens of a fruitful Soil :
Which House, if it were plac'd above the *Sphere*,
Would be a Palace fit for *Jupiter*.

The humble Chappel, for *Religious Rites*,
The inner Rooms, for honest, free delights ;
And *Providence*, that these miscarry loth,
Has plac'd the *Tower* a Centinel to both :
So that there's nothing wanting to improve
Either your *Piety*, or *Peace*, or *Love*.

Without, you have the pleasure of the Woods,
Fair Plains, rich Meadows, and transparent Floods ;

With

With all that's good and excellent, beside
The tempting Apples by *Euphrates* side;
But that which does above all these aspire,
Is *Delphos* brought from *Greece* to *Warwick shire*.

But oh, ungodly *Hodge* ! that valued not
That saving juice o'th' ænigmatick pot.
Whose charming vertue made me to forget
T'enquire of *Fate* ; else I had staid there yet,
Nor had I then once dar'd to venture on
The cutting Air of this our *Frozen Zone*.

But once again, dear Sir, I mean to come,
And thankful be, as well as troublesome.

New Prison.

YOU *Squires* o'th' shade, that love to tread
In gloomy Night, when *Day's* in bed ;
That court the *Moon*, supposing she
Likes such a watchful industry :

Read

Read here a Story, it will make
Your Eye-lids droop, when she's awake.
'Tis not the horrid noise of Wars,
Consequent Chances, Wounds and Scars,
The dangers of the foaming Deep,
Nor all the *Bug-bear Fates*, that keep
Fond Men in awe, *Hobgoblins, Sprites*,
Dire Dreams in dark and tedious Nights,
A troubled Conscience, nor the sence
Of man's despairing Diffidence,
That can present so sad a face
Of black Affliction, as this place.

The sneaking *Rascals*, lowlie *Whores*,
The creaking of the dismal Doors,
That stink of stinks that fumes within,
(Symptoms of *Beasts* that dwell therein)
So rot the Air, *Camelions* cou'd
Not live unpoyson'd with such Food;
There's reason for't, no Mortal can
Step from the Excrement of Man;

And

And that which should howe're be sweet,
Is like the rest ; I mean, their meat ;
The Locusts of the wildernes
Are Sweet-meats to their Nasty Mefs.

I could say more ; the Place provokes me,
But that the vile *Tobacco* choaks me.

Her Name.

I.

TO write your Name upon the Glass,
Is that the greatest you'll impart
Of your Commands ? when, *Dear*, alas !

'Twas long since graven in my Heart ?
But you foresee my Heart must break, and sure
Think't in that brittle Quarry more secure.

II.

My Breast impregnable is found,
Which nothing, but thy Beauty, wracks,
Than this frail Metal far more sound,
That every Storm and Tempest cracks.

And,

And, if you add Faith to my Vows and Tears,
More firm, and more transparent it appears.

III.

Yet, I obey you, when, behold !
I tremble at the forced fact,
My hand too sawcy and too bold,
Timorously shivers at the act ;
And 'twixt the wounded glass, and th' harder stone;
I hear a murmuring Emulation.

IV.

'Tis done ; to which let all hearts bow,
And to the *Tablet* sacrifice ;
Incense of loyal Sighs allow,
And Tears from wonder-stricken Eyes ;
Which, should the *Schismaticks* of *Sion* see,
Perchance they'd break it for Idolatry.

V.

But, cursed be that awkward hand
Dares raze the glory from this frame,
That, notwithstanding thy Command,
Tears from this glass thy ador'd Name;
Whoe're he be, unless he do repent,
He's damn'd for breaking thy *Commandement*.

VI.

Yet, what thy dear will here has plac't,
Such is its unassured state;
Must once, my *Sweetest*, be defac't,
Or by the stroke of *Time*, or *Fate*;
It must at last, howe're, dissolve, and die,
With all the *World*, and so must thou, and I.

Epitaph

On Mr. Robert Port.

Here lies he, whom the *Tyrants* rage,
Snatch't in a venerable Age;
And here, with him, intomb'd do lie
Honour, and *Hospitality*.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. Coleman.

I

Bring back my Comfort, and return,
For well thou know'st that I
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die.

Return, return, insult no more,
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequestred joys I had before.

II.

Absence, in most, that quenches Love,
And cools the warm desire,
The ardour of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire;
Th' *Opinion* therefore I deny,
And term it, though a *Tyranny*,
The Nurce to *Faith*, and *Truth*, and *Constancy*.

III.

Yet *Dear*, I do not urge thy stay,
That were to prove unjust
To my desires; nor Court delay:
But ah! thy speed I must;
Then bring me back the stol'n Delight
Snatch't from me in thy speedy flight,
Destroy my tedious *Day*, my longing *Night*.

*Sir William Davenant**To Mr. Cotton.*

I.

UNlucky fire, which though from Heaven deriv'd,
Is brought too late, like Cordials to the Dead,
When all are of their Sovereign Sence depriv'd,
And Honour, which my rage should warm, is fled.

II.

Dead to Heroick Song this life appears,
The Antient Musick of victorious Verse,
They tast no more than he his Dirges hears,
Whose useles Mourners sing about his Herse.

III.

Yet shall this sacred Lamp in Prison burn,
And through the darksome Ages hence invade
The wondering World, like that in *Tully's* Urn,
Which, though by Time conceal'd, was not decay'd.

IV.

IV.

And *Charles*, in that more civil Century,
When this shall wholly fill the voice of Fame,
The busie Antiquaries then will try
To find amongst their Monarchs coin, thy Name.

V.

Much they will bless thy Virtue, by whose fire
I'll keep my Laurel warm, which else would fade,
And, thus inclos'd, think me of Natures Quire,
Which still sings sweetest in the shade.

VI.

To Fame, who rules the World, I lead thee now,
Whose solid Power the thoughtful understand,
Whom, though too late, weak Princes to her bow,
The People serve, and Poets can command.

VII.

And Fame, the only Judge of Empire past,
Shall to *Verona* lead thy Fancies Eyes,
Where Night so black a Robe on Nature cast,
As Nature seem'd affraid of her disguise.

● . *To Sir William Davenant.*

In Answer to the Seventh Canto, of the
Third Book of his *Gondibert*, directed to
my Father.

*Written by Sir William, when Prisoner in the
Tower. 1652.*

I.

O H happy *Fire!* whose heat can thus controul
The rust of *Age*, and thaw the frost of *Death*,
That renders *Man* immortal, as his *Soul*,
And swells his *Fame* with everlasting *Breath*.

II.

Happie's that Hand, that unto *Honours Clime*
Can lift the *Subjeſt* of his living praise,
That rescues *Frailty* from the Sythe of *Time*,
And equals glory to the length of days.

III.

Such, *Sir*, is yours, that, uncontroul'd as *Fate*,
In the black bosom of o're-shading Night,
Can *Sons* of immortality create,
To dazle *Envy* with prevailing Light.

IV.

In vain they strive your glorious *Lamp* to hide
In that dark *Lanthorn* to all noble minds,
Which, through the smallest cranny is descry'd,
Whose force united no resistance finds.

V.

Blest is my *Father*, that has found his Name
Amongst the *Heroes*, by your *Pen* reviv'd,
By running in *Time's* wheel his thriving *Fame*,
Shall still more youthful grow, & longer liv'd.

VI.

Had *Alexander's* *Trophies* thus been rear'd,
And in the circle of your *Story* come,
The spacious *Orb*, full well he might have spar'd,
And reap't his distant *Victories* at home.

VII.

Let Men of greater *Wealth* than *Merit* cast
 Medals of *Gold* for their succeeding part;
That paper-Monument shall longer last,
 Than all the rubbish of decaying *Art*.

To my Friend Mr. John Anderson.

From the Countrey.

I.

YOU that the *City* Life embrace,
And in those Tumults run your race,
Under the th'aspect of the Celestial face
 Of your bright *Lady*:
You, that to *Masks*, and *Plays* resort,
As if you would rebuild the *Court*,
We here can match you with our *Countrey*-sport,
 As neer as may be.

II.

For, though 'tis good to be so nigh
Rich wine, and excellent Company :
Yet, *John*, those Pleasures you full dear do buy
Some times, and seasons.

For you but *Tributaries* are,
Aw'd by the furious men of War :
We *Countrey-Bumkins* then are happier far
For many reasons.

III.

First, we have here no bawling *Duns*,
Nor those fierce things ycleped *Bums*,
No *Cuckold-Constable*, or *Watch* here comes
To apprehend us.

And then we've no unwholsome *Dames*
To broil us in their bawdy flames,
Nor need enquire after *Physicians* names,
That may befriend us.

IV.

I V.

And next, we have excelling *Ale*,
Most high, and mighty, strong, and stale:
And, when we go, we need no other *Bail*
Than our own word, *Sir*,
When you all Day are fain to sit,
Send Paper-pellets of small wit,
Your Tickets; and, when none of them will hit,
Pawn Cloak, or Sword, *Sir*,

V.

Then we out-do your *Beauties*, that
You Entertain with Cost, and Chat,
That make you spend your precious *Time* and *Fat*,
And yet are stedfast:
We here have homely willing *Winn*,
With bucksome *Bess*, and granting *Jinn*,
All full and plump without, and warm within,
That crackt the Bed fast.

VI.

And then, for Mirth, we have much more
Than you, for all your various store,
For we prefer *Bag pipes*, so loud, before
Lute, or *Cremona*,

We caper with *Tom Thump*, i'th' *Hall*,
Measures beyond *Corant*, or *Brawl*;
And when we want a match for *Ciceley*, call
A roba bona.

VII.

We have too errant *Knights* so stout,
As honest *Hobinol* and *Clout*,
With many an other stiff and sturdy Lout,
That play at wasters,
Shooe the wild Mare, and lick the board,
That for stiff Tuck, or cutting Sword,
For Man, or Woman, care not of a *Turd*,
But their own *Masters*.

VIII.

VIII.

Thus every of our petty toys
Outvies your greatest dear bought joys:
Then to thy freedom from the *City*-noise,
I'll drink a *Beer-jack*:
And now the *Spring* comes on apace,
Sweet flowerscrown the *Earth's* green face
Nor can I doubt, but thou wilt have the grace
To wish thee here, *Jack*.

Les Amours.

I.

She, that I pursue, still flies me;
Her, that follows me, I fly;
She, that I still court, denies me:
Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one Web we're subtl'y wove,
And yet we mutiny in love.

II.

She, that can save me, must not do it,
 She, that cannot, fain would do:
Her love is bound, yet I still woe it:
 Hers by love is bound in woe.

Yet, how can I of *Love* complain,
Since I have love for love again.

III.

This is thy work, imperious *Child*,
 Thine's this *Labyrinth* of love,
That thus hast our desires beguil'd,
 Nor see'st how thine arrows rove.
Then pre'thee, to compose this stir,
Make *Her* love me, or me love *Her*.

IV.

But, if irrevocable are
 Those keen shafts, that wound us so;
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
 That thou once more take thy *Bow*;
Wound *Her* hard heart, and by my troth,
I'll be content to take them both.

ELEGY.

HOw was I blest when I was free
From Mercy, and from Cruelty;
When I could write of *Love* at ease,
And ghes at *Passions* in my peace;
When I could sleep, and in my Breast
No love-sick Thoughts disturb'd my rest:
When in my brain of her sweet face
No Torturing *Idea* was,
Not *Planet-struck* with her Eyes Light,
But blest with Thoughts as calm as Night!
Now I could sit and gaze to Death;
And vanish with each sigh, I Breath:
Or else in her victorious Eye
Dissolve to tears, dissolving dye,
Nor is my Life more pleasant than
The Minutes of condemned Men,
Tost by strange Fancies, wrack't by Fears,
Sunk by Despair, and drown'd in Tears,

And

And dead to Hope; for, what bold *He*
Dares hope for such a Bliss as she?

And yet I am in love; ah! who
That ever saw her, was not so?
What *Tigers* unrelenting Seed,
Can see such Beauties, and not bleed?

Her eyes two sparks of Heavenly fire,
To kindle, and to charm desire,
Her Cheeks *Aurora's* blush, her Skin
So delicately smooth, and thin,
That you may see each azure Vein,
Her Bosoms Snowy whiteness stain:
But with so rich a Tincture, as
China 'bove baser metals has,
She's crown'd with unresisted Light
Of blooming Youth, and vigorous Sprite,
Careless charms, unstudied sweetness,
Innate vertue, humble greatness,
And modest freedom, with each grace
Of *Body*, and of *Mind*, and *Face*,

And

So

So pure, that Men, nor *Gods* can find
Throughout that Body, or that Mind
A fault, but this, to disapprove,
She cannot, or she will not love.

Ah! then, some *God* possess her heart
With mine uncessant vows, and smart,
Grant but one hour that she may be
In love, and then she'll pity me.
Is it not pity such a ghest,
As Cruelty, should arm that Breast
Against a love assaults it so?
Can Heavenly minds such rigour know?
Then make her know, her Beauties must
Decay, and molter into Dust:
That each swift *Atome* of her glass,
Runs to the ruin of her face;
That those fair blossoms of her Youth,
Are not so lasting as my truth,
My lasting firm Integrity:
Tell her all this, and, if there be

A *Lesson* to present her Sence
Of more perswading Eloquence,
Teach her that too, for all will prove
Too little to provoke her Love.
Thus dying people use to rave,
And I am grown my *Passions* slave;
For fall I must, my lot's Despair,
Since I'm so worthless, she so fair.

Ὁ πλόκαμος ὑπερενίκειος,

Her Hair.

ODE.

I.

Welcome, blest Symptom of Consent,
More welcome far,
Than if a *Star*,
In stead of this bright Hair,
Should beautifie mine Ear,
And light me to my banishment.

C c

11

II.

Methinks I'm now all sacred fire,
And wholly grown
 Devotion :
Sensual Love's in chains,
And all my boiling Veins
Are blown with sanctifi'd desire.

III.

Sure she is *Heaven* it self, and I,
In fervent zeal,
This lock did steal,
And each Life-giving Thread,
Snatch't from her beamy Head,
As once *Prometheus* from the Sky.

I V.

No: 'tis a nobler Treasure: *She*
 (Won to believe)
Was pleas'd to give
These rays unto my care:
The *Sphears* have none so fair,
Nor yet so blest a *Deitie*.

V.

Yet knows she not what she has done,
She'll hear my Prayers,
And see my Tears;
She's now a *Nazarite*
Rob'd of her vigorous Light,
For her resisting Strength is gone.

VI.

I now could glory in my Power,
And in pretence
Of my suspense,
Revenge, by kissing those
Twins, that *Natures* pride disclose,
My Languishing and tedious hours.

VII.

Yet I'll not triumph: but, since she
Will that I go
Thus wrapt in woe,

I'll tempt my prouder Fate
To improve my Estimate,
And juggle with my *Destiny*.

VIII.

As well I may, thus being sure,
Whether on *Land*
I firmly stand ;
Or Fortunes footsteps trace,
Or *Neptunes* foamy face,
Misfortune to conquer ; or endure.

IX.

If, on a swelling Wave I ride,
When *Eolus*
His winds lets loose,
Those winds shall silently,
And moist *Orion* dry,
By virtue of this charming guide.

X.

Or, if I hazard in a Field,

Where *Danger* is

The sole *Mistress*,

Where *Death*, in all his shapes,

Commits his horrid rapes,

And he, that but now slew, is kill'd;

XI.

Then in my daring Crest I'll place

This plume of light

T'amaze the fight

O'th' fiercest *Sons* of *Mars*,

That rage in bloody Wars;

And make them fly my Conquering face.

XII.

Thus in her favour I am blest;

And, if by these

Few of her rays

I am exalted so,
What will my Passions do
When I have purchas'd all the rest?

XIII.

They must continue in the same
Vigour, and force,
Better, nor worse:
I lov'd so well before,
I cannot love her more,
Nor can I mitigate my Flame.

XIV.

In Love then persevere I will
Till my hairs grow
As white as Snow:
And, when in my warm Veins
Nought but trembling cold remains,
My youthful love shall flourish still.

SONG.

I.

JOIN once again, my *Celia*, join
Thy roſie Lips to theſe of mine,
Which, though they be not ſuch,
Are full as ſenſible of bliſs,
That is, as ſoon can taſt a kiſs,
As thine of ſofter touch.

II.

Each kiſs of thine creates deſire,
Thy odorous Breath inflames *Loves* fire,
And wakes the ſleeping coal:
Such a kiſs to be I find
The Converſation of the Mind,
And whiſper of the *Soul*.

III.

Thanks, *Sweeteſt*, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this laſt kiſs I'm undone;

Thou breatheſt ſilent Darts,
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous ſtratagem in Love,
And thou wilt blow up Hearts.

The Surprize.

I.

ON a clear River's flow'ry ſide,
When *Earth* was in her gawdy pride,
Defended by the friendly ſhade
A woven *Grove's* dark entrails made,
Where the cold clay, with flowers ſtrew'd,
Made up a pleaſing ſolitude ;
'Twas there I did my glorious *Nymph* ſurprize,
There ſtole my paſſion from her killing Eyes.

II.

The happy *Object* of her Eye
Was *Sidney's* living *Arcady*;

Whose amorous tale had so betray'd
Desire in this all-lovely *Maid*;
That, whilst her Cheek a blush did warm,
I read *Loves* story in her form:

And of the *Sisters* the united grace,
Pamela's vigour in *Philoclea's* Face.

III.

As on the brink this *Nymph* did sit,
(Ah! who can such a *Nymph* forget?)
The floods straight dispossest their foam,
Proud so her mirrour to become;
And ran into a twirling *Maze*,
On her by that delay to gaze;

And, as they past, by streams succeeding force,
In losing her, murmur'd t'obey their course,

IV.

She read not long, but clos'd the Book,
And up her silent Lute she took,
Perchance to charm each wanton thought,
Youth, or her reading had begot.

The

The hollow Carcass eccho'd such
Airs, as had birth from *Orphen's* touch,
And every snowy finger, as she plai'd,
Danc't to the Musick that themselves had made.

V.

At last she ceas'd: her odorous Bed
With her enticing Limbs she spread,
With Limbs so excellent, I could
No more resist my factious blood:
But there, ah! there, I caught the *Dame*,
And boldly urg'd to her my flame:
I kiss'd: when her ripe Lips at every touch
Swell'd up to meet, what she would shun so much.

VI.

I kiss'd, and plai'd in her bright Eyes,
Discours'd, as is the Lovers guise,
Call'd her the *Authress* of my woe:
The *Nymph* was kind, but would not do,
Faith, she was kind, which made me bold,
Grow hot, as her denials cold.

But,

But, ah! at last I parted wounded more
With her soft pitty, than her Eyes before.

The Visit.

I

DArk was the silent shade, that hid
The fair *Castanna* from my sight:
The *Night* was black (as it had need,) e,
That could obscure so great a light.
Under the concave of each Lid
A flaming ball of beauty bright,
Wrapt in a charming slumber lay,
That else would captivate the *Day*. uch.

II.

(Led by a passionate desire,)
I boldly did attempt the way;
And though my dull Eyes wanted fire, o,
old,

My

But,

My seeing Soul knew where she lay,
Thus, whilst I blindly did aspire,
Fear to displease her made me stay,
A doubt too weak for mine intent,
I knew she would forgive, and went.

III.

Near to her *Maiden-Bed* I drew,
Blest in so rare a chance as this ;
When by her odorous Breath I knew
I did approach my *Love*, my *Bliss* :
Then did I eagerly pursue
My hopes, and found, and stole a kiss :
Such as perhaps *Pygmalion* took,
When cold his Ivory Love forsook.

IV.

Soft was the sleep fate on her Eyes,
As softest down, or whitest Snow ;
So gentle rest upon them lies,
Happy to charm those Beauties so ;

For which a thousand thousand dies,
Or living, live in restless Woe ;
For all that see her killing Eye,
With Love, or Admiration dye.

V.

Chast were the Thoughts that had the power
To make me hazard this Offence ;
I mark'd the sleeps of this fair *Flower*,
And found them full of Innocence ;
Wond'ring that hers, who slew each hour,
Should have so undisturb'd a Sence ;
But, ah ! these Murders of Mankind
Fly from her Beauty, not her Mind.

VI.

Thus, while she sweetly slept, late I
Contemplating the lovely *Maid*,
Of every Tear, and every Sigh
That sallied from my Breast, afraid.
And now the *Morning-star* drew nigh,
When, fearing thus to be betray'd,
I softly from my *Nymph* did move
Wounded with everlasting Love.

De Lupo.

Epigram.

When *Lupus* has wrought hard all day,
And the declining *Sun*,
By stooping to embrace the *Sea*,
Tells him the *Day's* nigh done;
Then to his young Wife home he hies
With his sore labour sped,
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray, *Husband*, come to bed.
Thanks, Wife, quoth he, but I were blest,
Would'st thou once call me to my rest.

On Upstart.

Upstart last Term went up to Town,
There purchas'd *Arms* and brought them down,
With *Welborne's* then he his compares,
And with a horrid loudness swears

That

That his are best; for look, quoth he,
How gloriously mine gilded be;
Thine's but a Thred-bare *Coat*, he cry'd,
Compar'd to this, who then reply'd:
If my *Coat* be Thread-bare, or rent, or torn,
There's cause; than thine it has been longer worn.

Epitaph

On Mrs. Mary Draper.

I.

READER, if thou cast thine Eye
On this weeping Stone below:
Know, that under it doth lye
One, that never Man did know.

II.

Yet of all Men full well known
By those beauties of her Breast:
For, of all she wanted none,
When *Death* call'd her to her rest.

III.

III.

Then, the *Ladies*, if they would
Dye like her, kind *Reader* tell,
They must strive to be as good
Alive, or 'tis impossible.

Cælia's Fall.

I.

CÆLIA, my fairest *Cælia*, fell,
Cælia, than the fairest, fairer,
Cælia, (with none I must compare her)
That all alone is all in all,
Of what we fair, and modest call,
Cælia, white as Alabaster,
Cælia, than *Diana* chaster,
This fair, fair *Cælia*, greif to tell,
This fair, this modest, chaste one sell.

II.

My *Calia*, sweetest *Calia*, fell,

As I have seen a Snow-white *Dove*

Decline her Bosom from above,

And down her spotless body fling

Without the motion of the wing,

Till she arrest her seeming fall

Upon some happy *Pedestal*:

So soft this sweet, I love so well,

This sweet, this Dove-like *Calia*, fell.

III.

Calia, my dearest *Calia* fell,

As I have seen a melting *Star*

Drop down its fire from its *Sphere*,

Rescuing so its glorious sight

From that paler snuff of light:

Yet is a *Star* bright and entire,

As when 'twas wrap't in all that fire:

So bright this dear, I love so well,

This dear, this *Star*-like *Calia* fell.

I V.

And yet my *Celia* did not fall
As grosser Earthly *Mortals* do,
But stoop't, like *Phæbus*, to renew
Her lustre by her *Morning* rise,
And dart new Beauties in the *Skies*.
Like a white *Dove*, she took her flight,
And, like a *Star*, she shot her Light;
This *Dove*, this *Star*, so lov'd of all,
My *Fair*, *Dear*, *Sweetest*, did not fall.

V.

But, if you'll say my *Celia* fell,
Of this I'm sure, that, like the Dart
Of *Love* it was, and on my Heart;
Poor Heart alas! wounded before,
She needed not have hurt it more:
So absolute a Conquest she
Had gain'd before of it, and me,
That neither of us have been well
Before, or since my *Celia* fell.

*Eclogue.**Damon. C. C. Thyrsis. R. R.*

Dam. **T***Hyrfis*, whilst our Flocks did bite
The smiling Salads in our sight,
Thou then wer't wont to sing thy state
In Love, and *Chloe* celebrate;
But where are now the *Love-sick* laies
Whilom so sung in *Chloe's* praise?

Thyr. 'Las! who can sing? since our *Pan* dy'd
Each *Shepherd's* pipe is laid aside:
Our flocks they feed on parched ground,
Shelter, nor Water's for them found:
And all our sports are cast away,
Save when thou sing'st thy *Celia*.

Dam. *Celia*, I do confess alone
My object is of Passion,
My *Star*, my bright Magnetick *Pole*,
And only *Guidress* of my Soul.

D d 2

Thyr.

Thyr. Let *Celia* be thy *Cynosure*,
Chloe's my *Pole* too, though th' obscure :
For, though her self's all glorious,
My Earth 'twixt us does interpose.

Dam. Obscure indeed, since she's but one
To mine a *Constellation* :
Her Lights throughout so glorious are,
That every part's a perfect *Star*.

Thyr. Then *Celia's* Perfections
Are scatter'd : *Chloe's*, like the *Suns*
United Light, compacted lye,
Whence all that feel their force, must dye.

Dam. *Celia's* Beauties are too bright
To be contracted in one Light ;
Nor does my fair, her Rays dispence
With such a stabbing Influence,
Since 'tis her less imperious Will
To save her Lovers, and not kill.

Thyr.

Thyr. Each beam of her united Light
Is, than the greatest *Star* more bright;
And, if she stay, it is from hence,
She darts too sweet an Influence,
We Surfeit with't: weak Eyes must shun
The dazzling Glories of the *Sun*.
Perhaps, if *Calia* do not kill,
'Tis want of Power, not of Will.

Dam. I now perceive, thy *Chloe's* Eyes
To be no Stars, but *Prodigies*:
Comets, such as blazing stand
To threaten ruin to a *Land*:
Beacons of sulph'rous Flame they are,
Symptoms not of Peace, but War,
And thou I guess, by singing thus,
Thence stoll'st thine *Ignis fatuus*.

Thyr. As th' vulgar are amaz'd at th' *Sun*,
When tripled by reflection;
Chloe's self, and glorious Eyes
To thee seem *Comets* in the Skies.

And true, they may portend some Wars
Such as 'twixt *Venus*, and her *Mars*,
But chaste: whose captivating Bands
Would People, and not ruin Lands.
With such a *Going-fire* I'll stray,
For who with it can lose his way?

Dam. The *Vulgar* may perhaps be won
By thee to think her *Sun*, and *Moon*,
And so would I, but that my more
Convincing *Celia* I adore.
Would we had both, that *Chloe* thine,
And my dear *Celia* might be mine.
But if we should thus mix with Ray,
In *Heav'n* would be no Night, but Day;
For we should People all the Skies
With *Plannet-Girls*, and *Starry-Boyes*,
Chloe's a going-fire, we see,
Pray *Pan*, she do not go from thee.

Thyr.

Thyr. Thanks, *Damon*, but she does, I fear,
The *Shadows* now so long appear :
Yet, if she do, we'll both find *Day*
Ith' *Sun-shine* of thy *Calia*.

Her Sigh.

I.

SHE sighs, and has blown over now
The storms that threat'ned in her brow;
The *Heaven's* now serene and clear,
And bashful blushes do appear,
Th' *Error* sh'has found
That did me wound,
Thus with her od'rous *Sigh* my hopes are crown'd.

II.

Now she relents, for now I hear
Repentance whisper in my Ear,

Happy repentance! that begets
 By this sweet Airy motion heats,
 And does destroy
 Her *Herefie*,
 That my *Faith* branded with *Inconstancy*.

III.

When *Thisbe's Pyramus* was slain,
 This sigh had fetcht him back again,
 And such a sigh from *Dido's Chest*
 Wasted the *Trojan* to her Breast.
 Each of her sighs
 My Love does prize
 Reward, for thousand, thousand Cruelties.

IV.

Sigh on, my *Sweet*, and by thy Breath,
 Immortal grown, I'll laugh at *Death*.
 Had Fame so sweet a one, we shou'd
 In that regard learn to be good:
 Sigh on, my *Fair*,
 Henceforth, I swear,
 I could *Camoleon* turn, and live by Air

On the Lamented Death

Of my Dear Uncle,

Mr. Radcliff Stanhope.

Such is th' unsteady state of humane things,
And *Death* so certain, that their period brings,
So frail is *Youth*, and strength, so sure this sleep,
That much we cannot wonder, though we weep.
Yet, since 'tis so, it will not misbecom,
Either perhaps our Sorrows, or his Tomb
To breath a Sigh, and drop a mourning Tear
Upon the cold face of his *Sepulcher*,

Well did his life deserve it, if to be
A great *Example of Integrity*,
Honour, and *Truth*, *Fidelity*, and *Love*,
In such perfection, as if each had strove
To out-do *Posterity*, may deserve our care,

Or to his Funeral command a Tear,
Faithful he was, and just, and sweetly good
To whom ally'd in Virtue, or in Blood:

His

His Breast (from other conversation chaste)
Above the reach of giddy *Vice* was plac't:
Then, had not *Death* (that crops in's Savage speed
The fairest flower with the rankest weed)
Thus made a beastly Conquest of his *Prime*,
And cut him off before grown ripe for Time,
How bright an *Evening* must this *Morn* pursue,
Is to his Life a Contemplation due.

Proud *Death*, t'arrest his thriving *Virtue* thus!
Unhappy *Fate*! not to himself, but us,
That so have lost him; for, no doubt, but he
Was fit for *Heav'n*, as years could make him be:
Age does but muster Sin, and heap up woes
Against the last, and general *Rendezvous*;
Whereas he dy'd full of obedient Truth,
Wrap't in his spotless *Innocence* of Youth.

Farewell, *Dear Uncle*, may thy hop'd for Bliss
To thee be real, as my Sorrow is;
May they be nam'd together, since I do
Nothing more perfect than my sorrow know;
And, if thy *Soul* into mens minds have Eyes,
It knows I truly weep these *Obsequies*.

On the Lord Derby.

TO what a formidable greatness grown
Is this prodigious Beast *Rebellion*,
When *Sovereignty*, and its so sacred *Law*,
Thus lies subjected to his *Tyrant* awe!
And to what daring impudence he grows,
When, not content to trample upon those,
He still destroys all that with honest flames
Of loyal Love would propagate their *Names*!

In this great ruin, *Derby*, lay thy *Fate*,

(*Derby*, unfortunately fortunate)

Unhappy thus to fall a *Sacrifice*

To such an Irreligious Power as this;

And blest, as 'twas thy nobler sence to dye

A constant Lover of thy *Loyalty*.

Nor is it thy Calamity alone,

Since more lye whelm'd in this Subversion:

And first, the justest, and the best of *Kings*,

Roab'd in the glory of his Sufferings,

By

By his too violent Fate inform'd us all,
What tragick ends attended his great fall,
Since when his *Subjects*, some by chance of War,
Some by perverted justice at the Bar
Have perish't: thus, what th' other leaves, this takes,
And whoso scapes the *Sword*, falls by the *Axe*:
Amongst which throng of *Martyrs* none could boast
Of more fidelity, than the world has lost
In losing thee, when (in contempt of spite)
Thy steddy faith at th' exit crown'd with Light,
His Head above their malice did advance,
They could not murder thy *Allegiance*,
Not when before those *Judges* brought to th' test,
Who, in the symptomes of thy ruin drest,
Pronounc't thy *Sentence*. *Basilisks*! whose Breath
Is killing Poyson, and whose Looks are Death.

Then how unsafe a *Guard* Man's virtue is,
In this false *Age*, (when such as do amiss
Controul the honest sort, and make a prey
Of all that are not villanous as they)
Does to our *Reasons* Eyes too plain appear
In the mischance of this *Illustrious* Peer.

Blood-

Blood-thirsty Tyrants of usurped State!
In facts of *Death* prompt, and insatiate!
That in your Flinty Bosoms have no sence
Of Manly *Honour*, or of *Conscience*,
But do, since *Monarchy* lay drown'd in Blood,
Proclaim't by *AÆ*, high Treason to be good;
Cease yet at last for shame: let *Derby's* fall,
Great, and good *Derby's*, expiate for all,
But if you will place your Eternity
In mischeif, and that all good Men must dye,
When you have finish't there, fall on the rest,
Mix your sham'd slaughters with the worst, and best;
And, to perpetuate your murdering Fame,
Cut your own Throats, despair, and dye, and damn.

Ainsi soit il.

On

On Marriot.

Tempus edax rerum.

THanks for this rescue *Time* ; for thou hast we
In this more glory than the *States* have done
In all their *Conquests* ; they have conquer'd *Men*,
But thou hast conquer'd that would conquer them
Famine ; and in this *Parricide* hast shown
A greater courage than their *Acts* dare own ;
Thou'st slain thy eating *Brother*, 'tis a *Fame*
Greater than all past *Heroes* e're could claim :
Nor do I think thou could'st have conquer'd him
By force, it surely was by *Stratagem*.
There was a Dearth when he gave up the *Ghost* :
For, (on my life) his Stomack he ne're lost,
That never fail'd him, and without all doubt
Had he been victual'd he had still held out :
Howe're, it happen'd for the *Nation* well,
All fear of *Famine* now's impossible,

Since we have scap't his reign; Blest were my Rhymes,
Could they but prove, that for the peoples Crimes
He an atonement fell; for in him dy'd
More *Bulls*, and *Rams*, than in all times beside,
Though we the numbers of them all ingross,
Offer'd with antique *Piety*, and *Cost*:
And 't might have well become the *Peoples* care
To have embowel'd him, if such there were,
Who, in respect of their *Fore-fathers* peace,
Would have attempted such a task as this,
For 'tis discreetly doubted he'll go hard
To eat up all his fellows i'th' *Church yard*:
Then, as from several parts each mangled Limb
Meet at the last, they all will rise in him;
And he (as once a *Pleader*) may arise
A general *Advocate* at the last *Affize*.

I wonder, *Death* durst venture on this prize,
His jaws more greedy were, and wide than his,
'Twas well he only was compos'd of Bone,
Had he been *Flesh*, this *Eater* had not gone;
Or had they not been empty *Skeletons*,
As sure as *Death* he'd crush't his Marrow bones;

And

And knockt 'em too, his stomach was so rife,
The *Rogue* lov'd Marrow, as he lov'd his life.

Behold ! behold, O *Brethren* ! you may see
By this late *Object* of *Mortality*,
'Tis not the lining of the *Inward Man*,
(Though ne're so soundly stuff'd, and cramb'd) that can
Keep Life, and Soul together ; for if that
Could have preserv'd him, he had kick't at *Fate*
With his *High shoes*, and liv'd to make a prey
Of *Butchers* stinking Offal to this day.

But he is gone, and 't had been excellent sport
When first he stalked into *Pluto's Court*,
Had one but seen with what an angry gust
The greedy *Rascal* worried *Cerberus* ;
I know he'd do't before he would retreat,
And, he and's *stomack* are not parted yet ;
But, that digested, how he'll do for meat
I can't imagine: for the *Devil* a bit
He'll purchase there, unless this tedious time
The tree of *Tantalus* was sav'd for him ;
Should it prove so, no doubt he would rejoyce,
Spight of the *Devil*, and *Hell's* horrid noise.

But

But then, could 't not be touch't, 't would prove a curse
Worse than the others, or he'd bear it worse:
Oh, would his Fortitude in suffering rise
Somuch in glory 'bove his *Gluttonies*,
That, rather than confess them to his *Sire*,
He would, like *Porcia*, swallow coals of Fire,
He might extinguish *Hell*, and, to prevent
Eternal pains, void ashes, and repent;
For, without that, his torments still would last,
It were damnation for him to fast.

But how had I been like to have forgot
My self, with raving of a thing is not,
Of his *Eternity*; I should condole
His *Death*, and *Ruin*, had he had a *Soul*:
But he had none: or 't was meer sensitive;
Nor could the gormundizing Beast out-live;
So that 't may properly of him be said,
Marriot the Eater of Grays-Inn is dead,
And is no more: *Dear Jove*, I thee intreat,
Send us no more such *Eaters*, or more Meat.

To Cælia's Ague.

ODE.

I.

Hence, fond *Disease*, I say forbear,
And strive t'afflict my *Fair* no more,
In vain are thy attempts on her,
She was, alas! so cold before.

II.

Yet thou at once, by *Sympathy*,
Disturb'st two *Persons* in one *Ill*;
For when she freezes, then I fry,
And so compleat her *Ague* still.

III.

Sure thou my choice would'st fain disgrace,
By making her look *Pale*, and *Green*,
Had she no *Beauties*, but her face,
I never had a *Lover* been.

IV.

For sparkling Eyes, and roſie Cheeks

 Muſt, as her *Youth* does fade, decay:

But *Virtue*, which her Boſom decks,

 Will, when they're ſunk, and wither'd, ſtay.

V.

Thou would'ſt eclipse that *Virtue* too,

 For ſuch a *Triumph* far too dear,

Making her tremble, as they do,

 Whom jealous guilt has taught to fear.

VI.

I wiſh thy Malice might ſo thrive

 To my advantage, as to ſhake

Her Flinty Breſt, that I might live,

 And on that part a battery make.

VII.

But ſince *Aſſaults* without ſome fire

 Are ſeldom to perfection brought,

I may like thee baſſed retire,

 Thou haſt her burning ſit forgot.

VIII.

Since thy attempts then never can
 Achieve the power to destroy
This wonder, and delight of Man,
 Hence to some grosser Body fly.

IX.

Yet, as returning stomachs do
 Still covet some one Dish they see:
So when thou from my Fair do'st go,
 Kind Ague, make her long for me.

A Valediction.

I Go, I go, *Perfidious Maid*,
 Obeying thee, my froward *Fate*,
Whether forsaken or betray'd,
 By *Scorn*, or *Hate*.

I go, th' exact'st *Professor* of
Desire, in its Diviner sence,
That ever in the School of *Love*
 Did yet commence.

Cruel, and *False*, could'st thou find none
Amongst those *Fools* thy Eyes engroft,
But me to practise Falshood on,
That lov'd thee most.

I lov'd thee 'bove the *Day's bright Eye*,
Above mine own; who melting drop,
As oft, as opening they miss thee,
And 'bove my hope;

Till (by thy promise grown secure)
That hope was to assurance brought,
My *Faith* was such, so chafly pure,
I doubted not

Thee, or thy Vows, nor should I yet
(Such, *False one*, is my Loves extream)
Should'st thou now swear, the Breath's so sweet
That utters them.

Ah, *Syren*! why did'st t' me entice,
To that unconstant *Sea*, thy love
That ebbs and flows so in a trice?
Was it to prove

The power of each attractive spell
Upon my fond enamour'd *Youth*?
No: I must think of thee so well

Thou then spak'st truth.

Else amongst overweening *Boyes*,
Or *Dotards*, thou had'st chosen one
Than me, methinks a fitter choice
To work upon.

Mine was no wither'd *Old man's* suit;
Nor, like a *Boys* just come from *School*,
Had'st thou been either deaf, or mute,
I'de been no *Fool*.

Faith! I was then, when I embrac'd
A false belief thy Vows were true,
Or, if they were, that they could last
A day, or two.

Since I'de been told a *Womans* mind
Varies as oft, as *April's* Face:
But I suppos'd thine more refin'd,
And so it was,

Till (sway'd by thy unruly Blood)
Thou chang'd'st thy uncertain will,
*And 'tis far worse to have been good,
Than to be ill.*

Methinks thou'rt blemisht in each part,
And so, or worse than others are,
Those eyes grown hollow as thy heart,
Which two Suns were.

Thy Cheeks are sunk, and thy smooth Skin
Looks like a *Conquest* now of *Time*,
Sure th'had'st an *Age* to study in
For such a Crime.

Th'art so transform'd, that I in thee,
(As 'tis a general loss) more grieve
Thy falling from thy self, than me
Fool to believe!

For I by this am taught to prize
The inward beauties of the Breast,
Above all the gayeties of the Eyes
Where Treasons rest.

Whereas, grown black with this abuse
Offer'd to *Love's* commanding *Throne*,
Thou may'st despair of an excuse,
And wish't undone.

Farewel thou pretty brittle piece
Of fine-cut Crystal, which once was
Of all my *Fortune*, and my *Bliss*
The only *Glass*,

Now something else: But in its state
Of former lustre, fresh and green
My *Faith* shall stand, to shew thee what
Thou should'st have been.

Love's

Love's Triumph.

I.

GOD *Cupid's* Power was ne're so shown,
Since first the *Boy* could draw a bow,
In all past *Ages*, as this one,
This Love-sick *Age* we live in now:
Now *He*, and *She*, from high to low,
Or Lovers are, or would seem so.

II.

His arrows now are every where,
In every Lip, and every Eye,
From *Young*, from *Old*, from *Foul*, and *Fair*,
This little *Archer* lets them fly:
He is a *Traytor* to *Love's* Throne,
That has no love, or seems t' have none.

III.

If she be young, and fair, we do
Think her the blessing of this Life,
And, out of that opinion woe
Her for a *Mistress*, or a *Wife*,

An

And if they think us able Men,
The pretty Souls will love again.

I V.

Or, if she be a *Wife*, and that
A jealous *Ass* corrupts her Bed,
We build our pleasures on his Fate,
And for her sake do crown his Head,
So what he fears a Truth doth prove,
And what's this but a trick of Love?

V.

If she be left a *Widdow*, then
Her first *Amours* have warm'd her Blood,
She'll think us *Puppies* or no Men
Should not her wants be understood,
Pitty then makes us Lovers prove,
And, *Pitty* is the child of Love.

V I.

If she be wither'd, and yet itch
To do as once in time of old,
We love a little, for she's rich,
Though, but to scare away the cold,

She

She has (no doubt) the gift t' assuage,
Then never stand upon her age.

VII.

Thus *Maid, Wife, Widdow* do all wound,
Though each one with a different Eye,
And we by Love, to love are bound,
Either in heat, or policy,
That is, we love, or say we do,
Women, we love our selves; or you.

VIII.

Cupid may now slacken his nerve,
Hang *Bow*, and *Quiver* in some place
As useless grown, useless they serve,
For *Trophies* of what once he was,
Love's grown a *Fashion* of the mind,
And we shall henceforth love by kind.

IX.

Lord! what a Childish Ape was this,
How vain improvident an *Elf*,
To conquer all at once, when 'tis
Alas! a triumph ore himself?

He

He has usurp'd his own fear'd *Throne*,
Since now there's nothing to be done.

X.

And yet there is, there is one prize
Lock'd in an adamantinè Breast;
Storm that then, *Love*, if thou be'st wise,
A *Conquest* above all the rest,
Her Heart, who binds all Hearts in chains,
Castanna's Heart untouch'd remains.

A Rogue.

READER, read this *Man*, than whom
Is none more vile in *Christendom*:

Thou may'st know him, wheresoe're
Thou meet'st him, by his Character,
And, to begin first with his Face,
It is the worst that ever was,
So Crab-like, wrinkled, and so foul,
His Mother shitt him sure at stool,

To that, his Limbs are such, thou'dst swear
No two of them could make a pair :
His Hands ! Man never saw such clutches,
Nor such Feet walk without crutches ;
The bulk to these fair branches is
A *Chaos* of confounded Vice :
A trunk of Tumours, and Diseases,
Which a thousand Ulcers eases,
With a stink that would infect us,
Did not kinder *Heaven* protect us.

Now how this hide of his is lin'd !
To this shape he has a mind
Of so damn'd a leprous taint
As the *Devil* himself would Saint.
Bloody, revengeful, trecherous :
A hellish *Liar*, covetous ;
A cursed *Sycophanting Slave*,
A *Fool*, a *Coward*, and a *Knave* :
Lewdly debauched (the *Devil* take him !)
As *Drabs*, and *Dice*, and *Drink* can make him :
Loudly profane 'bove Blasphemy,
The abstract of all Villany ;

Ignorant

Ignorant of all things, but evil:
And now y'ave warning of a *Devil*.

The Contest.

C Ome, my *Corinna*, let us try,
Which loves you best, of *You*, and *I*,
I know you oft have in your Glafs
Seen the faint shadow of your Face;
And, consequently, then became
A wond'ring Lover, as I am;
Though not so great a one, for what
You saw was but a glimpse of that,
So sweet, so charming *Majesty*,
Which I in its full Lustre see.
But if you then had gaz'd upon
Your self, as your reflexion,
And seen those Eyes for which I dye,
Perhaps you'd been as sick as I.

Thus

Thus *Sweetest*, then it is confess,
That of us Lovers I love best;
You'll say 'tis reason, that my share
Be great as my *Affections* are,
When you insensibly are grown
More mine, by *Conquest*, than your own.
But, if this *Argument* I name
Seem light to such a glorious claim;
Yet, since you love you self, this do,
Love me, at least, for loving you;
So my *Despair* you may destroy,
And you your loved self enjoy;
Acting those things, can ne're be done,
Whilst you remain your self alone:
So for my Sighs you make amends,
So you have yours, and I my *Ends*.

The

The False One.

In Imitation of that of *Horace*.

Non erat & Cælo, &c.

I.

BEhold, *False Maid*, yon horned Light,
Which in *Heav'n's* arched Vault doth range,
And view part of thy self in it;
Yet she but once a Month does change.

II.

The raging *Sea*, th' uncertain *Air*,
Or, what does yet more change admit,
Of variation *Emblems* are;
When thou, and only thou art it.

III.

Philosophers their pains may spare
Perpetual motion where to find;
If such a thing be any where,
'Tis *Woman*, in thy *Fickle* mind.

IV.

How oft, incentred in thine Arms,
Big with betraying Sighs and Tears,
Hast thou secur'd me, by thy *Charms*,
From other Lovers natural *Fears*.

V.

Sighs, that improv'd the honest *Flame*,
Which made my faithful Bosom pant;
And Tears so gentle, as might claim
Belief, from Hearts of Adamant.

VI.

These were the *Arts* seduc'd my *Youth*,
A *Captive* to thy wanton will:
That with a *Falshood*, like to *Truth*,
In the same instant cure, and kill.

VII.

Go tell the next you will betray,
(I mean that *Fool* usurps my room)
How for his sake I'm turn'd away;
To the same *Fortune* he must come.

VIII.

When I, restored to that Sence
Thou hast distemper'd, sound and free,
Shall, with a very just pretence,
Despise, and laugh at *Him*, and *Thee*.

ODE

Valedictory.

I.

I Go: but never to return:
With such a killing Flame I burn,
Not all th'enraged waves that beat
My ships calk't ribs, can quench that heat:
Nor thy *Disdains*, which colder are
Than *Climats* of the *Northern Star*,
Can freeze the Blood, warm'd by thine Eye:
But *Sweet*, I must thy *Martyr* dye.

II.

Oh! canst thou know, that losing thee,
The *Universe* is dead to me,
And I to it, yet not become
So kind, as to revoke my *Doom*?
Gentle Heart, do: if I remove,
How can I hope t' atchieve thy love?
If not, I shall't a blessing call,
That she, who wounds may see my fall.

III.

Or say thou lov'st, and bid me go
Where never *Sun* his Face did show:
Or to, what's worse, want of thy Light,
Which dissipates the shades of *Night*;
To dangers, *Death*, *Hell* dares not own,
Scarcely to *Apprehension* known,
Arm'd with thy *Will*, (*despite of Fear*)
I'll seek them, as if *Thou* wer't there.

IV.

But, if thou wilt I dye, and that,
By, worse than thousand deaths, thy hate;

When I am dead, if thou but pay
My Tomb a Tear; and sighing say,
Thou do'st my timeleſs fall deplore,
Wifhing th' had'ſt known my Truth before;
My *Deareſt Dear*, thou mak'ſt me then,
Or ſleep in peace, or live again.

*To my friend Mr. Lely, on his Picture
of the Excellently Virtuous Lady, the
Lady Ifabella Thynn.*

Nature, and Art are here at ſtrife;
This Shadow comes ſo neer the Life,
Sit ſtill (*Dear Lely*) th' haſt done that
Thy ſelf muſt love, and wonder at;
What other *Ages* e're could boaſt,
Either remaining yet, or loſt,
Are trivial toys, and muſt give place
To this, that counterfeits her face:

Yet I'll not say, but there have been,
In every past *Age*, *Paintings* seen
Both *Good*, and *Like* from every Hand,
That once had Maistry and command,
But none like her; Surely she fate
Thy *Pencil* thus to celebrate
Above all others that could claim
An *Eccho* from the voice of *Fame*.
For he, that most, or with most cause,
Speaks, or may speak his own applause,
Can't, when he shows his *Master-peice*,
Brag, he e're did a Face like this.
Such is thy chance to be the Man,
None, but who shares thy honour, can;
If such another do arise,
To steal more glory from her Eyes;
But 't would improvident bounty show
To hazard such a *Beauty* so;
'Tis strange thy *Judgment* did not err,
Or want a *Hand*, beholding her,
Whose awing *Graces* well might make
Th' assured'st *Pencil* to mistake.

To *Her*, and *Truth* then, what a crime,
To *Us*, to all the *World*, and *Time*
(Who most will want her copy) 't were,
To have it then unlike appear!
But she's preserved from that *Fate*,
Thou know'st so well to imitate,
And in that *Imitation*, show,
What *Oyl* and *Colour* mixt can do;
So well, that had this *Piece* the grace
Of motion, she and none else has,
Or, if it could the Odour breathe;
That her departing sighs bequeath,
And had her warmth, it then would be
Her glorious *Self*, and none but she.
So well 'tis done; But thou canst go
No farther than what *Art* can do:
And when all's done: this, thou hast made,
Is but a nobler kind of *Shade*;
And thou, though thou hast play'd thy part,
A *Painter*, no *Creator* art.

To Chloris.

ODE.

Farewel, My Sweet, until I come,
Improv'd in *Merit*, for thy sake,
With *Characters* of Honour home,
Such, as thou canst not then but take,
To *Loyalty* my love must bow,
My *Honour* too calls to the *Field*,
Where, for a *Ladies* busk, I now
Must keen, and sturdy Iron wield.
Yet, when I rush into those *Arms*,
Where *Death*, and *Danger* do combine,
I shall less subject be to harms,
Than to those killing *Eyes* of thine.
Since I could live in thy *Disdain*,
Thou art so far become my *Fate*,
That I by nothing can be slain,
Until thy *Sentence* speaks my *Date*.

But, if I seem to fall in *War*,
 T'excuse the murder you commit,
Be to my Memory just so far,
 As in thy Heart t'acknowledg it;

That's all, I ask; which thou must give
 To him, that dying, takes a pride
It is for thee; and would not live
 Sole *Prince* of all the world beside.

Taking Leave of Chloris.

I.

SHE sighs; as if she would restore
The *Life*, she took away before;
As if she did recant my *Doom*,
And, sweetly would relieve me home;
Such hope to one condemn'd appears
From every whisper that he hears;

But what do such vain hopes avail,
If those sweet sighs compose a gale
To drive me hence, and swell my sail?

II.

See, see! she weeps! who would not swear
That *Love* descended in that Tear,
Boasting him of his wounded prize,
Thus in the bleeding of her Eyes;
Or that those Tears, with just pretence,
Would quench the fire that came from thence?

But, oh! they are (which strikes me dead)
Chrystal, her frozen Heart has bred,
Neither in *Love*, nor *Pitty* shed.

III.

Thus, of my merit jealous grown,
My happiness I dare not own;
But wretchedly her favours wear,
Blind to my self, unjust to her,

Whose

Whose sighs and tears at least discover,
She pitties, if not loves, her Lover,
And more betrays the *Tyrant's* skill,
Than any blemish in her will,
That thus laments, whom she doth kill.

I V.

Pitty still, *Sweet*, my dying state,
My *Flame* may sure pretend to that,
Since it was only unto thee,
I gave my Life, and Liberty;
Howe're my Life's misfortune's laid,
By *Love* I'm *Pitties* object made.

Pitty me then; and if thou hear
I'm dead, drop such another tear,
And I am paid my full arrear.

O D E.

I.

Come, let us drink away the time,
A pox upon this pelting *Rhyme*!
When Wine's run high, *Wit*'s in the prime.

II.

Drink, and stout drinkers are true joys,
Sonnets, and such little toys,
Are exercises fit for *Boys*.

III.

Then to our *Liquor* let us sit,
Time makes the Soul for Action fit,
Who bears most drink, has the most wit.

IV.

The whining *Lover*, that does place
His wonder in a painted Face,
And wasts his substance in the chace,

V.

V.

Could not in *Melancholy* pine,
Had he *Affections* so divine,
As once to fall in love with *Wine*.

VI.

The *Gods* themselves their revels keep,
And in pure *Nectar* tipples deep,
When slothful *Mortals* are asleep.

VII.

They fuddled once, for recreation,
In *Water*, which by all relation,
Did cause *Deucalions Inundation*.

VIII.

The spangled *Globe*, as it held most,
Their *Bowl*, was with *Salt-water* dos't,
The *Sun-burnt Centre* was the *Toast*.

IX.

In drink, *Apollo* always chose
His darkest *Oracles* to disclose,
'T was *Wine* gave him his *Ruby-Nose*.

X.

The *Gods* then let us imitate,
Secure of *Fortune*, and of *Fate*,
Wine *Wit*, and *Courage* does create.

XI.

Who dares not drink's a wretched *Wight*;
Nor can I think that Man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night.

XII.

Fill up the *Goblet*, let it swim
In foam, that overlooks the brim,
He that drinks deepest, here's to him.

XIII.

Sobriety, and *Study* breeds
Suspicion of our *Thoughts*, and *Deeds*;
The down-right *Drunkard* no Man heeds.

XIV.

Let me have *Sack*, *Tobacco* store,
A *Drunken Friend*, a *Little Wh...re*,
Protector, I will ask no more.

O D E.

I.

THE *Day* is set did *Earth* adorn,
To drink the brewing of the *Main*;
And, hot with travel, will e're Morn
Carouse it to an ebb again,

Then let us drink, *Time* to improve,
Secure of *Cromwel* and his *Spies*,
Night will conceal our *Healts*, and *Love*
For all her thousand thousand *Eyes*.

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies
To Phæbus, and his Second rise.

II.

Without the Evening dew, and show'rs,
The *Earth* would be a barren place,
Of *Trees*, and *Plants*, of *Herbs*, and *Flow'rs*,
To crown her now enamell'd *Face*;

Nor can *Wit* spring, or *Fancies* grow,
Unless we dew our heads in Wine,
Plump *Autumn's* wealthy overflow,
And sprightly Issue of the *Vine*.

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies
To Phæbus, and his Second rise.

III.

Wine is the cure of *Cares*, and *Sloth*,
That rust the Metal of the *Mind*,
The *Juice*, that *Man* to *Man* does, both
In *Freedom*, and in *Friendship* bind.

This clears the *Monarchs* cloudy brows,
And cheers the Hearts of sullen *Swains*,
To wearied Souls repose allows,
And makes *Slaves* caper in their chains.

Cho: Then let us drink secure of spies
To Phæbus, and his Second rise.

IV.

Wine, that distributes to each part

Its heat and *Motion*, is the *Spring*,

The *Poets* Head, the *Subjects* Heart,

'T was Wine made old *Anacreon* sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the *Night*

Serves but to hide such guilty Souls,

As fly the beauty of the *Light*;

Or dare not pledge our *Loyal Bowls*.

Cho: Then let us Revel, Quaff, and Sing,

Health, and his Scepter to the King.

O D E.

I.

Fair *Isabel*, if ought but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love;
If other *Beauties* but approve
To sweeten my Captivity:
I might those Passions be above,
Those Pow'rful *Passions* that combine
To make, and keep me only thine.

II.

Or, if for tempting treasure I
Of, the *World's God*, prevailing *Gold*,
Could see thy *Love*, and my *Truth* sold,
A greater, nobler *Treasury*;
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

III.

But when I vow to thee, I do
Love thee above or *Health* or *Peace*,
Gold, *Joy*, and all such toys as these,
'Bove *Happiness* and *Honour* too :
Thou then must know, this love can cease,
Nor change for all the glorious show
Wealth and *Discretion* bribes us to.

IV.

What such a love deserves, thou, *Sweet*,
As knowing best, may'it best reward ;
I, for thy bounty well prepar'd,
With open arms my *Blessing* meet.
Then do not, *Dear*, our joys detard ;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee

An Old Man's Gift to a Fair Lady.

POX o' your doting *Coxcomb*! was there ever
 So old a *Lover*, and so young a *Giver*?
 A pair of *Spectacles*! who the *Devil*, but thee,
 Could have found out such a disparity?
 There were, t'oblige thy *Love*, far better ways,
 A lump of *Sugar*, or her *Name in Baies*,
 A row of *Pins*, a *Baby*, or a *Purse*,
 Or what as fit had been, a *Hobby-horse*,
 A *Valentine*, had'st thou not wanted bloud
 To paint it with, would have been full as good.
 Thy *old Seal-ring*, thy *Grandam's pleated Gown*,
 A *Boon-grace* to preserve her from the *Sun*.
 Or any thing, rather than a dull pair
 Of second *Eyes*, these must deform thy *Fair*.

*I see, thou fain would'st blast her in her prime
 To parallel thy Age before her Time.*

What do'st thou think thy *Mistress* cannot see,
 Without such helps, thy full *Deformity*;

Thy shaking *Noddle*, and thy dropping *Nose*,
Whence the moist *Philtre* is salt Rheum that flows.
Thy slooping *Shoulders*, and thy trembling *Hands*,
Thy burthen *Belly*, and thy crinkling *Hamms*,
Thy spider's *Legs*, and thy club'd corny *Feet*,
That stink, though grown so dry they cannot sweat?
Or would'st thou have thy *Love* a *Bug-bear* be,
To fright the Boys in snavelling like thee?
Or ist to stop her sense she may not smell
The tainted Winds, that in thy Bowels swell,
Until they burst in cracks: nor snuff the sent,
Thy nasty, suppurated Issues vent?

I am content to think this gift was bought
In mirth, and given her for a *Merry-thought*.
Are they to mend her Sight, or dimm her Eyes,
So to eclipse her Sight from seeing these?
'Twas thy good *Nature* made thee give such ware,
And so, in troth, the *Present* was most rare.
For the great kindness of this gift implies,
Thou lov'st thy Mistress better than thine Eyes.

If to find out, thou ever had'st design
A *Present* fit to offer at her *Shrine*;

Thou

Thou should'st have bought the *Sun* that *Day* of light,
And all the twinkling *Beauties* of the *Night*,
And yet, those glories of that arched Scene
Had been for her an Offering too mean.

Embroider'd Waste-coats, Spanish Gloves, or Plate,
Watches, or Jewels might become her State.

But couldst thou find out no allurement else?

A pair of nasty horn-set *Spectacles*!

Where were thy Wits, *Old Fool*? she might have born
With them, if set in *Amalthea's* horn:

And had those green-glass Orbs been cut from some
Oth' crystal *Sphear*, they might her Eyes become,

The Case might have past too if made it were

Of the *Embroider'd Girdle* o'th' next *Sphear* :

But such a wretched *Rogue*, with such an itch,

Never made love to any wrinkled *Witch*.

Sure thou hast heard, that *Love* is blind, and thou
By this device would'st be a *Cupid* too.

A pleasant Plot i' faith! thou would'st be then

A pretty Boy of Fourscore years, and ten.

Or thou had'st laid 'em by, and wanting light

Bestow'dst them for some Gemm, as well thou might.

Or else amaz'd by th' lustre of her Face
Mistaking gav'st them for a Looking glass.

*Howe're, whether thou didst, or didst not see,
I wish in stead of them th' hadst given her me.*

In Amorem Medicum.

E P I G.

FOR Cares whilst Love prepares the Remedies,
The main Disease in the Physitian lies.

*The Legend of the Famous, Furious,
Expert, and Valiant Gittar-Masters,
Caveliero Comer, and Don Hill.*

B A L L A D.

YOU, that love to read the Tracts,
Of tall *Fellows* Fights, and Falls,
In this Song will hear a wonder,
How two *Fiddlers* sell asunder,

Lampen, &c.

Comer

Comer had the first abuse,
Which admitted no excuse;
But, since *Hill* so ill did treat him,
Dick, in wrath, resolv'd to beat him,

Lampon, &c.

Straight a Broom-staff was prepar'd,
Which *Don Hill* no little scar'd;
But he resolv'd if *Dick* did bast him,
That his patience should out-last him.

Lampon, &c.

Whilst (good Christian) thus he me'nt,
To despise his punishment,
And first to appease his *Foe* send,
Loe! in sight, was *Dick's fierce Nose-end*;

Lampon, &c.

Whom, in terrour, *Hill* did ask,
If he durst perform his task,
Dick, in wrath, reply'd, *God dam me!*
To that purpose now come am I,

Lampon, &c.

And withal, with main, and might,
Up he trips this proper *Knight*,
And with such fury he quell'd *Hill*,
That to the *Ground* he level'd *Hill*;

Lampon, &c.

This shews *Musick* discord has,
Which the cause of this *War* was,
And, that *Hill's* beaten, is a token,
That their string of Friendship's broken;

Lampon, &c.

Now behold! this mortal cause,
Is referr'd to *Harry Laws*,
And since he's beaten *Hill* does tell tho,
Law shall give him salve for's *Elbow*.

Lampon, &c.

On Annel-seed Robin, the
Hermophrodite.

E P I T A P H.

HEre, Reader, lyes, bereft of life,
The Embleme strange of Man and Wife,
Who, if they pay their Vows aright,
Make up a true *Hermophrodite*;
And in this *Chest Entombed* are,
The wonder of a single pair;
So that here thou may'st bewail,
Either the *Female*, or the *Male*.
Though the distracted grief of *Friends*,
Ever in single *Robin* ends.
No Rib was taken from his side,
Robin Bridegroom was, and *Bride*,
And, of his *Marriage* tie so tender,
He only did, with *She* engender;
Robin, with *Robin* so far won,
That the *Male* half begot a *Son*,

The *Female* half, a few years after,
Happily brought forth a *Daughter*,
So like, you from their looks might gather,
That *Robin Mother* was, and *Father* ;
From *Robin* only differing thus,
That neither was *Amphibious* ,
Heav'n did so happily combine
This *Doubtful Gender Masculine*,
That they were *Married* at their Birth,
And both together laid in *Earth*,
Where let them lye, and no *Man* thwart 'em ;
If they must part, the *Devil* part 'em.

O D E.

To Chloe.

I.

False one, farewell, thou hast releast
The *Fire*, imprison'd in my breast,
Your beauties make not half the show
They did a year or two ago ;

For now I find,
The *Beauties* those fair walls enshrin'd,
Foul, and deform'd appear,
Ah! where
In *Woman* is a spotless mind?

I I.

I would not now take up thine Eyes,
But in revenge to tyrannize;
Nor should'st thou make me blot my skin,
With the black thou wear'st within;
If thou would'st meet,
As *Brides* do, in the *Nuptial Sheet*,
I would not kifs, nor play;
But say,
Thou nothing hast that can be sweet.

I I I.

I was betray'd, by that fair *Sign*,
To entertainment cold within;
But found that fine built *Fabrick* lin'd,
With so ill contriv'd a *Mind*,

That

That now I must,
 For ever (*Chloe*) leave to trust
 The face that so beguiles
 With smiles;
Falsehood's a charm to love, or lust.

O D E.

To *Chloris* from France.

I.

Pitty me *Chloris*, and the flame
Disdain, and *Distance*, cannot tame;
 And pitty my necessity,
 That makes my *Courtship*, wanting thee,
 Nothing but fond *Idolatry*.

I I.

In dark, and melancholy *Groves*,
 Where pretty Birds discourse their loves,

I daily

I daily worship on my knee,
Thy *Shadow*, all I have of thee,
And sue to that to pity me.

III.

I vow to it the sacred *Vow*,
To thee, and only thee, I owe
When (as it knew my true intent)
The silent *Picture* gives consent,
And seems to mourn my *Banishment*.

IV.

Prefaging thence my love's success,
I triumph in my happiness,
And straight consider how each Grace,
Adorns thy *Body* ; or thy *Face*,
Surrender up to my embrace.

V.

I think this little *Tablet* now
Because less cruel, fair as *Thou* ;

I do

I do from it mercy implore,
'Tis the sole *Saint* I do adore,
I do not think I love thee more.

VI.

Yet be not jealous, though I do
Thus dote of it, in stead of you;
I love it not, for any line
Where captivating beauties shine:
But only (*Chloris*) as 'tis thine.

VII.

And, though thy *Shaddow* here take place,
By intimating future grace,
It goes before, but to impart
To thee, how beautiful thou art,
And shew a reason for my smart.

VIII.

Nor is't improper, *Sweet*, since thou,
Art in thy Youthfull *Morning* now,

Whilst I, depriv'd of thine eyes light,
Do drooping live a tedious Night
In *Paris*, like an *Anchorite*.

IX.

Recall me then, that I may see,
Once more, how fair, and kind you be ;
 Into thy *Sun-shine* call again
Him, thus exil'd, by thy disdain,
And I'll forget my loss, and pain.

An Invitation to Phillis.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And thou shalt all the pleasures prove,
The *Mountains* trowing tops can show
Inhabiting the *Vales* below.
From a brave height my *Star* shall shine
Tilluminatè the desert *Clime*.
Thy *Summer's* bower shall overlook,
The subtil windings of the *Brook*,

For

For thy delight which only springs,
And cuts her way with *Turtles* Wings.
The Pavement of thy Rooms shall shine,
With the bruis'd Treasures of the *Mine*,
And not a *Tale* of Love but shall
In *Minoture* adorn thy wall.
Thy closet shall *Queens* Caskets mock
With rustick *Jewels* of the *Rock*,
And thine own light shall make a *Gemm*,
As bright of these, as *Queens* of them.
From this thy *Sphear* thou shalt behold
Thy snowy *Ewes* troop o're the mold,
Who yearly pay my *Love* a-piece
A tender *Lamb*, and silver *Fleece*.
And when *Sols* *Rayes* shall all combine
Thine to out-burn, though not outshine,
Then, at the foot of some green *Hill*,
Where crystal *Dove* runs murm'ring still,
We'll angle for the bright-ey'd *Fish*,
To make my *Love* a dainty dish;
Or, in a *Cave*, by *Nature* made,
Fly to the covert of the shade,

Where

Where all the pleasures we will prove,
Taught by the little God of love.

And when bright *Phæbus* scorching beams,
Shall cease to guild the Silver streams,
Then in the cold arms of the *Flood*
We'll bathing cool the factious Blood,
Thy beautilous Limbs the *Brook* shall grace,
Like the reflex of *Cynthia's* Face,
Whilst all the wond'ring *Fry* do greet
The welcome Light, adore thy Feet,
Supposing *Venus* to be come
To send a kiss to *Thetis* home.
And following Night shall trifled be
Sweet ; as thou know'st I promis'd thee,
Thus shall the Summers *Days*, and *Nights*,
Be dedicate to thy delights.
Then live with me, and be my love,
And all these pleasures shalt thou prove.

But when the sapless *Season* brings
Cold *Winter*, on her shivering Wings,
Freezing the *Rivers* liquid face,
Into a crystal Looking-glass,

And that the *Trees* their naked bones,
Together knock, like *Skeletons*,
Then, with the softest, whitest Locks,
Spun from the tribute of thy *Flocks*,
We will o're cast thy whiter Skin,
Winter without, a *Spring* within.
At the first peep of *Day* I'll rise,
To make the sullen *Hare* thy prize,
And *Thou* with open Arms shalt come,
To bid thy *Hunter* welcome home.
The *Partridge*, *Plover*, and the *Poot*,
I'll with the subtle *Mallard* shoot;
The *Fell-fare*, and the greedy *Thrush*
Shall drop from ev'ry *Haw-thorn* Bush,
And the slow *Heron* down shall fall,
To feed my *Fairest Fair* withall,
The feather'd *People* of the *Air*,
Shall fall to be my *Phillis* fare,
No *Storm* shall touch thee, *Tempest* move;
Then live with me, and be my love.

But from her *Cloister* when I bring,
My *Phillis* to restore the *Spring*,

The ruffling *Boreas* shall withdraw,
The *Snow* shall melt, the *Ice* shall thaw ;
The *Aguish Plants* fresh Leaves shall shew,
The earth put on her verdant hue,
And thou (*Fair Phillis*) shalt be seen
Mine, and the Summers beautiful *Queen*.
These ; and more pleasures shalt thou prove ;
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Entertainment to Phillis.

NOW *Phæbus* is gone down to sleep
In cold embraces of the deep,
And Nights Pavillion in the Sky,
(Crown'd with a Starry *Canopy*)
Erected stands, whence the pale *Moon*
Steals out to her *Endimion* ;
Over the *Meads*, and o're the *Floods*,
Thorough the ridings of the *Woods*,
Th' enamour'd *Huntress* scours her ways,
And through *Night's* vail her horns displays,

I have a *Bower* for my Love,
Hid in the Center of a Grove
Of aged *Oaks*, close from the sight
Of all the prying Eyes of *Night*.

The polish'd Walls of *Marble* be
Pillaster'd round with porphyry,
Casements of *Chrystal* to transmit,
Night's sweets to thee, and thine to it,
Fine silver Locks to *Ebon* Doors,
Rich gilded Roofs, and *Cedar* Floors,
With all the Objects may express
A pleasing Solitariness.

Within my Love shall find each room,
New furnish'd from the Silk-worms Loom,
Vessels of the true antick mold,
Cups cut in *Amber*, *Myrrh*, and *Gold*;
Quilts blown with *Roses*, Beds with Down,
More white than *Atlas* aged Crown,
Carpets where Flowers woven grow,
Only thy sweeter steps to strew,
Such as may emulation bring,
To the wrought mantle of the Spring.

There

There silver Lamps shall silent shine,
Supply'd by Oyls of *Jessamine*,
And mists of Odours shall arise
To air thy little *Paradise*.

I have such Fruits too, for thy taste,
As teeming *Autumn* never grac't,
Apples, as round, as thine own Eyes;
Or, as thy Sister Beauties prize,
Smooth, as thy snowy Skin, and sleek
And ruddy as the *Morning's* cheek,
Grapes, that the *Tyrian* purple wear,
The spritely *Matrons* of the Year,
Such, as *Lyæus* never bare,
About his drowsy Brows, so fair,
So plump, so large, so ripe, so good,
So full of flavour, and of blood.

There's Water in a Grot hard by,
To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,
Sweet, as the *Milk* of Sand-red *Cow*,
Brighter than *Cynthia's* silver Bow,
Cold, as the *Goddeſs* self e're was,
And clearer than thy Looking-glass.

But oh ! the summ of all delight
For which the *Day* submits to *Night*,
Is that my *Phillis* thou wilt find,
When we are in embraces twin'd.
Pleasures that so have tempted *Jove*,
To all his *Masquerades* of Love ;
For them the *Prince* his purple waves,
And strips him naked as his Slaves.
'Tis they that teach humanity
The thing we love, the reason why :
Before we live ; but ne'er 'till then,
Are females Women ; or males Men :
This is the way, and this the trade,
That does perfect what nature made,
Then go ; but first thy beauties skreen,
Lest they that revell on the Lawns
The *Nymphs*, the *Satyrs*, and the *Fawns*,
Adore thee for *Nights* horned *Queen*.

To Cælia.

O D E.

I.

WHen *Cælia* must my old *Days* set,
And my young morning rise,
In beams of Joy, so bright, as yet
Ne're blest a Lover's eyes.

My state is more advanc'd than when
I first attempted thee;
I stud to be a Servant then,
But now to be made free.

II.

I've serv'd my time faithfull, and true
Expecting to be plac'd,
In happy freedom, as my due
To all the joys thou hast:
III husbandry in love is such
A scandal to Loves pow'r,

H h 4

We

We ought not to mispend so much,
As one poor, short-liv'd hour.

III.

Yet think not (sweet) I'm weary grown,
That I pretend such haste,
Since none to surfeit ere was known,
Before he had a taste ;
My infant love could humbly wait,
When young it scarce knew how
To plead ; but grown to *Man's* estate
He is impatient now.

To Cupid.

O D E.

I.

Fond *Love*, deliver up thy Bow,
I am become more Love than thou,
I am as wanton grown, and wild,
Much less a Man, and more a Child,

From

From *Venus* born, of chaster kind,
A better Archer, though as blind.

I I.

Surrender without more ado,
I am both *King* and *Subject* too,
I will command, but must obey,
I am the Hunter, and the Prey,
I vanquish, yet am overcome,
And, sentencing, receive my doom.

I I I.

No springing *Beauty* escapes my Dart,
And ev'ry ripe one wounds my Heart ;
Thus whilst I wound, I wounded am,
And firing others turn to flame,
To shew how far love can combine
The Mortal part with the Divine.

I V.

Faith ! quit thine *Empire*, and come down
That thou, and I may share the *Crown*,

I've try'd the worst thy arms can do,
Come then, and taste my power too,
Which (howsoe're it may fall short)
Will doubtless prove the better sport.

V.

Yet do not ; for in Field, and Town,
The Females are so loving grown,
So kind ; or else so lustful, we
Can neither err, though neither see :
Keep then thine own *Dominions, Lad,*
Two Loves would make all Women mad.

The Tempest.

I.

STanding upon the Margent of the main,
Whilst the high boiling tyde came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain,
As great an *Ocean*, and as rude within,

As

As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,
As that, which daily laves her chalky bounds.

I I.

Soon could my sad imagination find,
A parallel to this half world of Flood,
An *Ocean* by my walls of *Earth* confin'd,
And *Rivers* in the chanells of my blood,
Discov'ring Man, unhappy Man, to be
Of this great Frame, *Heavens Epitome*.

I I I.

There pregnant *Argosies* with full Sails ride
To shoot the *Gulphs* of sorrow and despair,
Of which the Love no *Pilot* has to Guide,
But to her *Sea-born Mother* steers by pray'r,
When oh! the *Hope* her anchor lost, undone
Rowls, at the mercy of the *Regent Moon*.

I V.

'Tis my adord *Diana*, then must be
The Guidress to this beaten Bark of mine,

'Tis

'Tis she must calm, and smoothe this troubled Sea
And waft my hope over the vaulting *Brine*,
Call home thy venture *Dian*, then at last,
And be as merciful, as thou art chaste.

The Litany.

I.

From a Ruler that's a curse,
And a Government that's worse;
From a Prince that rules by awe,
Whose Tyranick Will's his Law;
From an armed Council board,
And a Scepter that's a Sword,

Libera nos, &c.

II.

From a Kingdom, that from health
Sickens to a Common-wealth;

From

From such Peers as stain their blood,
And are neither wise ; nor good ;
From a Gentry steeped in Pots,
From unkennellers of Plots,

Libera nos, &c.

III.

From a Church without Divines,
And a Presbyter that whines ;
From *John Calvin*, and his Pupils,
From a Sentence without Scruples,
From a Clergy without Letters,
And a Free-State bound in Fetters,

Libera nos, &c.

IV.

From the bustle of the Town,
And the Knavish Tribe o'th' Gown,
From long Bills where we are Debtors,
From Bum-Bailiffs, and their Setters,

From

From the tedious City Lectures,
And Thanksgivings for Protectors,

Libera nos, &c.

V.

From ill Victuals when we dine,
And a Tavern with ill Wine;
From vile Smoke in a short Pipe,
And a Landlord that will gripe,
From long Reck'nings, and a Wench
That Claps in English; or in French,

Libera nos, &c.

V I.

From Demeans whose barren soil
Ne're produc'd the Barley Oyl;
From a Friend for nothing fit,
That nor Courage has; nor Wit:
From all Lyars, and from those
Who write nonsense Verse; or Prose,

Libera nos, &c.

VII. From

VII.

From a Virgin that's no Maid,
From a kicking, stumbling Jade,
From false Servants, and a Scold,
From all Women that are old,
From loud Tongues that never lye,
And from a domestick Spy,

Libera nos, &c.

VIII.

From a domineering Spouse,
From a smoky, durty House,
From foul Linnen, and the noise
Of young Children, Girls or Boys,
From ill Beds, and full of Fleas,
From a Wife with Essences,

Libera nos, &c.

IX.

From Trapans of wicked Men,
From the Interest of Ten,

From

From Rebellion, and the sense
 Of a wounded Conscience;
 Lastly, from the Poets Evil,
 From * his Highness, and the Devil, * *O. Cromwell.*
Libera nos, &c.

To some Great Ones.

E P I G R A M.

P Oets are great Mens Trumpets, Poets feign,
 Create them Vertues, but dare hint no stain:
 This makes the Fiction constant, and does shew
 You make the Poets, not the Poets you.

To

To the Memory of my worthy Friend
Colonel Richard Lovelace.

TO pay my Love to thee, and pay it so,
As honest Men should what they justly owe;
Were to write better of thy Life than can
Th'assured'st Pen of the most worthy Man:
Such was thy Composition, such thy Mind
Improv'd to *Vertue*, and from *Vice* refin'd.
Thy Youth, an abstract of the *World's* best parts,
Enur'd to Arms, and exercis'd in Arts;
Which with the vigour of a Man became
Thine, and thy *Countries Pyramids* of Flame;
Two glorious Lights to guide our hopefull Youth
Into the paths of *Honor*, and of *Truth*.

These parts (so rarely met) made up in thee,
What *Man* should in his full perfection be;
So sweet a temper into every sence,
And each affection breath'd an influence,
As smooth'd them to a *Calm*, which still withstood
The ruffling Passions of untamed Blood,

Without a wrinkle in thy Face, to show
Thy stable Breast could a disturbance know.
In *Fortune* humble, constant in *Mischance*,
Expert of both, and both serv'd to advance
Thy Name, by various tryals of thy Spirit,
And give the testimony of thy Merit;
Valiant to envy of the bravest Men,
And Learned to an undisputed *Pen*,
Good as the best in both, and great; but yet
No dangerous *Courage*; nor offensive *Wit*:
These ever serv'd, the one for to defend,
The other nobly to advance thy Friend:
Under which title I have found my Name
Fixt in the living *Chronicle* of *Fame*,
To times succeeding; yet I hence must go
Displeas'd I cannot celebrate thee so.
But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,
What these together, when improv'd, improve;
Call it by any Name (so it express
Ought like a Tribute to thy worthiness,
And may my bounden Gratitude become,)
Lovelace I offer at thy honour'd Tomb.

And

And though thy *Vertues* many Friends have bred
To love thee Living, and lament thee Dead,
In *Characters* far better coucht than these,
Mine will not blot thy *Fame* ; nor theirs increase ;
'Twas by thine own great Merits rais'd so high,
That, maugre *Time*, and *Fate*, it shall not die.

To Poet E. W.

Occasion'd for his Writing a Panegyrick
on Oliver Cromwell.

FROM whence, vile *Poet*, did'st thou glean the Wit,
And Words for such a vitious *Poem* fit ?
Where could'st thou Paper find was not too white ;
Or Ink, that could be black enough to write ?
What servile *Devil* tempted thee to be
A flatterer of thine own *Slavery* ?
To kiss thy *Bondage*, and extol the deed,
At once that made thy *Prince*, and *Country* bleed ?
I wonder much thy false Heart did not dread,
And shame to write, what all Men blush to read ;

Thus with a base ingratitude to rear
Trophies unto thy *Master's* Murtherer?

Who call'd thee Coward (—) much mistook
The characters of thy pedantick Look;
Thou hast at once abus'd thy self, and us;
He's stout that dares flatter a *Tyranne* thus.

Put up thy Pen, and Ink, muzzle thy *Muse*
Adulterate *Hag* fit for a common Stews,
No good Man's Library; writ thou hast
Treason in Rhime has all thy Works defac't:
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A punishment of the severest kind,
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater; than, once to commit the same.

Where was thy reason then, when thou began
To write against the sense of *God*, and *Man*?
Within thy guilty breast Despair took place,
Thou would'st despairing Die in spite of Grace.
At once th' art *Judge*, and *Malefactor* shown,
Each Sentence in thy *Poem* is thine own.

Then, what thou hast pronounc'd go execute,
Hang up thy self, and say, I bid thee do't;

Fear

Fear not thy memory, that cannot dye,
This *Panegyrick* is thy *Elegy*,
Which shall be when; or whereſcever read,
A living *Poem* to upbraid thee dead.

D I A L O G U E.

Geron and Amarillis.

Gr. Stay, ſtay, fair *Nymph*! oh! whither Flies
The love, and wonder of all Eyes?

Stay, and to ſee be now beſought
The Miracle thy Charms have wrought;
Age turn'd to youth at Love's command,
And thine which nothing can withſtand.

Am. Be gon, old Fool, why doſt thou ſlay
My better thoughts, and croſs my way?
Fly, fly, and quit my ſhady walk,
Nature will bluſh to ſee us talk,

Who all conjunction must disclaim
Betwixt her glory, and her shame.
Prefer thy suit to some one fit,
If not to grant, to pardon it.
Thou wrong'st my youth, by thy pretence,
And ev'ry Pray'r is violence.

Love has on thee no wonder wrought,
Thou only art transform'd in thought,
Nor art thou quick'ned by my Eyes,
But dream'st of Metamorphosies.

Thou art the same old thing thou wast,
Without, or sight, or touch, or taste,
Hearing, or smell, or any sense,
That beauties grace should recompense.
And only hast a tongue to move
Contempt, and laughter, but no Love.

Ge. Sweet, do not scorn me, though I seem
Old, and unfit for thy esteem ;
Though hoary grown, and shrunk I am,
I feed within, perhaps, a flame ;

As hot as can the youngest he,
That hourly Sighs, and sues to thee.
As I am old, I should be wife,
And better know the thing I prize,
Than twenty Younglings that do light
Their Torches only at the sight.

Am. I shun thee not for any part
Of what thou seem'st, but what thou art.
And that, thou dost a flame believe,
Is but enough to make thee live:
For if thy Heart a flame should turn,
The bulk's so dry thy frame would burn.
I know thee old, and with thee wife,
A younger Man, and younger Eyes;
On publick Faith thou court'st me,
For troth, I think thou canst not see.

Ge. Would I were deaf! I might not hear
This confirmation of my fear.
I doubted thou would'st scornful prove,
But look'd for no reproach for love.

I come perhaps with full delight
T'outbid thy wary appetite ;
I can distinguish Beauty too,
And taste the Fruit for which I sue.
Know all Love's ends, and all his ways,
Womens reproaches, and delays,
And furnish'd 'em with able Arms
To force the Fortrefs of thy charms.
Scorn then, ingrate, my love, and me ;
Thy Spring will one day Winter be.
When ev'ry youthfull Shepherd Swain,
As thou dost me, will thee disdain.

Am. Old Man, why should'st thou think me nice?
Because I cannot hug thy Ice ?
Or tell me I shall Winter grow,
Because thy self art turn'd to Snow?
No heats so wild in my Blood play,
As need th' excess of thy allay :
Nor can the judgment of thy dim,
Erroneous sight, raise my esteem ;

And

And that stiff blade of thine may in,
Attempts, but no performance, sin.
Go Dotard, and impartial look
Thy Shadow in the frozen Brook,
In that congeal'd mirror behold,
How shrunk thou art, wither'd, and old,
Thy Leaf dropt off from thy bald Crown,
And all an antick Statue grown ;
Then say if ought thou there canst see
Fit to present my youth, and me.

Ge. I have (*fair Nymph!*) consider'd all,
Thy Youth may tax my Age withall,
And on my self some Lectures read :
But cannot find that I am dead :
For furrow'd though my Skin appears,
Because old Time these threescore Years,
Has plow'd it up, I'me fruitfull still,
And want no power to my will.
And though my Leaf be fall'n, each Vein
Does a proportion'd heat retain.

One yielding Glance from thy fair Eyes
Would make my lusty Sap to rise ;
My wanton Pulses strongly beat,
And glow with germinating heat.
Create me then, and call me thine,
We then will in Embraces twine,
As sweet, and fruitfull, as the Pair
That in their *April* coupled were.

Am. Stay Shepherd, stay, you run too fast,
This fury is too hot to last ;
And by the crackling Flame, I doubt,
The Fire will be soon burnt out.
Leave me, and stumble to thy Bed,
Where dream thou hast me ; and thou'rt sped.

Ge. Fair, and inflexible, will Love,
Pray'rs, Tears, and Suff'rings nothing move ?
Thus then I leave thee, and am gone,
To die for an ungratefull one.
When I am dead if thou repent,
And sigh over my Monument,

By

By that sweet Breath, I shall respire,
And Dead enjoy my Life's desire.;

Am. Stay, stay, for now I better see
Th'unblemish'd truth that shines in thee.
Thou conquer'd hast, I am o'come,
Then lead me, Shepherd, Captive home.

C H O R U S.

*J*olly Shepherds, quit your Flocks
To the greedy Wolf, or Fox;
Though no Shepherd them attend,
Hecate will all defend.
For another Cynthia's led
To a lusty old Man's Bed.
Tune your Oaten Pipes and Play;
This is Hymen's Holy-day.
To one Night a Tears mirth bring,
Winter's marry'd to the Spring.
Therefore it becomes each one
To Crown the revolution.

An

*An Epitaph on Robert Port, Esq.
design'd for a Monument :*

*And now set up in Elum Church, in
the County of Stafford.*

Vertue in those good times that bred good Men
No testimony crav'd of Tongue ; or Pen :
No marble *Columns* ; nor engraven Brass,
To tell the World that such a *Person* was :
For then each *Pious Act*, to fair descent,
Stood for the worthy Owner's *Monument* :
But in this change of Manners, and of States,
Good Names, though writ in Marble, have their fates.
Such is the barbrous, and irrev'rent rage
That arms the Rabble of this impious *Age*.

Yet may this happy Stone that bares a *Name*,
(Such as no bold Survivor dares to claim)
To *Ages* yet unborn unblemish'd stand,
Safe from the stroke of an inhumane Hand.

Here

Here, Reader, here a *Port's* sad Reliques lye
To teach the careless World Mortality;
Who while he Mortal was unrivall'd flood
The *Crown*, and *Glory* of his Antient blood:
Fit for his *Princes*, and his *Countries* trust,
Pious to God, and to his *Neighbour* just.
A loyal Husband to his latest end,
A gracious Father, and a faithfull Friend.
Belov'd he liv'd, and dy'd o'recharg'd with Years,
Fuller of Honour than of Silver Hairs.
And, to sum up his *Vertues*, this was he
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

To *Cupid*, a foolish Poet, occasion'd
by as foolish a Poem of his to a bona
Roba.

I.

Good *Cupid*, I must tell you truly,
Had it not been for *Abram Cowley*,
You, and your *Ode*, had come off blewly.

II. With

II.

With other Thefts, that shall be nameless,
Because their *Authors* should be blameless;
Although your Worship's somewhat shameless.

III.

Could such a spacious Beauty want
Matter her native worth to paint,
That thy Dull *Muse* was grown so scant?

IV.

As thus to steal from other *Muses*,
When thine own Wit, at need, refuses,
Elogies for such pious Uses?

V.

Out of her Shoulders, or her Haunches,
Thou surely might'st have *Collopt Fancies*,
Enough for Millions of *Romances*.

VI.

From any part thou might'st find matter,
Enough the brightest she to flatter ;
But that she cannot hold her Water,

VII.

Was such a Saying of a *Bard*,
As (doubtless) yet was never heard,
By Man that Verses made ; or mar'd.

VIII.

Thou should'st have told her she was tight,
Strong built, well tackled, new and light ;
Fitted for *Stoage*, and for Fight.

IX.

But on what *Mount* was thy *Muse* Nurst ?
Of Block-heads thou art sure the worst,
To say she sprang a Leak at first !

X. *Cupid*,

X.

Cupid, I doubt me (not to flatter)
By your ill handling of the Matter,
You're but a simple *Navigator*.

X I.

She's such a *Vessel* that who'll swim her,
Steer, and Man out, *Carine*, and trim her,
Must be no Youth of your small Timber.

X II.

Then leave thy Rhiming, and be Quiet,
I tell the She's not for thy Diet,
Thou hast another *Hulk* to ply out:

X III.

And hope (thou Dunce) for no rewarding,
She's not so lean to need thy larding,
And thou a *Poet* worth a Farthing.

Philoxipes

Philoxipes and Policrite.

An Essay to an Heroick Poem.

C A N T O I.

The ARGUMENT.

T*His Canto serves first to relate,
Philoxipes his Birth, and parts,
His Princes Friendship Wealth ; and State,
His Youth, his Manners, Arms, and Arts ;
His strange contempt of Love's dread Dart :
Till a meer Shadow takes his Heart.*

I.

In *Thetis* lap, and by her Arms embract,
Betwixt the *Syrian*, and *Cilician* Coasts;
The *Poets Cyprus* fortunately plac't,
Like *Nature's* Casket, all her Treasure boasts:

An *Isle*, that once for her renowned Loves;
Stood consecrate to *Venus*, and her *Doves*.

II.

From whose fair Womb, once sprung as fair a Seed
To shame the brood of the corrupted World,
The graceful Sexes of her happy Breed,
In one another chaste Embraces curl'd:

Nor other difference knew, than did arise
From em'lous Vertue, for the Vertues prize.

III.

And these were Strifes, where *Envy* had no place;
She was not known in such a vertuous War;
Nor had *Ambition*, with her *Gyant Race*,
In such Contentions a malignant share:

Love

Love was the cause, and *Vertue* was the claim,
That could their honest, gentle Hearts enflame.

IV.

But none, amongst that never failing *Race*,
Could match *Philoxipes*, that noble *Touth*,
In Strength, and *Beauty*, *Fortitude*, and *Grace*
In gentle *Manners*, and unblemisht *Truth*
In all the *Vertues*, and the *Arts* that shoud
Embellish *Manhood*; or ennoble *Blood*.

V.

A *Prince* descended from the *Royal Lines*
Of *Greece*, and *Troy* united in one *Bed*,
Where merit, and reward did once combine
The *Seeds* of *Æacus*, and *Leomed*,
And in a brave *Succession* did agree
Bold *Felamon*, and fair *Hestone*.

VI.

From this illustrious Pair fam'd *Teucer* sprung,
Who, when return'd from *Ilium's* fun'ral Fire,
Without due Vengeance for his Brother's Wrong;
Was banisht home by his griev'd *Father's Ire*:
And into *Cyprus* fortunately came
To build a *City* to his Country's Name.

VII.

Great *Salamis*, whose polish'd Turrets stood
For many *Ages* in the course of *Time*,
Torelook the surface of the swelling Flood,
The strength and glory of that fruitful Clime,
Was His great Work, from whose brave Issue,
since,
The World receiv'd this worthy, matchless
Prince.

VIII. Worthy

VIII.

Worthy his *Ancestors*, and that great Name,
His own true Merits, with the publick Voice,
Had won throughout the *Isle*, as his just claim,
Above whatever past a gen'ral Choice :

A Man so perfect, none could disapprove,
Save that he could not ; or he did not love.

IX.

Books were his Business, his *Diversion Arms*,
His *Practice*, *Honor*, his Atchievements *Fame*,
He had no time to love ; nor could the Charms,
If any *Cyprian Nymph* his Blood enflame :

He thought the fairest print of Womankind
Too small a Volume to enrich his Mind.

X.

He lov'd the tawny *Lyon's* dang'rous Chace,
The spotted *Leopard* ; or the tusked Boar ;
Their bloody Steps would the young Hunter trace,
And having lodg'd them, their tough Entrails gore :

Love was too soft to feed his gen'rous Fire,
And *Maids* too weak to conquer his Desire.

X I.

In all his intervals of happy Truce,
Knowledge, and *Arts* which his high Mind endow'd,
Where still his Objects, and what they produce
Was the brave *Issue* of his solitude :

He shun'd dissembling *Courts*, and thought less
Praise,

Adhear'd to *Diadems*, than Wreaths of *Baies*.

X I I.

Although betwixt him, and the youthful *King*,
Who, at this time, the *Paphian Scepter* sway'd ;
A likeness in their Manners, and their Spring
Had such a true, and lasting Friendship made,
That, without him, the *King* did still esteem
His Court a Cottage, and her Glories dim.

XIII.

One was their *Country*, one the happy *Earth*,
That (to its *Glory*) these young *Heroes* bred;
One year product either's auspicious Birth,
One space matur'd them, and one counsel led:
All things in fine, wherein their Vertues shone,
Youth, Beauty, Strength, Studies, and Arms
were one.

XIV.

This, so establish'd Friendship, was the cause,
That when this modest *Prince* would fain retire,
From the fond *World's* importunate applause
Oft crost the Workings of his own Desire;
And made him, with a Fav'rites love, and skill,
Devote his Pleasures to his *Master's* Will.

X V.

But once his Presence, and Assistance stood
In ballance with this hopeful *Monarch's* Bliss,
Love's golden Shaft had fir'd his youthful Blood;
Nor any Ear must hear his Sighs but his;
 Artiphala his Heart had overthrown,
Maugre his *Sword*, his *Sceptre*, and his Crown

X V I.

From her bright Eyes the wounding Light'ning flew
Through the resistance of his Manly Breast,
By none, but his *Philoxipes* that knew
Each motion of his Soul to be exprest:
 He must his Secrets keep, and Courtships bear,
Conceal them from the World, but tell them here

X V I I.

This held him most to shine in the *Court's* Sphere,
And practise Passion in another's Name,
To dally with those *Arms* that levell'd were
His high, and yet victorious Heart t'enflame:

He fight, and wept, expressing all the Woe
Despairing Lovers in their Frenzy shew.

XVIII.

And, with so good Success, that in some space
The magick of his *Eloquence*, and *Art*,
Had wrought the *King* into this *Princess* Grace,
And laid the passage open to her Heart :
Such Royal Suiters could not be deny'd,
The whole World's Wonder, and one *Asia*'s pride

XIX.

The *King* thus fixt a *Monarch* in his Love,
And in his Mistress's fair surrender crown'd,
Could sometimes now permit his Friends remove,
As having other Conversation found.

And now resign him to the Peace he sought
To practise what the wise *Athenian* taught.

XX. *Solon*

X X.

Solon, that *Oracle* of famous *Greece*,
Could in the course of his experience find,
None to bequeath his knowledge to but this,
This glorious *Youth* blest with so rich a Mind,
So brave a Soul, and such a shining Spirit;
As *Vertue* might, by lawful claim, inherit.

X X I.

It was his *Precept*, that did first distil
Vertue into this hopeful young Man's Breast;
That gave him *Reason* to conduct his *Will*,
That first his Soul in sacred *Knowledg'd* drest;
And taught him, that a wise Man, when alone,
Is to himself the best Companion.

X X I I.

He taught him first into himself retire,
Shunning the greatness, and those gaudy Beams,
That often scorch their Plumes who high aspire,
And wear the splendor of the *World's* extreams,

To

To drink that *Nectar*, and to tast that Food,
That to their *Greatness*, make Men truly Good.

XXIII.

And his unerring Eye had aptly chose
A place so suited to his Mind, and Birth,
For the sweet Scene of his belov'd Repose:
As all the various Beauties of the *Earth*,
Contracted in one plot, could nere outvie
To nourish *Fancy*; or delight the *Eye*.

XXIV.

From the far fam'd *Olympus* haughty Crown,
Which, with curl'd *Cypress*, Periwigs his Brow
The chrystal *Lycus* tumbles headlong down,
And thence unto a fruitful Valley flows;
Twining with am'rous Crooks her verdant
Was't that smiles to see her Borders so embrac't.

XXV. Upon

XXV.

Upon whose flowry Banks a stately *Pile*,
Built from the marble Quarry shining flood :
Like the proud Queen of that *Elizean Isle*,
Viewing her front in the transparent Flood :
Which, with a murmur'ing Sorrow, kis'd her base,
As loth to leave so beautiful a place.

XXVI.

Lovely indeed ; if tall, and shady Groves,
Enamel'd *Meads*, and little purling *Springs*,
Which from the *Grots*, the *Temples* of true Loves,
Creep out to trick the *Earth* in wanton rings :
Can give the name of Lovely to that place,
Where Nature stands clad in her chieftest Grace.

XXVII.

This noble Structure, in her Sight thus blest,
Was round adorn'd with many a curious piece ;
By ev'ry cunning *Master's* hand exprest,
Of famous *Italy* ; or *Antick Greece* :

As *Art*, and *Nature* both together strove,
Which should attract, and which should fix his
love.

XXVIII.

There whilst the Statue, and the Picture vie
Their shape, and colour, their design, and life;
They Value took from his judicious Eye,
That could determin best the curious strife :
For naught, that should a Prince's Vertues fill,
Escap't his knowledge, or amus'd his skill.

XXIX.

But in that brave Collection there was one,
That seem'd to lend her light unto the rest ;
Wherein the mastery of the Pencil shone
Above, whatever *Painter's Art* exprest ;
A *Woman* of so exquisite a Frame ;
As made all Life deform'd, and *Nature* lame.

XXX. A piece

XXX.

A Piece so wrought, as might to *Ages* stand
The work and likeness of some *Deity*;
To mock the labours of a humane hand :
So round, so soft, so airy, and so free,
That it had been no less, than to prophane,
To dedicate that Face t'a mortal Name.

XXXI.

For *Venus* therefore *Goddeſs* of that *Iſle*,
The cunning *Artiſt* nam'd this brave Design,
The critick Eyes of Wond'rers to beguile ;
As if, inspired, had drawn a Shape divine :
Venus Vrania, Parent of their blifs,
Could be expreſt in nothing more than this.

XXXII.

And ſuch a power had the lovely Shade,
Over this *Prince's* yet unconquer'd Mind ;
That his indiff'rent Eye full oft it ſtay'd,
And by degrees his noble Heart enclin'd

To say, that could this Frame a *Woman* be ;
She were his *Mistress*, and no Fair but she.

Cætera desunt.

To Mr. Alexander Brome.

E P O D E.

NOW let us drink, and with our nimble Feet,
The Floor in graceful measures beat ;
Never so fit a time for harmless Mirth
Upon the Sea-guirt *spot* of Earth.
The *King's* return'd ! Fill *Nectar* to the brim,
And let *Lyæus* proudly swim :
Our Joys are full, and uncontrouled flow,
Then let our Cups (my Hearts) be so :
Begin the Frolick, send the Liquor round,
And as our *King*, our Cups be crown'd.
Go Boy, and peirce the old *Faternian* Wine,
And make us Chaplets from the Vine.

Range

Range through the drowsy Vessels of the Cave,
Till we an Inundation have,
Spare none of all the Store, but ply thy Task,
Till *Bachus Throne* be empty Cask;
But let the *Must* alone, for that we find
Will leave a *Crapula* behind.
Our Griefs once made us thirsty, and our Joy,
If not allay'd, may now destroy.
Light up the silent Tapers, let them shine,
To give Complexion to our Wine;
Fill each a Pipe of the rich *Indian Fume*,
To vapour Incense in the Room,
That we may in that artificial Shade
Drink all a *Night* our selves have made.
No Cup shall be discharg'd, whilst round we sit,
Without a smart report of Wit,
Whilst our Inventions quickned thus, and warm,
Hit all they fly at, but not harm;
For it Wit's mastery is, and chiefest *Art*
To tickle all; but make none smart.
Thus shall our Draughts, and Conversation be,
Equally innocent, and free,

Our

Our *Loyalty* the Center, we the *Ring*,
 Drink round, and Changes to the *King*;
Let none avoid, dispute, or dread his Cups,
 The strength, or quantity he sups:
Our Brains of Raptures full, and so divine;
 Have left no room for fumes of Wine;
And though we drink like Free-men of the *Deep*,
 We'll scorn the frail support of Sleep;
For whilst with *Charles* his presence we are blest,
 Security shall be our rest.

Anacreon come, and touch thy jolly Lyre,
 And bring in *Horace* to the *Quire*:
Mould all our Healths in your immortal *Rythme*,
 Who cannot sing, shall drink in time.
We'll be one Harmony, one Mirth, one Voice,
 One Love, one Loyalty, one Noise,
Of Wit, and Joy, one Mind, and that as free
 As if we all one Man could be.
Drown'd be past Sorrows, with our future Care,
 For (if we know how blest we are)
A knowing *Prince* at last is wasted home,
 That can prevent, as overcome.

Make then our Injuries, and Harms to be
The *Chorus* to our Jollity,
And from those Iron times, past Woes recall,
Extract one *Mirth* to ballance all.

On Tobacco.

What horrid sin condemn'd the teeming Earth,
And curst her womb with such a monstrous
Birth ?

What Crime *América*, that *Heav'n* would please
To make thee Mother of the *World's* disease ?
In thy fair Womb what accidents could breed,
What *Plague* give root to this pernicious Weed ?
Tobacco ! Oh, the very name doth kill,
And has already fox't my reeling Quill :
I now could write Libels against the *King*,
Treason ; or Blasphemy ; or any thing
'Gainst *Piety*, and *Reason* ; I could frame
A *Panegyre* to the *Protector's* Name :

Such

Such sly infiction does the World infuse
Into the Soul of ev'ry modest *Muse*,

What politick *Peregrine* was't first could boast,
He bought a *Pest* into his native Coast?
Th' abstract of Poyson in a stinking Weed,
The spurious Issue of corrupted Seed;
Seed belch't in Earthquakes from the dark Abyss,
Whose Name a blot in *Nature's Herbal* is.

What drunken *Fiend* taught English-men the Crime,
Thus to puff out, and spawl away their time?

Fernicious *Weed* (should not my *Muse* offend;
To say *Heav'n* made ought for a cruel end)
I should proclaim that thou created wer't,
To ruin Man's high, and immortal part.
Thy *Stygyan* damp obscures our Reason's Eye,
Debauches Wit, and makes *Invention* dry;
Destroys the *Memory*, confounds our Care;
We know not what we do, or what we are:
Renders our Faculties, and Members lame
To ev'ry office of our *Country's* claim.
Our Life's a drunken Dream devoy'd of Sense,
And the best Actions of our time offence.

Our Health, Diseases, *Letbargies*, and *Rhume*,
Our Friendship's Fire, and all our Vows are Fume.
Of late there's no such things as Wit, or Sense,
Councel, Instruction, or Intelligence:
Discourse that should distinguish Man from Beast,
Is by the vapour of this VVeed suppress'd;
For what we talk is interrupted stuff,
The one half *English*, and the other *Puff*:
Freedom, and Truth are things we do not know,
VVe know not what we say, nor what we do:
VVe want in all, the Understanding's light,
We talk in Clouds, and walk in endless Night.

VVe smoke, as if we meant conceal'd by spell,
To spy abroad, yet be invisible:
But no discovery shall the Statesman boast,
VVe raise a mist wherein our selves are lost,
A stinking shade, and whilst we pipe it thus,
Each one appears an *Ignis fatuus*.
Courtier, and *Pesant*, nay the *Madam Nicc*
Is likewise fall'n into the common Vice,
VVe all in dusky Error groping lye,
Rob'd of our *Reasons*, and the days bright Eye.

VVhilst

VVhilst *Sailers* from the *Main-top* see our *Isle*

VVrapt up in *Smoak*, like the *Ætnean Pile*.

VVhat nameless *Ill* does its *Contagion* shrow'd
In the dark *Mantle* of this noisom *Cloud* ?

Sure 'tis the *Devil* : Oh, I know that's it,

Foh ! How the *Sulphur* makes me *Cough* and *Spit* ?

'Tis he ; or else some Fav'rit *Feind* at least,

In all the *Mischief* of his *Malice* drest ;

Each deadly *Sin* that lurks t'intrap the *Soul* ;

Does here conceal'd in curling *Vapours* rowl :

And for the *Body* such an unknown *ill*,

As makes *Physitians* reading, and their *skill* :

One undistinguisht *Pest* made up of all

That *Men* experienc'd do *Diseases* call.

Coughs, *Astma's*, *Apoplexies*, *Fevers*, *Rhume*,

All that kill dead ; or lingeringly consume ;

Folly, and *Madness*, nay the *Plague*, the *Pox*,

And ev'ry *Fool* wears a *Pandora's Box*.

From that rich *Mine*, the stupid *Sot* doth fill,

Smokes up his *Liver*, and his *Lungs*, until

His reeking *Nostrils* monstr'ously proclaim,

His *Brains*, and *Bowels* are consuming *Flame*.

What noble Soul would be content to dwell
In the dark Lanthorn of a smoky *Cell*?
To prostitute his Body, and his Mind,
To a Debauch of such a Stinking kind?
To sacrifice to *Molech*, and to fry,
In such a base, dirty *Idolatry*;
As if frail life, which of its self's too short,
Were to be whist away in drunken sport.
Thus, as if weary of our destin'd years,
We burn the Thread so to prevent the Shears.

What noble end, can simple Man propose
For a reward to his all-smoking Nose?
His purposes are leuell'd sure amiss,
Where neither Ornament, nor Pleasure is.
What can he then design his worthy hire?
Sure 'tis t'innure him for eternal fire:
And thus his aim must admirably thrive,
In hopes of Hell, he damns himself alive.

But my infected *Muse* begins to choke,
In the vile stink of the encreasing Smoke,
And can no more in equal numbers chime,
Unless to sneeze, and cough, and spit in *Rythme*.

Half stifled now in this new times Disease,
She must in *fumo* vanish, and de cease.
This is her faults excuse, and her pretence,
This *Satyr*, perhaps, else had lookt like Sense.

Laura Sleeping.

O D E.

I.

WInds whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings;
VVhilst she her drops of Beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivall'd Springs.

II.

Glide over Beauties Field her Face,
To kifs her Lip, and Cheek be bold,
But with a calm, and stealing pace ;
Neither too rude ; nor yet too cold.

L 1 4

III. Play

III.

Play in her beams, and crisp her Hair,
With such a gale, as wings soft *Love*
And with so sweet, so rich an Air,
As breaths from the *Arabian* Grove.

IV.

A Breath as hush't as Lovers sigh ;
Or that unfolds the Morning door :
Sweet, as the Winds, that gently fly,
To sweep the *Springs* enamell'd Floor.

V.

Murmur soft *Musick* to her Dreams,
That pure, and unpoluted run,
Like to the new-born Christal Streams,
Under the bright enamour'd Sun.

VI. But

VI.

But when she waking shall display
Her light retire within your bar,
Her Breath is life, her Eyes are day,
And all Mankind her Creatures are.

Laura Weeping.

O D E.

I.

CHaft, lovely *Laura*, 'gan disclose,
Drooping with sorrow from her Bed,
As with ungentle Show'rs the Rose,
O'recharg'd with wet, declines her head.

II. With

II.

With a dejected look, and pace,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear,
When meeting with her tell-tale Glass,
She saw the Face of sorrow there.

III.

Sweet sorrow drest in such a look,
As love would trick to catch desire;
A shaded Leaf in Beauties Book,
Charact'ed with clandestine Fire.

IV.

Down dropt a Tear, to deck her Cheeks
With orient Treasure of her own;
Such, as the diving *Negro* seeks
T'adorn the *Monarch's* mighty Crown.

V. Then

V.

Then a full shower of pearly Dew,
 Upon her snowy Breast 'gan fall:
As in due Homage to bestrew;
 Or mourn her *Beauties* Funeral.

VI.

So have I seen the springing Morn
 In dark and humid Vapours clad,
Not to eclipse but to adorn
 Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

VII.

Spare (*Laura*) spare those *Beauties* twins
 Do not our World of Beauty drown,
Thy Tears are Balm for other Sins,
 Thou know'st not any of thine own.

VIII. Then

VIII.

Then let them shine forth to declare
The sweet Serenity within,
May each day of thy Life be fair,
And to eclipse one hour be Sin.

S O N N E T.

*C*oloris, whil'st thou and I were free,
Wedded to nought but Liberty,
How sweetly happy did we live?
How free to promise, free to give?

Then *Monarch's* of our selves, we might
Love here, or there, to change delight,
And ty'd to none, with all dispence,
Paying each love its recompence.

But in that happy freedom we
Were so improvidently free,
To give away our Liberties;

And now in fruitless Sorrow pine,
At what we are, what might have been,
Had thou, or I, or both been wise.

S O N N E T.

WHy dost thou say thou lov'st me now,
And yet proclam'st it is too late,
When bound by folly, or by fate,
Thou canst no further grace allow?

Repeat no more that killing Voice,
Thou beautious *Vitrice* of my Heart ;
Or find a way to ease my smart,
Maugre thy now repented choice.

'Tis

'Tis not too late to love, and do
What love and nature prompt thee to,
 Whilst thus thou triumph'st in thy prime;

Thou may'st discreetly love, and use,
Those pleasures thou didst once refuse:
 But to profess it were a Crime.

S O N N E T.

WHy dost thou say thy Heart is gon;
And no more mine, no more thine own;
But past retrieve for ever wed,
By sacred Vow t'another's Bed?

Why dost thou tell me that I lye
Bound in the same perplexed tye;
And that our now divided Souls
Are cold, and distant, as the *Poles*?

Dost

Dost thou not know when first our Loves
Were plighted in the secret *Groves*,
Our hearts were chang'd with equal flame;

Say, *Chloris* then, how can it be?
Couldst thou give me; or I give thee?
No, no, our selves are still the same.

S O N N E T.

HOW should'st thou Love, and not offend!
Why, *Chloris*, I will tell thee how:
As thou did'st once, so Love me now,
And lye with me, and there's an end.

Thou only art enjoyn'd (my Sweet)
To keep thy Reputation high,
And that indeed, is secrecy,
Since all do err, thou all not see'st.

Then

Then fairest *Fearless* of all blame,
 That sacred Treasure of thy Name
 Into my faithful *Arms* commit.

Thou once did'st trust me, with thy fame,
 I then was just, and true to it;
 And, *Chloris*, I am still the same.

To Sir Aston Cockayne, on
 Captain Hanniball.

E P I G.

YOur Captain *Hanniball* does snort and puff,
 Arm'd in his Brazen-face, and Greazy Buff;
 'Mongst Puncks, and Panders, and can rant, and roar,
 With *Cacala* the Turd, and his poor Whore.
 But I would wish his Valour not mistake us,
 All Captains are not like his Brother *Dacus*;

Advise

Advise him then be quiet ; or I shall
Bring Captain *Hough*, to bait your *Hannibal*.

*In imitation of a Song in the
Play of Rollo.*

TAke, O take, my Fears away,
Which thy cold Disdains have bred ;
And grant me one auspicious Ray,
From thy Morn of Beauties shed.
But thy killing Beams restrain,
Lest I be by Beauty slain.

II.

Spread, O spread, those orient Twins
Which thy snowy Bosom grace,
Where Love in Milk, and Roses swims,
Blind with Lustre of thy Face.
But let Love thaw them first, lest I
Do on those frozen Mountains dye.

M m

To

To Sir Aston Cockayne, on his
Tragedy of Ovid.

L Ong live the *Poet*, and his lovely *Muse*,
The Stage with Wit, and Learning to infuse,
Embalm him in immortal *Elegy*,
My gentle *Naso*, for if he should dye,
Who makes thee live, thou'lt be again pursu'd,
And banisht *Heaven* for Ingratitude.

Transform again thy *Metamorphosis*
In one, and turn thy various shapes to his,
A Twin-born *Muse* in such Embraces curl'd,
As shall subject the Scriblers of the World,
And spite of time, and Envy, henceforth sit,
The ruling *Gemini* of Love and Wit.

So two pure Streams in one smooth Channel
glide

In even motion, without Ebb, or Tide:
As in your Pens *Tybur*, and *Anchor* meet,
And run *Meanders* with their silver Feet,

Both soft, both gentle, both transcending high,
Both skill'd alike in charming *Elegy*;
So equally admir'd the *Laurels* due,
Without distinction both to him and you:
Naso was *Rome's* fam'd *Ovid*, you alone
Must be the *Ovid* to our *Albion*;
In all things equal, saving in this case,
Our Modern *Ovid* has the better Grace.

Philodramatos.

De Die Martis, & Die Veneris.

E P I G.

S *Aturn* and *Sol*, and *Luna* chaff,
Twixt *Mars* and *Venus* still are plac'd,
Whilst *Mercury* and *Jove* divide,
The Lovers on the other side.

M m 2

What

What may the hidden Mystery
Of this unriddled Order be?
The Gods themselves do justly fear,
That should they trust these two too near;
Mars would be drown'd in *Venus*, and so they
Should lose a Planet, and the Week a Day.

A L I V D.

Should *Mars* and *Venus* have their Will,
Venus would keep her *Friday* ill.

O D E

To Love.

I.

Great Love I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my Sufferings past;
And wounded me with *Nature's* Pride,
For whom more Glory 'tis to dye,
Scorn'd, and neglected, than enjoy
All Beauty in the World beside.

II.

A Beauty above all pretence,
Whose very Scorns are recompence,
The Regent of my Heart is crown'd,
And now the Sorrows, and the Woe,
My Youth, or Folly, helpt me to,
Are buried in this Friendly Wound.

I I I.

Led by my Folly ; or my Fate,
I lov'd before I knew not what, .
And threw my Thoughts I knew not where ;
 With Judgment now I love, and sue,
 And never yet Perfection knew,
Until I cast mine Eyes on her.

I V.

My Soul that was so mean before,
Each little Beauty to adore ;
Now rais'd to Glory, does despise,
 Those poor and counterfeited Rays,
 That caught me in my childish Days,
And knows no Power but her Eyes.

V. Rais'd

VI.

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,

Almighty Love, now to implore

Of my auspicious Stars; on thee:

 Than, that thou bow her noble Mind,

 To be as mercifully kind:

As I shall ever faithful be.

TRANSLATIONS

Out of several

P O E T S.

Horace *his second* Epod
Translated.

H Appy's that Man that is from *City-Care*
Sequestred, as the *Ancients* were;
That with his own Oxe, ploughs his *Father's* Lands,
Untainted with usurious *Bands*;
That from Alarms of War in quiet sleeps;
Nor's frighted with the raging *Deep*s:
That shuns litigious *Law*, and the proud State
Of his more potent *Neighbour's* Gate.
Therefore, he either is imploy'd to joyn
The *Poplar* to the sprouting *Vine*,

Pruning

Pruning luxurious Branches, grafting some
 More hopeful Offspring in their room :
 Or else, his sight in humble Valleys feasts,
 With scatter'd troops of lowing *Beasts* :
 Or refin'd Hony in fine Vessels keeps ;
 Or shears his snowy, tender *Sheep* :
 Or, when *Autumnus* shews his fruitful head
 I'th' mellow Fields with Apples covered,
 How he delights to pluck the grafted *Pear*,
 And *Grapes*, whose Cheeks do Purple wear !
 Of which to thee, *Priapus*, Tythes abound,
 And *Silvan Patron* of his Ground.
 Now, where the aged *Oak* his green Arms spreads,
 He lies ; now in the flowry Meads :
 Whilst through their deep-worn Banks the murmur-
 ing *Flouds*
 Do glide, and Birds chant in the *Woods* :
 And bubling Fountains flowing Streams do weep,
 A gentle Summons unto Sleep.
 But when cold *Winter* does the Storms prepare,
 And Snow of thundering *Jupiter* :

Then

Then with his Dogs the furious *Boar* he foils,
Compell'd into objected Toils :
Or, on the Forks extends his masy Net,
For greedy *Thrushes* a deceit.
The fearful *Hare* too, and the Stranger *Crane*
With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
Who but with such Diversions would remove
All the malignant Cares of Love ?
But, if to these he have a modest *Spouse*,
To nurse his *Children*, keep his *House*,
Such, as the *Sabin Women*, or the tan'd
Wife o'th' painful *Apulian*,
To make a good Fire of dry Wood, when come
From his hard Labour weary home.
The wanton Cattle in their Booths to tye,
Stripping their stradling Udders dry,
Drawing the Must from forth the cleanly Fats,
To wash down their unpurchas'd Cates ;
Mullet, or *Thorn-back* cannot please me more,
Nor *Oysters* from the *Lucrine* shore,
When by an *Eastern* Tempest they are tost,
Into the *Sea*, that sweeps this *Coast*.

The *Turky* fair of *Africk* shall not come,
 Within the confines of my Womb:
 As *Olives* from the fruitfull'st Branches got,
Ionian Snites so sweet are not.
 Or *Sorrel* growing in the Meadow Ground,
 Or *Mallows* for the Body sound.
 The *Lamb* kill'd for the *Terminalia*;
 Or *Kid* redeem'd from the *Wolf's* Prey.
 Whilst thus we feed, what Joy 'tis to behold
 The pastur'd Sheep haste to their Fold!
 And th' wearied *Ox* with drooping Neck to come
 Haling th' inverted *Culter* home;
 And swarms of *Servants* from their Labour quit
 About the shining Fire sit:
 Thus when the *Usurer Alphius* had said,
 Now purposing this Life to lead,
 Ith' *Ides* call'd in his Mony; but for gain
 Ith' *Kalends* put it forth again.

Horat. *Ode IX. Lib. III.**Ad Lydiam.*

Hor. **W**Hilst I was acceptable unto thee,
And that no other youthful Arm
might cling
About thy snowy Neck, than mine more free,
More blest I flourish'd than the *Persian King*.

Lyd. And, for no other Womans Beauty, when
Thou sigh'dst; and when thy *Chloe* did not
come
Before thy *Lydia*, thy *Lydia* then
Flourish'd more fam'd than *Ilia* of *Rome*.

Hor. Now *Thracian Chloe* is my only Dear,
Skill'd on the *Harp*, and skilful in an *Air*!
For whom to die I not at all should fear,
If gentle *Fate* my Soul in her would spare.

Lyd.

Lyd. The Son of *Ornithus* the *Tburine*, me
With equal violence of heat doth move:
For whom, with all my Heart, I twice would die,
So *Fate* would spare the gentle *Boy*, my *Love*.

Her. What if our Friendship should renew,
And link our Loves in a more lasting Chain?
Yellow-hair'd *Chloe*, should I flight for you,
Should my access to thee be free again?

Lyd. Though than a glorious Star *He* is more bright,
And thou than is the *Adriatick Sea*
More raging, and than spongy Cork more light,
Yet should I love to live and die with thee.

Martial

Martial, *Epig. Lib. I. Ep. XX.*

AS I remember, *Ælia* couglt full fore ;
She couglt out twice two Teeth, she had but
four.

Now she may safely cough for ever : Why ?
Her Mouth's not charg'd to let such Bullets fly.

Stances de Monsieur Theophile.

I.

WHEN thy nak'd Arm thou see'st me kifs
Upon the snowy Sheet display'd,
Which whiter than the Linnen is;
And, when my glowing Hand's betray'd,
Wandring about thy Paps : Thy Sense may prove,
Chloris, that with a burning heat I love.

II. As

II.

As *Zealots* Eyes to *Heaven* tend,
So mine Eyes unto thine are turn'd,
When to thy Couch my Knees I bend,
With thousands of warm Passions burn'd,
My Lips from whispering Murmurs then are free,
And suffer my Delights to sleep with thee.

III.

Morpheus glad of the surprise,
In his black *Empire* thee detains ;
And hides from seeing me thine Eyes
VVith so dull, so heavy Chains,
That thy soft slumber'd-charmed, Spirits lye
Dumb, without murmur at his *Tyranny*.

IV. In

IV.

In breathing her perfume the *Rose*,
In shooting forth his heat the *Day*,
The *Chariot*, where *Diana* goes,
And *Naiads*, when in Flouds they play,
The silent *Graces* in a Picture to
Make more of noise, than thy soft Breathings do.

V.

Then by thee did I breathe a Sigh,
And when thy rest I had descryed;
The sweet Repose, that seal'd thine Eye:
With Passion then; *Oh Heaven!* I cryed;
How canst thou from such excellent Limbs, as these,
Extract so great an ill, as my Disease.

Her

Her Heart and Mine.

Out of Aftrea.

MADRIGALL

I.

W^Ell may I say that our two *Hearts*
Composed are of flinty Rock;
Mine as resisting rigorous Darts;
Yours as it can indure the shock
Of *Love*, and of my *Tears*, and *Smart*.

II.

But when I weigh the griefs, whereby
My *Sufferings* I perpetuate,
I say, in this extremity,

In *Constancy*, that I am that
Rock, which you are in *Cruelty*.

To Charinus, an ugly Womans
Husband.

Epig. out of Johannes Secundus.

CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late
To have a sight of thy dear *Mate*,
So white, so flourishing, so fair,
So trim, so modest, debonair;
That if good *Jove* would grant to me
A leash of *Beauties*, such as she:
I'de give the *Devil* at one Word
Two that he'd take away the third.

*An Ode of Johannes Secundus
Translated.*

*To my dear Tutor Mr. Ralph
Rawson.*

THE *World* shall want *Phæbean* light,
And th' *Icy Moon* obscured lye,
And sparkling *Stars* their Rooms shall quit
I' th' gloomy *Sky*:

The *Crab* shall shorter cut the *Day*,
The *Capricorn* prolong its *Hours*,
And t' abridge *Nights* unpleasant stay,
Command the Powers:

Earth shall be plow'd by crooked Ships,
 And Carrs shall rowl upon the *Seas*,
Fishes in Woods, *Bores* in the Deep
 Shall live and Graze :

Before I'll lay aside that care
 Of thee, that's in my Bosom bred,
 Whether i'th' *Centre*, or i'th' *Air*,
 Alive, or dead.

E P I G.

*Translated out of Hieron ;
 Amaltheus.*

A Con his right, *Leonilla* her left Eye
 Doth want ; yet each in Form the *Gods* outvie.
 Sweet Boy, with thine thy *Sisters* light improve ;
 So shall she *Venus* be, and thou blind Love.

Love's

Love's World.

Translated out of Astrea.

I.

That *Artist Love* another World has made,
To which in'ts Centre fixt my *Faith's* the
Earth :

And as on *Earth* the *Worlds* Foundation's laid,
My *Faith* the ground-sell is to this fair Birth,

II.

If any jealous *Fears* are there disclos'd, (shake,
This constant *Faith* within my Breast to
Tis like those *Winds* within the *Earth* inclos'd,
Which with their riots make her Entrails
quake.

N n 3

III, My

III.

My *Tears* the *Ocean* are : to dry those tears
A task no less, than to exhaust the *Main* :
Cause of my *Sighs*, that I'me not lov'd the fear:
Those sighs the *Storm*, that stirs the *Watry*
Plain.

IV.

Bitters this *Sea* ; although its liquid course
Is but of *Rivers* sweet a concourse great ;
More bitter are my *Tears*, pleasant their source
As sprung from you unto my Heart more
sweet.

V.

My *Wills* the *Air*, which in her power free
About my *Faith* in constant motion roves
The *Winds* Defires hot from their infancy,
By which, as *Air* by *Winds*, my will still
moves.

VI. And

VI.

And as th'unruly Winds diversly stray
Though lock'd in *Mountains*, whence they
dare not part:
So my *Desires* unto *Respect* obey,
And dare not break that *Prison* of my
heart.

VII.

The hidden *Fire*, which compasseth the *Air*,
Is th'undiscover'd *Flame*, wherewith I burn;
And, as that great *Fire* does to none appear,
So to Mens Eyes a borrow'd Face I turn.

VIII.

My *Hope's* the waxing and the waining *Moon*,
Borrowing from you alone her glorious hue:
But when it darkly in the Clouds doth run,
'Tis doubtfull thought, that vainly follows
you.

IX.

Your *Eye's* the *Sun* incomparably bright,
 Fair Eye Love's Sun, which to us all Light
 gives:
If th'other *Sun* gives the World living Light,
 What Lover can deny by you he lives?

X.

Why with such beauty has *Love* furnish'd you,
 As that your fight's his *Day*, your absence
 Night,
If not t'injoy that blessing of your view?
 Then let us rather live, than perish by't.

XI.

The *Summer's* my hot Blouds redundancy;
 And frozen *Fear* my cold, chill *Winter* brings.
But what of this, if still my *Autumn* be
 As void of Fruit, as void of Flowers my Spring?

Martial,

Martial, *Ep.* 84. *Lib.* 10.

DO'ft muse to sleep, why *Afer* does not go?
Prè'thee, Cæcilian, look at's Bedfellow.

Id. *Ep.* 93. *Lib.* 11.

WHo says, thou'rt Vicious, *Zoilus*, lies;
Thou art not Vitious, but a Vice.

Id. *Ep.* 58. *Lib.* 1.

Ad Flaccum.

F*laccus*, thou ask'st, what kind of Girl I prize?
I like not one too Easy, nor too Nice.
I best with one betwixt these could dispense,
Not to afflict me, nor to glut my Sense.

Id.

Id. Ep. 48. Lib. 1.

De Diaulo Medico Paraph.

D*I*aulus Sextan from *Phyfitian* is
Of late become, and 'tis not much amiss:
For now, t'interr, his care he may apply
In this, those kill'd in that capacity.

Id. Lib. Ep. 65.

Ad Fabullam ambitiosam.

Thou'rt fair, we know't, a *Maid*, 'tis true,
And rich, why, we will grant that too.
But whilst too oft by thee 'tis said,
Thou'rt neither fair, nor rich, nor Maid.

Id.

Id. Lib. 1. Ep. 3.

Ad Velocem.

My Epigrams *are long thou dost report,*
For thy part, thou writ'st none: Thine are
more short.

Id. Lib. 2. Ep. 88.

In Mamercum.

THou nought repeat'st, yet *Poet* wouldst be
thought;
Be what thou wilt, so thou repeatest nought.

Id.

Id. Lib. 3. Ep. 9.

In Cinnam.

C*Inna writes Verses againſt me, 'tis ſaid,
He does not write whoſe Verſe by none is read.*

Id. Lib. 3. Ep. 28.

In Neſtorem.

T*Hou wondreſt, Marius has a ſtinking Ear:
Neſtor, 'tis long of thee, thou whiſper'ſt there.*

Id.

Id. Lib. 3. Ep: 26.

In Candidum.

THou, *Candidus*, alone enjoy'st th' estate;
Alone thy *Money*, *Myrrhe*, and *Golden plate*,
Massican, *Cecuban* Wine alone thou tast'st
Alone thou Wit, and Understanding hast.
Alone thou'st all things: *I deny this one,*
Thou hast a Wife too, but not thine alone.

Id. Lib. 3. Ep. 32.

In Matriniam.

THou say'st, I cannot fit an old Wife's Bed,
I can, *Matrinia*, thou'rt not old, but dead.
T Hecube, or *Niobe* I could be prone,
But when she was no Bitch, and she no Stone.

Id.

Id. Lib. 3. Ep. 52.

Ad Chloen.

C*Hloe*, thy Face I do not prize,
Neither thy Neck, thy Hands, nor Thighs,
Nor Breasts, Hips, Hanches, Legs, nor Feet,
Nor what thou think'st more tempting yet ;
And not t' insist on every part,
I could want all, with all my heart.

Id. Lib. 4. Ep. 78.

In Varum.

V*arus* of late to Supper did me call
His Plate was sumptuous his Victuals small:
With Gold, not Victuals, was his Table spread.
Our Eyes his Servants, not our Palats fed.

For Meat, not Sights, I came, then did I say,
Or bring us Meat, or take thy Plate away.

Id. Lib. 4. Ep. 86.

In Ponticum.

WE drink in Glass, thou Myrrh, Ponticus; why?
Lest Glass of two Wines make discovery.

Id. Lib. 5. Ep. 46.

In Bassam.

BASSA, thou say'st, thou'rt fair,* and a Maid too;
Bassa, thou often say'st what is not so.

Id.

Id. Lib. 5. Ep. 44.

De Thaide, & Lecania.

T*Hais* her Teeth are black, as jet, or Crow:
Lecania's Teeth are white, as driven snow.

The reason of it easily is known,
Lecania bought Teeth wears, *Thais* her own.

Id. Lib. 7. Ep. 32.

In Cinnam.

S*ince* thy dagg'd Gown's so dirty, when thy Shoe,
Cinna, is whiter than the Virgin-snow:

Why with thy Garment do'st t' thy Feet abuse?
Cinna, tuck up thy Gown, thou spoil'st thy Shoes.

Id.

Id. Lib. 10. Ep. 47.

Ad Seipsum.

THESE, pleasant *Martial*, are the things
That to Man's life contentment brings;
Wealth by succession got, not toil,
A glowing *Hearth*; a fruitfull *Soil*;
No *Strife*; few *Suits*; a Mind not drown'd
In cares; *clean Strength*; a *Body sound*;
Prudent Simplicity; equal *Friends*;
No *Diet*, that to lavish tends:
A *Night* not steep't in Drink, yet freed
From Care; a chaste, and peacefull *Bed*;
Untroubled *Sleeps*, that render *Night*
Shorter, 'and sweeter till the light;
To be best pleas'd with thine own state,
Neither to wish, nor fear thy *Fate*.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 3.

Ad Musam.

IT was enough five, six, seven *Books* to fill,
Yea and too much; why, *Muse*, dost scribble still?
Cease, and be modest. *Fame* no farther grace
Can add; *My Book's* worn out in every place.
When raz'd *Messalla's Monumentals* must
Lye with *Licinus's* lofty *Tomb* in dust
I shall be read, and *Travellers* that come
Transport my Verses to their *Father's* home.
Thus I had once resolv'd (Her Clothes, and Head
Besmear'd with Ointment) when *Thalia* said,
Canst thou, Ungratefull, thus renounce thy *Rhime* ?
Tell me; how would'st thou spend thy Vacant time
To *Tragick buskins* would'st thy *Sock* transfer,
And in *Heroick Verse* sing bloody *War* ?
That tyrannous *Pedants* with awfull Voice
May terrify *Old Men, Virgins, and Boys* :

Let rigid *Antiquaries* such things write,
Who by a blinking Lamp consume the Night,
With *Roman air* touch up thy *Poems Dress*,
That th' *Age* may read its manners, and confess:
Thou'lt find thou may'st with trifling Subjects play,
Until their Trumpets to thy Reed give way.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 19.

De Cinna.

*C*inna would fain be thought to need,
And so he does, he's poor indeed.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 23.

Ad Rusticum.

TO thee I gluttonous and cruel seem
About my *Cook*, because I basted him
For supper ; *Rusticus*, the cause was great :
What should a Cook be beaten for, but's meat ?

Id. Lib. Ep. 47.

In variè se tondentem.

PArt of thy *Beard* is clipt, part shav'd, another
place
Is pull'd : who'd think this could be all one *Face* ?

Id.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 21.

Ad Luciferum.

P*Hosphor*, appear; why dost our joys delay
 When *Cæsar's* coming only waits for *Day*?
Rome begs thy haste; on slow *Boots's Carr*
 Dost thou not ride, thou mov'st so slowly, *Star*?
 Swift-footed *Cyllarus*, thou might'st have took,
Castor his saddle now would have forsook.
 Why do'st thou longer stop the longing *Sun*?
Xanthus, and *Æthon* beat, and snort to run:
 And *Memnon's Mother* watches till you come. }
 Nor will the *Stars* give place to greater Light,
 But stay with th' *Moon* expecting *Cæsars* fight.
 Now, *Cæsar*, come by Night, we shall have Ray:
 The People cannot, where thou art, want *Day*.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 35.

In pessimos Conjuges.

SINCE y^eare a-like in Manners, and in Life,
A wicked *Husband*, and a wicked *Wife*,
I wonder much you are so full of strife!

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 53.

In Catullam.

THE *Fair'st* of *Women*, that have been, or are
Thou art, yet *Cheaper* than them all by far;
To me *Catulla*, what a triumph 't were
That thou wert, or more *Honest*, or less *Fair*.

Id.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 59.

In Vacerram.

BUT *Antick Poets* thou admirest none,
And only prayest them are dead, and gone.
I beg your pardon, good *Vacerra*, I
Can't on such terms find in my Heart to die.

Id. Lib. 7. Ep. 100.

De Vetula.

THOU'RT soft to touch; charming to hear; unseen
Thou'rt both: but neither, take away the
Screen.

Id. Lib. 8. Ep. 41.

Ad Faustinum.

SAd *Athenagoras* nought presents me now,
As in *December* he was wont to do.
If *Athenagoras* be sad, or no,
I'll see: *I'me sure, that he has made me so.*

Id. Lib. 11. Ep. 103.

In Lydiam.

HE did not lye, that said, thy *Skin* was fair,
But not thy *Face*; so one, and th' other are.
Thy *Face*, if thou sit'st mute, and hold'st thy
peace
Even as in one *Emboss, or Painted* is.

But

But, as thou talk'st, thou loosest off thy *Skin*
And no ones Tongue more hurts themselves than
thine:

Take heed the *Ædile* thee, nor hear, nor see,
As oft as *Statues* speak 'tis a *Prodigie*.

Id. Lib. 12. Ep. 7.

De Ligia.

IF by her Hairs *Ligia's* Age be told,
'Tis soon cast up, than she is three years old.

Id. Lib. 12. Ep. 20.

Ad Fabullam.

THAT *Themison* has no Wife, how't comes to
pass,

Thou ask'st: why *Themison*, a Sister has.

Horat.

Horat. *Lib* 1: *Carmin.* *Ode* 8.

Ad Lydia.

TELL me, for *God's sake*, *Lydia*, why
Thy *Sabaris* thou do'st with love destroy.
The Glorious *Field* why should he shun,
Grown now impatient of the *Dust*, and *Sun*?
Why not in *War-like* bravery ride,
Curbing with bits the *Gallick* *Horses* pride?
Why fears he *Tybers* yellow Floud,
And flies the *Olive* more than *Vipers* *Bloud*?
Why not still crusht with *Arms*, whose art
Was fam'd for clean delivery of his *Dart*?
Why does he, *Lydia*, now lye hid,
As once, they say, the *Son* of *Thetis* did
Before *Troy's* wept for *Funerall*,
Lest in his own *Apparel* he might fall
Subject to *Slaughter*, and the *Harms*
Of bloody *Lycians* unrelenting *Arms*?

De Fortuna: an sit caca.

Epig. ex Johann. Secundo.

WHY do they speak the Goddess Fortune
blind?

Because She's only to th' unjust inclin'd;
This Reason nought Her blindness does declare,
They only Fortune need who Wicked are.

Tria Mala ex eodem.

THE three great Evils of Mans life,
Are Fire, Water, and a Wife.

Id.

Id. Lib. Ep. 15.

In Neæram.

'T Was Night, and *Phæbe* in a *Heaven* bright
Shone 'mongst the lesser *sparks* of Light,
When, thou (to wound the *Gods*) vowd'st to fulfill
The strictest tenures of my will,
With straighter Arms, than ever th' *Ivy* tall
Embrac'd the aged *Oak* withall;
Whilst *Wolves* devour, and whilst *Orion* stirs
The Winter *Morn* to *Mariners*;
And that this Love should mutual last, whilst air
Wanton'd with *Phæbus's* uncut Hair.
Neæra false on my good Nature wan
Too much; were *Flaccus* ought of Man,
He'd not t' another yield thee Night by Night;
But seek another Love in spight:
Nor would his Anger so provok'd give place,
To th' *Charms* of thy offensive Face.

But, *Thou*, who ere more happy, and now grown
Proud usher'st my *Affliction*,
Thou mayst be rich in *Cattle*, and in *Land*,
Pactolus may flow to thy Hand;
Thou mayst be too a *Pythagorean*
O'recome with Beauty *Nerean*.
Yet thou, alas! wilt mourn her change to see,
When I by turn shall laugh at thee.

O D E

De Theophile.

Par.

I.

THy Beauties, *Dearest Isis*, have
Disturbed *Nature* at their sight,
Thine Eyes to *Love* his blindness gave,
Such is the vigour of their light:

The

The *Gods* too only minding thee,
Let the *World* err at liberty.

II.

And having in the *Suns* bright Eye
Thy glances counterfeited seen,
Even their Hearts, my *Sweet*, thereby
So sensibly have wounded been:
That, but they're fixt, they'd come to see,
And gaze upon their *Creature* thee.

III.

Beleive me, in this humor *They*
Of things below have little Care,
Of good, or ill, we do; or say,
Then since, *Heaven* lets thee love me, *Dear*,
Without revenging on thine Eye,
Or striking me in *Jealousy*.

IV. Thou

I V.

Thou mayst securely in mine Arms
And warm Womb of my wanton bed,
Teach me t^e unravel all thy *Charms*;
Thou nothing, *Ifis*, needest dread:
Since *Gods* themselves had happy been,
Could all their power have made thee Sin.

Elegy de Theophile.

Since that sad Day, a sadder *Farewell* did
My Eyes the object of my flame forbid,
My Soul, and Sense so disunited are,
That being thus deprived of thee, *My Fair*,
I find me so distractedly alone,
That from my self, methinks my self am gone.
To me invisible's the *Sun's* fair Light,
Nor do I feel the soft repose of Night:

I Poyson

I Poyson tast in my, repast most sweet ;
 And sink where-ever I dispose my feet ;
 My *Life* all company, but *Death*, has lost,
Chloris, so dear the love I bear thee cost.

Oh Gods! who all the joys we have bestow,
 Do you with them always give torments too ?
 Can that, we call *Good Fortune* never hit
 Humane designs, but ill must follow it ?
 If equally you interweave the *Fate*
 With good, and ill of those you love, and hate.
 In vain I sue to her, I so adore,
 In vain her help that has no Power implore.
 For, as black Night pursues the glorious *Sun*,
 The greatest *Good* does but some *Ill* fore-run.
 When handsome *Paris* liv'd with *Helen* fair,
 He saw his *Fortune* rais'd above his *Care* ;
 But *Fate* severely did revenge that bliss,
 For (as with time his *Fortune* changed is.)
 From his Delights sprang a debate, that Fire
 Brought to old *Troy*, and massacred his *Sire*.
 And though in that subversion there appears
 Such sad mishaps of Bloud, of Fire, and Tears ;

Yet

Yet by that *Heavenly Face* I so adore,
 I swear, for love of thee, I suffer more.
 For so long absent from thy gracious Eyes,
 Methinks I banisht am the *Deities*.
 And that from *Heaven* with *Thunder* wrapt in *Flame*,
 To th' *Centre* I precipitated am.
 Since I left thee, my Pleasures in their Tomb
 Lye dead, and I their *Mourner* am become.
 With all Delights my Thoughts distasted are,
 And only to dislike the *World* take care ;
 Which as complying with my peevish Will,
 Does nothing, *I protest*, but vex me still.
 In *Paris*, like an *Hermit*, I retire,
 And in one *Object* limit my Desire.
 Where e're my Eyes seek to divert my Mind,
 I bear the Prison, where I am confin'd.
 My Blood is fir'd, and my Soul wounded lies,
 By th' golden Shaft shot from thy killing Eyes.
 All the *Temptations*, that I daily see,
 Serve only to confirm my Faith to thee.
 The usual helps, that humane *Reason* bless,
 To render a Man's Passion something less,

Stir mine up more to suffer chearfully
Th' obliging Torments, that do make me dye.
My *Prudence*, by my *Courage*, is withstood,
As by a rock the fury of the Floud.
I love my *Frenzy*, and I could not love
Him of my Friends, that should it disapprove;
Nor do I think, my reasonable part
Will e're approach me, whilst thou absent art.
I find my Thoughts uncessantly approve
The torturing effects of faithful Love.
I find, that *Day* it self shares in my pain;
The *Air's* o'respread with Clouds, the *Earth* with
Rain;
That horrid *Visions* in my starting Sleep,
My *Soul* in their illusions tangled keep:
That all the apprehensions in my Head
Are *Madness*, by my feverish Passion bred,
That at husht midnight I imagine Storms,
And see a *Ship-wrack*, in its dreadfull'st Forms,
Fall from the top of an high precipice
Into the Jaws of an obscure Abyss:

And there a thousand ugly *Serpents* see,
 Hissing t' advance their scaly Crests at me.
 I cannot once dream of a false Delight,
 But cruel *Death* straight seizes me in spite.
 But when *Heaven* (weary to have gone thus far)
 Gives, that I live under a better *Star* ;
 And when th' unconstant *Stars*, by their chang'd
 power,

Present me for my Pains one happy hour ;
 My *Soul* will find it self chang'd at thy sight,
 And of all past mishaps revenged quite.
 Though in *Nights* Sleep my Spirits buried lay,
 Thy sight, my *Dear*, would lend them beams of *Day*.
 Thy Voice has over me the self same power,
 With *Zephyr's* Breath over th' *Earth's* wither'd
 Flower :

The vigorous *Spring* makes all things fresh and new ;
 The blowing *Rose* puts on her blushing hue ;
 The *Heavens* more gay, the *Days* more fair appear,
Aurora dressing to the Birds gives ear,
 The wild Beasts of the Forreſt free from Care,
 Do feel their Bloud, and Youth renewed are,

And naturally obedient to their Sense,
Without remorse, their Pleasures recommence.

I only in the season all are blest,
With cruel, and continual Grievs oppress,
Alone in *Winter*, sad, and comfortless,
See not the glorious *Spring*, that we should bless.
I only see the *Forrest* fair forsook,
'Th' *Earths* surface Defart, and the frozen Brook,
And, as if charm'd, cannot once tast the Fruit,
That in this season to all Palats suit.

But when those *Suns* my adoration claim,
Shall with their Rays once reinforce my Flame,
My *Spring* will then return more sweet, and fair
By thousand times than those, *Heavens Lamp* gives
are,

If ever *Fate* allow mine Eyes that grace,
My Joys will transcend those of humane Race,
Nothing, but that, *Oh Gods!* nothing but that
Do I desire to baffle Death, and Fate.

Out of Astrea.

MADRIGALL.

I Think I could my Passions sway,
Though great, as Beauties power can move
To such obedience, as to say,

I cannot; or I do not love.

But to pretend another Flame,

Since I adore thy conqu'ring Eye,

To thee, and Truth, were such a shame,

I cannot do it, though I dye.

If I must one, or th' other do,

Then let me die, I beg of you.

Stanzas upon the Death of Cleon

Out of Astrea.

I.

THE Beauty which so soon to Cinders turn'd
By Death of her Humanity depriv'd,
Like Light'ning vanisht, like the Bolt it burn'd:
So great this Beauty was, and so short liv'd

II.

Those Eyes so practis'd once in all the Arts,
That loyal Love attempted; or ere knew
Those fair Eyes now are shut, that once the hearts
Of all that saw their lustre, did subdue.

III.

III.

If this be true, Beauty is raviſht hence,
Love vanquiſht droops, that ever conquered,
And ſhe who gave Life by her influence,
Is, if ſhe live not in my Boſom, dead.

IV.

Henceforth what happineſs can Fortune ſend,
Since Death, this abſtract of all Joy has won;
Since Shadows do the Subſtance ſtill attend,
And that our good does but our ill fore-run?

V.

It ſeems (my *Cleon*) in thy riſing morn,
That Deſtiny thy whole Days courſe had
bound,
And that, thy Beauty, dead, as ſoon as born,
Its fatal Hearſe, has in its Cradle found.

VI.

No, no, thou shalt not die, I Death will prove,
Who Life by thy sweet Inspiration drew ;
If Lovers live in that which doth them love,
Thou liv'st in me, who ever lov'd most true.

VII.

If I do live, Love then will have it known,
That even Death it self he can controul,
Or, as a God, to have his Power shewn,
Will that I live without or Heart, or Soul.

VIII.

But, *Cleon*, if Heav'ns unresisted will
'Point thee, of Death th' inhumane Fate to try,
Love to that Fate equals my Fortune still,
Thou by my mourning, by thy Death I dye.

IX. Thus

IX.

Thus did I my immortal Sorrows Breath,
Mine Eyes to Fountains turn'd of springing Woe;
But could not stay the wounding Hand of Death,
Lament ; but not lessen misfortune so.

X.

When Love with me having bewail'd the loss
Of this sweet Beauty, thus much did express,
Cease, cease to weep, this mourning is too gross,
Our Tears are still than our misfortune less.

Song

Song of the inconstant Hylas.

Out of Aftrea.

I.

IF one difdain me, then I fly
Her Cruelty, and her Difdain;
And e're the Morning guild the Sky,
Another Miftrifs do obtain.

They err who hope by force to move
A Womans Heart to like; or love.

II.

It oft falls out that they, who in
Discretion seem us to despise,
Nourish a greater Fire within,
Although perhaps conceal'd it lies.

Which we, when once we quit our rooms,
Do kindle for the next that comes.

III.

The faithful Fool that obstinate
Pursues a cruel *Beauty's* Love,
To him, and to his Truth ingrate
Idolater does he not prove?

That from his pow'rless, *Idol*, never
Receives a Med'cine for his Fever.

IV. They

IV.

They say the unweary'd Lovers pains
By instance meet with good success;
For he by force his end obtains:
'Tis an odd method of Address,
To what Design so e're't relate,
Still, still to be importunate.

V.

Do but observe the hourly Fears
Of your pretended faithful Lover,
Nothing but Sorrow, Sighs, and Tears,
You in his chearfull'st Looks discover;
As though the Lovers *Sophistry*
Were nothing but to whine, and cry.

VI. Ought

V I.

Ought he by a Man's Name be styl'd,
That (losing th' Honor of a Man)
Whines for his Pepin, like a Child
Whipt and sent back to School again,
Or rather *Fool* that thinks amiss,
He loves, but knows not what Love is?

V II.

For my part, I'll decline this Folly,
By others harms (thank *Fate*) grown wise,
Such Dotage begets Melancholly,
I must profess *Loves* Liberties;
And never angry am at all
At them who me inconstant call.

SONNET.

Out of Aftrea.

Since I must now eradicate the Flame,
Which, seeing you, Love in my Bosom plac't,
And the Desires which thus long could last,
Kindled so well, and nourisht in the same.

Since Time, that first saw their Original,
Must triumph in their end, and Victor be,
Let's have a brave Design, and to be free,
Cut off at once the Briar-rose, and all.

Let us put out the Fire Love has begot,
Break the tough Cord tied with so fast a knot,
And voluntary take a brave adieu.

So shall we nobly conquer Love and *Fate*,
And at the Liberty of choice do that,
Which time its self, at last, would make us do.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE Beauty that must me delight,
Must have a Skin, and Teeth Snow white:
Black arched Brows, black sprightly Eyes,
And a black Beauty 'twixt her Th--ghs;
Soft blushing Cheeks, a Person tall,
Long Hair, long Hands, and Fingers small;
Short Teeth; and Feet that little are,
Dilated Brows, and Haunches fair:

Fine

Fine silken Hair, Lips full, and red,
Small Nose, with little Breast and Head:
All these in one, and that one kind,
Would make a Mistress to my Mind.

*An Essay upon Buchanan's First
Book de Sphæra. Never perfected.*

HOW various are the *World's* great parts I sing,
And by what League the jarring Seeds of things
Agree in one, the Causes Motion breed
Why *Darkness* Light, and Coldness Heat succeed,
And why the *Suns*, and the *Moons* horned Light
Suffer *Eclipses* of o're-shading Night.

Thou who the *Temples*, wall'd with sacred Light.
(Impenetrable to our weaker fight)
Inhabit'st, holy *Father* of the Skies,
Propitious be to this bold Enterprize,
Whilst to the *World* we do *Thy* Acts reveal,
And the immense Work of the *Pole* unseal;

That

That people ignorant of Truth, a Mind
 (From Sloth, and long-liv'd Error so refin'd)
 May lift to *Heav'n*, and whilst amaz'd, the Ball
 They so embraced with a Flaming Wall,
 And wheeling times return in certain course,
 May own the *Mover*, and admire his Force,
 That props so great a Pile, that with the bit
 Of his Eternal Law doth govern it;
 And in *His* secret Council has decreed
 It fit for Man's innumerable Need.

And thou, young *Mercury Tymolion*,
 Thy *Father's*, and thy *Country's* hopeful Son,
 Go, my Companion, in thy tender Years,
Castalion Woods, and sacred *Fountains* draw near,
 Frequent that unknown Peace, and *Nymphs* soft
 Choires

Subject to loss; nor avaritious Fires.

The time will come (when time has giv'n
 thee Force)

That thou shalt bravely, with thy foaming Horse,
 Rush into War, and gloriously advance
 In dusty Fields thy Country's threatening Lance:

Till then, thy *Syre*, either shall *Lombards* deign
 T'orecome, wild *Germans*, and the Warlike *Spain*
 By Force; or Conduct: Or with *Gallick* spoil,
 Dazling the *Sun*, deck *Calidonia's* Soyl.

Cætera desunt.

Cn. Cornelii Galli; vel potius Maximiani Elegia 1. Trans.

WHY, envious Age, dost thou my End delay?
 Why in this wearied Trunk delight to slay?

My captive Life from such a Prison free,
 Death now is Rest, when Life is Misery.
 I'm no more what I was, but sunk, and old,
 And what remains is languishing and cold.
 The day that young Men chears, offends mine Eye,
 And (which is worse than Death) I wish to die.

I was my Youth, whilst Wit, and Beauty
 crown'd,
 An Orator throughout the World renown'd.

The

The Poets charming lies full oft I feign'd,
And by fictitious Tales, true Titles gain'd.
In all Disputes of Wit the Wreath bore I;
And have my Eloquence reputed high,
High, and immortal. Oh! what then remains
Worthy an old Man's Living; or his Pains?
Nor less than these the Beauty of my Face,
Which (though the rest are wanting) wins much
Grace.

Manhood to that, which richer far than Gold,
Makes Wit a greater price, and Lustre hold.
If I, with Dogs, the Thickets would surround,
The conquer'd Prey fell at my Launces Wound;
Or would I loose Shafts from the bending Yew,
With great applause untamed Beasts I slew;
Or with the sinewy Wrestlers if I try'd,
With my strong Nerves their oyley Limbs I ty'd:
Now at the Race I all that came out-run;
And now in Tragick Song the Buskin won.
This mixture of good things my worth increas't,
Still various Works of Art advance us best:

For whatsoever things simply delight,
Joyn'd to another Grace, shine out more bright;
With such a Mine of Fortitude adorn'd,
All threatning Dangers I contemn'd, and scorn'd.
Bare-head I made the Winds and Storms retreat,
Feeling no Winters Cold; nor Summer's Heat;
I swam the yellow *Tyber's* gelid Stream,
And fearless would the doubtful Current stem.
With the least Sleep I could forsake my Bed,
And with the slend'rest fare be amply fed.
Or if a drunken Guest surpriz'd my Walls,
To waste the forlorn day in Bacchanals;
Lyæus self struck Sail, amaz'd, and dumb,
And he that always conquer'd, fell o'recome.
Nor is't an easy thing the Mind to bend
At once with two Opposers to contend.
And in this kind of strife they say of Yore,
Great *Socrates* the Victor's Trophy bore.
And thus they say the rigid *Cato* won;
Things are not ill themselves, unless ill done.
To all things dreadless I oppos'd my Face,
And to my constant Mind Mischance gave place.

With little pleas'd I still lov'd to be poor,
And being Lord of all, could wish no more.
Thou only, wretched Age, dost me subdue,
To whom who conquers all things else must bow.
'Tis into thee we fall, and what at last
Decays, and withers, thou alone dost waste.
Hetruria ravisht with these parts of mine,
Wish'd that I would with her fair Daughters twine:
But Liberty to me was far more sweet,
Than all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Sheet.
In my gay Youth I walk'd about proud *Rome*,
To view what Virgins there might overcome,
Which might be won; or which was fit to seek;
When at their sight, soft blushes stain'd my Cheek,
Now runs a smiling Girl her self to hide,
And yet not so, as not to be descry'd;
But by some single part to be reveal'd,
Gladder by much to be so ill conceal'd.
Thus did I fare, and acceptable pass
To all, and thus a lusty Suiter was,
And only so: For Nature my strong Brest,
In Modesty and Chastity had drest.

For whilst I strove the choicest Fair to wed,
I wore out Cold ev'n to a Widdow'd Bed.
They all to me ill bred, or ugly seem'd,
And I none worthy my Embraces deem'd.
I hated lean ones, fat were a Disease;
Neither the low; nor yet the tall would please.
With middle Forms I ever lov'd to play,
And in the midst most Graces ever lay.
Here of our softest parts lies all the bliss,
And in this part Loves Mother seated is.
A slender Lass not lean, I lov'd to chuse,
For Flesh is fittest for a fleshy use:
One whose most strait Embraces would delight,
Not one whose Bones should goar my Ribs in Fight.
I lov'd no Fair, unless her Cheeks were spread
With native Roses of the purest red.
This Tincture *Venus* owns above the rest,
And loves the Beauty in her Flower drest.
A long white Neck, and golden flowing Hair,
Have long been known to make a Woman fair.
But black Brows, and black Eyes catch my Desire,
And still, when seen, have set my Heart on fire.

I ever

I ever lov'd a red, and swelling Lip,
Where a full Bowl of Kisses I might sip,
A long round Neck than Gold appear'd more rare,
And the most wealthy Gem outshone by far.
Ill fits it Age, to speak his wanton prime,
And what was decent then, is now a Crime:
For various things do different Men delight,
Nor yet are all things for all Ages right;
Things apt for one Age, at the last may grow
Uncomely for the self-same Man to do.
The Child by play, th' old Man's by stead'ness seen,
But the young Man's Behaviour lies between.
This silent sadness best becomes, and that,
Is better lik'd of for his Mirth, and Chat:
For rolling times does all things turn, and sway,
And suffers none to run one certain way.

Now that a long unprofitable Age,
Lies heavy on me, I would quit the Stage.
Life's hard Condition gripes the Wretched still;
Nor is Death sway'd by any humane Will.

The Wretch wishes to die, but Death retires,
Yet when Men dread him, then the Slave aspires.
But I alafs, that mangre all my Arts,
Have been so long dead in so many parts,
On Earth I think shall never end my Days,
But enter quick the dark Tartarean ways.
My Taft, and Hearing's ill, mine Eyes are fuch,
Nay I can fcarce diftinguifh by my Touch :
No Smell is fweet ; nor Pleafure ; who'd believe
A Man could fenfibly his Senfe out-live ?
Lethe's Oblivion does my Mind embrace,
And yet I can remember what I was.
The Limbs difeas'd, the Mind no Work contrives,
The thought of ill's all other aim deprives.
I fmg no Lyricks now, that dear Delight,
With all my Voices Grace, is perifh'd quite ;
Frequent no Exercife, no Odes rehearfe,
And only with my Pains, and Griefs converse ;
The Beauty of my Shape and Face are fled,
And my revolted Form 'fore-fpeaks me dead.
For fair, and fhining Age has now put on
A bloodlefs, Funeral Complexion.

My Skin's dry'd up, my Nerves unpliant are,
And my poor Limbs my Nails plow up, and tear,
My chearful Eyes, now with a constant Spring,
Of Tears bewail their own sad Suffering ;
And those soft Lids that once secur'd mine Eye,
Now rude, and bristled grown, does drooping lie,
Bolting mine Eyes, as in a gloomy Cave,
Which there on Furies, and grim Objects rave.
'Twould fright the full-blown Gallant to behold
The dying Object of a Man so old ;
Nor can you think that once a Man he was,
Of humane reason, who no portion has.
The Letters split, when I consult my Book,
And ev'ry Leaf I turn'd does broader look.
In Darknes do I dream I see the Light,
When Light is Darknes to my perish'd Sight.
Without a Night t'oreshade him, the bright Day
Is from my Sense depriv'd, and scratch'd away.
Who can deny, that wrap'd in Nights Embrace,
I groping lie in the Tartarean place ?
What mad Adviser would a Man perswade
By his own Wish to be more wretched made ?

Diseases

Diseases now invade, and Dangers swarm,
Sweet Banquets now, and Entertainments harm.
We're forc'd to wean our selves from grateful things
And though we live, avoid the sweets Life brings
And me, whom late, no accident could bend,
Now the meer Aliments of Life offend.
I would be full, am sick when I am so,
Should fast, but abstinence is hurtful too.
'Tis chang'd to surfeit now what once was Meat,
And that's now nauseous, which before was sweet.
Venus, and *Bacchus's* Rites, now fruitless are,
That use to fill this Life's contingent Care.
Nature alone panting, and prostrate lies,
Caught in the ruin of her proper Vice.
Julip; nor Cordial now no Comfort give;
Nor ought that should a Patient sick relieve:
But with their Matter their Corruption have,
And only serve to importune my Grave.
When I attempt to prop my falling Frame,
The Letts oppos'd, make my Endeavours lame.
Until my Dissolutions tardy day
All helps of Arts do with the thing decay.

And by th'appearance since th'afflicted Mind
 Can no diversion, nor advantage find;
 Is it not hard we may not from Mens Eyes
 Cloak, and conceal Ages Indecencies.
 Unseeming Spruceness th'old Man discommends;
 And in old Men only to live offends.
 With Mirth, Feasts, Songs, the old must not dispense,
 O wretched they whose Joys are an offence!
 What should I do with Wealth, whose use being tane,
 Although I swim in store, I poor remain :
 Nay 'tis a Sin to what we have got to trust,
 And what's our own to violate unjust.
 So thirsty *Tantalus* the neighbour Stream,
 And Fruit would tast, but is forbidden them.
 I but the Treasrer am of my own Pelf,
 Keeping for others what's deny'd my self:
 And like the Fell *Hesperian* Dragon grown,
 Defend that golden Fruit's no more my own.
 This above all is that augments my Woes,
 And robs my troubl'd Mind of all Repose.
 I strive to keep things I could never gain,
 And ignorantly hold some things in vain.

Continu'd Fears do credulous age invade;
And th'old Man dreads the ills himself has made,
Applauds the past, condemns the present Years;
And only what he thinks Truth, Truth appears:
He only learned is, has all the skill,
And thinking himself wise, is wider still.
Who though with Trouble he much Talk affords,
Falters, forgets, and dribbles out his Words;
The Hearer's tir'd, but he continues long;
O wretched Age, only in prating strong!
Idly he talks, and strains his feeble Voice,
Whilst those he pleas'd before, laugh at his noise.
Their Mirth exalts him, he still louder grows,
And dotingly his own Reproach allows:
These are Death's Firstlings, Age does this way flow,
And with slow pace creeps to the Shades below.
Whilst the same Colour Meen, nor pace appear
In the poor Traveller that lately were.
My Garment from my vvither'd Limbs hangs down,
And vvhat before too short, too long is grovv'n.
We strangely are contracted, and decrease,
A Man vvould think our very Bones vv're less.

Our burthen'd Age cannot the Heav'ns behold,
But prone still looks upon the parent Mold.
On three Feet first vve halt, on four next fall,
And on the Earth like helpless Infants crawl.
To their first Birth and Mother all things tend,
And vvhath vvas nothing shall in nothing end.
Hence 'tis that leaning Age the senseless Ground,
Does with his bending Crutch so often wound.
And with thick steps making a tardy way,
In a hoarse Voice may thus be thought to say;
Receive me, Mother, to remorse incline,
And in thy Lap cherish these Limbs of mine.
The Children vvhoot me vvheresoe're I go;
Why wilt thou let thy Birth so monstrous grow?
I vvith the Gods have novv no more to do,
Each Office of my Life I have run through.
My vvasted Carcass then at last restore,
To the cold Clay from vvhence I came before.
To spin a miserable Life in smart,
Of a Maternal Care can be no part.
Then propping his vvweak Joynts, he feebly cravvls,
And on his weary Bed neglected falls.
Lying like livid Corps of Life bereft,
Only the rafters of the Building left.

Should

Should I still lie, and lying win more space,
 Yet who would think me in a living place?
 'Tis pain to live, with heat we burn, not warm,
 The Clouds offend, the Air, and Coldness harm.
 The Dew, and soft Showers that in *April* flow,
 With *Autumns* jocund Days offensive grow.
 Coughs, Flegm, and Leprosies afflict the old,
 And ages minutes by his Groans are told.
 How can I him a living Man believe,
 Whom Light, and Air, by which he panteth, grieve:
 Those gentle Sleeps which other Mortals ease,
 Scarce in a Winters Night mine Eye-lids seize;
 Or if it come to shade my setting Beams,
 Tis clad in all the shapes of frightful Dreams.
 The softest Feather-beds seem hard as Stones,
 And lightest Quilts oppress my naked Bones. .
 I quit my Bed at mid-night to the Floor,
 And suffer much, I may not suffer more.
 Our own Infirmities our selves invade,
 And by the way we hate, we're Captives made.
 Our Entrails suffer Dissolution,
 By which the noble Structure is o'rethrown.
 Unlookt for Age, o'reburthen'd with these things,
 Has learnt to bow under the weight he brings.

Who therefore would desire in Grievs so four,
 When the Minds vanisht, to prolong his hour?
 Better die once, than dying live by far,
 Making the Trunk the Senses Sepulchre;
 But I repine not, my time wasted is,
 And Nature's shame to open is amiss.
 Sinewy Bulls in time invalid grow,
 The Horse that once was fair's mishapen now.
 Time tames the fury of the Lions wild,
 And Age will make the *Caspian Tygers* mild.
 Antiquity the *Stones* themselves will race,
 And to old Time all Natures Works give place:
 But I were best prevent mischance to come,
 And by one blow anticipate my doom.
 To haste a certain Ruin is less pain,
 Than is the fear of Mischiefs that remain.
 But in the other World what Torments are,
 Suspends, and well becomes an old Man's Care.
 Contempt, and Mischiefs ev'rywhere attend,
 And in distress I find no helping Friend.
 The Boys, and Girls deride me now forlorn,
 And but to call me Sir, now think it scorn.
 They jeer my Count'nance, and my feeble Pace,
 And scoff that nodding Head that awful was:

And

And though I nothing see, I can perceive,
My Pains by this contempt redoubled grieve.
He's happy Merits a smooth Life to spend,
And shut his Days up with a constant end.
That's hard at last we Reputation call,
From which height tumbling, still augments the fall.

Ad Furium, Ep. 23.

Ex Catullo.

THough Furious *Servant* have, nor Chest,
Spider, nor *Fire*, nor creeping *Beast*,
He has a *Syre*, and a *Stepdame* yet,
Whose greedy Teeth a Flint would eat.
And doubtless leads a happy Life
With's *Father*, and his wooden *Wife*.
No Wonder; for their Healths are clear,
They eat together, nothing fear.
No Conflagrations, Ruins great,
No impious Facts, nor foul Deceit.

All accidental dangers scorn,
 And having Bodies dry as horn ;
 Or what we still do dryer hold
 The Sun, or hunger ; or the cold,
 Amongst the happy are enroll'd.
 No sweat ; nor salivation flows
 From thee ; no drop hangs at thy Nose ;
 And to this cleanness, cleaner far.
 Thy A--se is than a Salt-Seller,
 Nor Ten times in a Year does Sh--te,
 And that parcht Pease ; or Stones doth quite
 In hardness pass, which if thou list
 To rub, and crumble in thy Fist :
 Thou may'st securely do it, and
 Ne're stain the Whiteness of thy Hand.
 These Benefits do not despise,
 Nor rashly, *Furius*, lightly prize ;
 Let begging then for shame alone,
 For thou art rich enough for one.

R r

Dē

De Catella Publ. Mart. Ep. 110.
Lib. 1.

P A R.

AS *Lesbias* Sparrow, *Trickfy* wanton is,
And purer than the *Turtle's* Kifs;
Fairer than Maids, deckt in their Morning beams,
And of more price than *Indian* Gems.
Trickfy, that little Bitch, is my delight,
My Sport by Day, my Love by Night.
She apprehends her Master's joy, and woe,
And wanton's, or's dejected so.
And if in play, or love she quest, or whine,
Men think she speaks in Language fine.
She rouses with me at the dawning peep,
And by my side all Night doth sleep;
So calm, so still, no sigh does interpose
Betwixt me, and my sweet repose:
Or if an accident unlook'd for come,
To ease the gripings of her Womb,

She slips no drop of any kind to stain ;
Or to ill sent the counterpain :
But nimbly rises up, and whining tells
What her necessity compells.
Such innate Chastity adorns the Beast
She knows not lust ; nor have we guest,
Throughout mankind, one worthy to invade,
The treasures of so fair a Maid.
And lest the Fate of her extreamest Day
Should snatch her Memory away,
We wisely have in cunning colour set,
The Beauty of her counterfeit ;
In which fair *Trickfy* you so like may see,
That *She* is not more like to *She*.
In fine expose her, and her Shade to view
You'll think both painted ; or both true.

Eccbo ad Pictorem Aufonii Epig.

T'Express me in a Face ! vain Painter why ?
Or court an unknown Goddess with thine Eye?

From Hyre, and Tongue, I'me sprung mother of vain
 Report, who Voice without a Mind retain.
 Catching last Syllab'es from their dying tone,
 And mocking others Language with my own.
 Shrill Eccho only in the Ear is found;
 But if thou'lt paint her like, go paint a Sound.

De Myrone & Laide Aufonii.
Epig.

OF *Lais* hoary *Myron* begg'd a Night,
 But she repulst him with a slight.
 He soon perceiv'd the cause, and his white Head
 With shining black soon overspread.
Myron the same in Face, but not in Hue,
 Returns his Love-suit to renew.
 But Face and Hair compared by the Dame,
 Thinking him like, but not the same.
 Perhaps the same Top, yet dispos'd to play;
 She to the subtle Youth could say;

Fondling,

Fondling, forbear to importune me so,
Thy Father I deny'd, but now,

De Vita beata.

Paraphras'd from the Latin.

COME y'are deceiv'd, and what you do
Esteem a happy Life's not so;
He is not happy that excels
I'th' Lapidary's Bagatells;
Nor he, that when he sleeps, doth lye
Under a stately Canopy;
Nor he, that still supinely hides,
In easie Down his lazy Sides;
Nor he, that Purple wears and sups
Luxurious Draughts in Golden Cups;
Nor he, that loads with Princely fare,
His bowing Tables whilst they'll bear;

Nor he, that has each spacious Vault
With Deluges of Plenty fraught ;
Cul'd from the fruitful *Libyan* Fields,
When *Autumn* his best Harvest yields:

But he whom no mischance affrights ;
No Popular applause delights,
That can unmov'd, and undismay'd
Confront a Ruffins threatening Blade.
Who can do this ; that Man alone
Has Power, Fortune to Dis throne.

Q. Cicero *de Mulierum levitate.*
Translat.

COMMIT a Ship unto the Wind ;
But not thy Faith to Women kind ;
For th' Oceans waving Billows are
Safer than Womans Faith by far.
No Woman's Good, and if there be,
Hereafter, such a Thing as she :

'Tis by I know not what of Fate,
That can from Bad, a Good Create.

Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.

SOME Men of Sense, and who pretend to be
Ancient Well-willers to your Family,
Phorin, give out, that Baud Men may thee call
And do thy modesty no wrong at all.

Thou swear'st they Infamously lye
And that no Word of Verity

They ever spake, then; or before :
And yet it cannot be deny'd
But by thy Cuckold Husbands side,
Thou every Night dost lay a Whore.

*In Coccam.**Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.*

THy Cheeks having their Roses shed,
And thy whole frame through Age become
So loathsome for all use in Bed,
That 'tis much fitter for a Tomb:
Cocca thou shouldst not be so vain,
(Although thy Eloquence be great)
As to expect it should obtain,
That I should do the filthy Feat.
And that same Engine in your Hood
You Cherish, Court, and Flatter so,
Now you have made him barely stood;
Is not so charitable though,
As in his vigorous Youth to be
A Crutch to your Antiquity.

Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.

OLd Fop, why should you take such pains
To Paint, and Perriwig it so?

My nobler Love alas! disdains

To stoop so infamously low.

Time that does mow the fairest Flowers,
Has made so very bold with yours,

You should expect to be deny'd :

The Footmen can no more endure you,

And, if no sport in Hell, assure you

You'll never more be Occupy'd.

Epig. writ in Calistas Prayer Book.
By Monsieur Malherbe.

WHilst you are Deaf to Love, you may,
Fairest *Calista*, Weep, and Pray,

And .

And yet alas! no Mercy find:
Not but God's Merciful 'tis true:
But can you think he'll grant to you,
What you deny to all Mankind.

O D E

Bacchique *de* Monsieur Racau.

I.

NOW that the Day's short, and forlorn
Of Melancholick *Capricorn*

To Chimny-corners Men translate:
Drown we our Sorrows in the Glafs,
And let the thoughts of Warfare pass,
The Clergy and the Third Estate.

I L

Maynard, I know what thou hast writ,
That sprightly issue of thy Wit,

Will

Will live whilst there are Men to read:
But what if they recorded be
In Memories Temple, boots it thee,
When thou art gnawn by Worms, and dead?

I I I.

Henceforth those fruitless Studies spare,
Let's rather Drink until we stare
Of this delicious Juice of ours:
Which does in excellence precede
The beverage which *Ganimede*
Into th' Immortals Geblet pours.

I V.

The Juice that sparkles in this Glass,
Make tedious Years, like Days, to pass;
Yet makes us younger still become:
By this from lab'ring Thoughts are chast,
The Sorrows of those ills are past,
And terrour of the ills to come.

V. Let

V.

Let us Drink brimmers then, Time's fleet,
And steals away with winged Feet
 Halling us with him to our Urn:
In vain we sue to it to stay;
For Years like Rivers slide away,
 And never, never do return.

V I.

When the Spring comes attir'd in Green
Then Winter flies, and is not seen,
 New Tides do still supply the Main:
But when our frolick Youth's once gone,
And Age has ta'en Possession;
 Time ne're restores us that again.

V I I.

Death's Laws are universal, and
In Princes Pallaces command,

As well as in the poorest Hut:
We're to the *Parcæ* subject all
The Threads of Clowns, and Monarchs shall
Be both by the same Cizors cut.

VIII.

Their rigours, which all things deface,
Will ravish in a little space
Whatever we most lasting make;
And soon will lead us out to drink
Beyond the Pitchy Rivers brink
The Waters of oblivious Lake.

Lyrick.

Ex Cornelio Gallo.

L *Idia*, thou lovely Maid, whose White
The Milk, and Lilly does outvie,
The Pale and Blushing Roses light,
Or polisht *Indian* Ivory.

Dislevel,

Dishevel, sweet, thy yellow Hair,
Whose ray doth burnisht Gold disprize,
Dissolve thy Neck so brightly fair,
That doth from Snowy Shoulders rise.

Virgin, unvail those starry Eyes,
Whose Sable Brows like Arches spread ;
Unvail those Cheeks, where the Rose lies
Streak'd with the Tyrian Purples Red.

Lead me those Lips with Coral lin'd,
And kisses mild of Doves impart,
Thou ravishest away my Mind,
Those gentle kisses steal my Heart.

Why suck'st thou from my panting Breast
The Youthful vigour of my Blood?
Hide those Twine-Apples, ripe, if prest
To spring into a Milky-flood.

From thy expanded Bosom, breathe
Perfumes *Arabia* doth not know ;
Thy every part doth Love bequeath,
From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy Bosoms killing White then shade,
Hide that temptation from mine Eye :
Thou seest I languish, cruel Maid ;
Wilt thou then go, and let me dye?

De luxu, & libidine.

Epig. Tho. Mori.

Let who would die to end his Woes,
Both, Wench, and Tipple, and he goes.

Id.

Id. in Avarum.

E P I G.

With narrow Soul thou swim'st in glorious
Wealth,
Rich to thy Heir: but wretched to thy self.

Id. in Digamos.

E P I G.

Who having one Wife buried, Marries then,
After one Shipwrack tempts the Sea agen.

Stan-

Stances de Monsieur de Scudery.

I.

F^Air Nymph, by whose perfections mov'd,
My wounded Heart is turn'd to Flame;
By all admired, by all approv'd,
Indure at least to be belov'd,
Although you will not Love again.

I I.

Aminta as Unkind, as Fair

What is there that you ought to fear;
For cruel if I you declare,
And that indeed you cruel are,
Why the reproach may you not hear?

III.

Even reproaches should delight,
 If Friendship for me you have none ;
And if no anger, I have yet,
Enough perhaps that may invite
 Your hatred ; or compassion.

IV.

When your Disdain is most severe,
 When you most rigorous do prove,
When frowns of anger most you wear ;
You still more charming do appear,
 And I am more, and more in Love.

V.

Ah ! let me, Sweet, your sight enjoy,
 Though with the forfeit of my Life ;
For fall what will, I'de rather dye,
Beholding you, of present Joy,
 Than absent, of a lingring Grief.

V I.

Let your Eyes lighten till expiring
In flame my Heart a Cinder lye;
Falling is nobler, than retiring,
And in the glory of Aspiring;
'Tis brave to tumble from the Sky.

V I I.

Yet I would any thing imbrace,
Might serve your anger to appease;
And, if I may obtain my Grace,
Your Steps shall leave no print; nor trace
I will not with Devotion kifs.

V I I I.

If (Cruel) you will have it so,
No word my passion shall betray;
My wounded Heart shall hide its Woe:
But if it Sigh, those Sighs will blow,
And tell you what my Tongue would say.

I X.

Should yet your rigour higher rise,
Even those offending Sighs shall cease;
I will my Pain, and Grief disguise:
But (Sweet) if you consult mine Eyes,
Those Eyes will tell you my Distress.

X.

If th' utmost my respect can do,
Still more your cruelty displease;
Consult your Face, and that will shew
What Love is to such Beauty due,
And to the state of my Disease.

Epitaph Monsieur Maynard.

J*ohn*, who below here reposes at leisure,
By pilf'ring on all hands, did rake up a Treasure
Above

Above what he e're could have hop'd for
himself;

He was Master of much; but imparted to no Man,
So that had he not had a Wife, that was common

Ne're any Man living had shar'd of his
Wealth.

On Cation a Dwarf.

Epig de Monsieur Maynard.

THe extended wont of Nature,
As all Mens Judgments will allow,
Never pifs'd so small a Creature;

Nor such a Mannikin as thou.
One might conceal thee well enough
In the least plet of thy small Ruff;

Alas! thou half a Man art scant:
Go, and shew thy Stature (*Cation*)
In the gross of some Batallion,

Most bravely mounted on an Ant.

Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.

A *Nthony* feigns him Sick of late,
Only to shew how he at home,
Lies in a Princely Bed of State,
And in a nobly furnish'd Room,
Adorn'd with Pictures of *Vandike's*,
A pair of Chrystal Candlesticks,
Rich Carpets, Quilts, the Devil, and all:
Then you his careful Friends, if ever,
You wish to cure him of his Fever,
Go lodge him in the Hospital.

*In Coccam.**Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.*

C *Occa* thou'dst still be lov'd ; nor wilt abate
Our Primitive ardour, but with Discontent:

Altho^s

Altho' thou knowst thy Youth bears the same date
With that alas! of the Old Testament.

Thine Eyes no more are Homicides,
And thy warpt front its furrows hides
Under the Paint-house of a Hood.
Now ply thy Beads; thy Name's renounced,
Thou the first Baudy-house hast founded,
Has been erected since the Flood.

In Coccam.

Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.

L Ord! how wrinckled is thy Fore-head!
And how Gray thy Hair is grown!
Lord! how chink't thy Lips, and aride!
And thy whole Frame turn'd Skeleton!
Truly, *Cocca*, I regret thee,
Sure Old Age did indiscreetly,
To be with thy Face so bold:
Henceforth none will pleasure make thee;
But thou purchase of the Laquey,
What thou once the Master sold.

Epig. de Monsieur Maynard.

Come, let's Drink, and drown all Sorrow,
'Tis what the Time invites us to,
And who knows whether to morrow
Was ordained for us or no!
Death watches us, and when that Slave
Has once enclos'd us in the Grave,
And heaps of Mold upon us hurl'd;
Farewel good Victuals and good Wine;
I read in no Author of mine
Of Taverns in the other World.

To Agrippa.

*The Sixth Ode of Horace. His
First Book of Lyricks.*

V *Arius*, in living Annals may
To the admiring Universe
Voice out in high *Mæonian* Verse

Thy

Thy Courage, and thy Conquests won,
And what thy Troops by Land, and Sea

Have through thy noble conduct done.

Our Muse, *Agrippa*, that does fly

An humbler pitch, attempts not these,

T'express *Pelides* rage ; nor fly

Ulysses' tedious Voyages :

Nor dips her Plume in those Red Tydes,

Flow from the Bloody Parricides

Of *Pelop*'s cruel Family :

We nothing to such heights pretend

Since Modesty,

And our weak Muse, who does aspire

No further than the jolly Lyre,

Forbids that we

Should in our vain attempts offend,

And darken with our humble laies,

Thine and great *Cæsar*'s Godlike Praise.

Who to his worth can *Mars* display,

When clad in Arms, whose dreadful Ray,

Puts out the Day ?

Or brave *Meriones* fet forth,
When soyl'd in *Trojan* Dust; or raise
Fit Trophies to *Tydides* worth,
Who to th' Immortal Gods was made
A Rival by *Minerva's* aid?
We Sing of Feasting, and Delights,
Stout Drinking, and the harmless Fights
Of horyoungMen, and blushing Maids,
Who when the Foe invades,
Make a faint show,
To Guard what they're content
shou'd go.

These are the Subjects of our Song,
In Nights, that else would seem too long,
Did we not wisely prove
The sweets of Jollity, and Love.

Epig. de Monsieur Corneille.

M*artin*, Pox on him, that impudent Devil,
That now only lives by his Shifts,
By borrowing of Dribblets, and Gifts,

For

For a forlorn Guinny I lent him last Day,
Which I was assured he never would pay ;
On my own Paper would needs be so civil,
To give me a Note of his Hand,
But I did the Man so well understand,
I had no great mind to be doubly trapan'd,
And therefore told him 'twas needless
to do't :
For said I, I shall not be hasty to Dun ye,
And 'tis enough surely to part with my
Money,
Without losing my Paper to boot.

Epig. de Monsieur Cotin.

After so many Works of various kinds
Dawen with so great pains has writ,
And all the recompence the Poet finds,
Is but the poor contempt of Wit ;
If Dawen now forbear to write on still,
'Tis that he weary is of doing ill.

Epig.

Epig. de Monf. de Benfaurade.

Here lies a great load of extr'ordinary merit,
Who taught us to know ere he did hence
depart,
That a Man may well live without any
Heart,
And die (which is strange!) without rend'ring
his Spirit.

Madrigal on Queen Dido.

Translated from *Cavalier Guarini*, and
he from *Ausonius*.

O Fortunata Dido, &c.

How hapless, *Dido*, was thy Fate
In both conditions of Life,
To be alike Unfortunate,
Whether a Mistress, or a Wife!

Both alike unhappy made thee,
Or thou thy self unhappy made;
But thy Lover false betray'd — thee,
And thy Husband was betray'd.
He one miserably dying,
For Queen thou wast enforc'd to fly;
And the other falsely dying,
Thou didst miserably dye.

Sede d'Amore.

Madrigal. *From Cavalier Guarini.*

TEll me *Cupid*, where's thy Nest,
In *Clora's* Eyes, or in my Breast?
When I do behold her Rays,
I conclude it in her Face:
But when I consider how
They both wound, and burn me too,
I conclude then by my smart,
Thou inhabits in my Heart.

Mighty

Mighty Love, to shew thy Power,
Though it be but for an Hour,
Let me beg without Offence,
Thou wilt shift thy Residence,
And erect thy self a Nest,
In my Eyes, and in her Breast.

Foco di sdegno.

From Cavalier Guarini. Madrigal.

FAir, and False, I burn 'tis true,
But by Love am no ways moved;
Since your Falshood renders you
So unfit to be beloved.
Tigress then, that you no more,
May triumph it in my smart;
It is fit you know before,
That I now have cur'd my Heart.

Hence.

Henceforth then if I do Mourn,
And that still I live in pain.
With another flame I burn;
Not with Love; but with Disdain.

Risposta del Tasto.

BURN, or Freeze at thine own pleasure,
Thou art free to Love, or no;
'Tis as little loss, as treasure,
Whether thou be'st Friend, or Foe.
Lover False, and Unadvised,
Who to threaten art so vain,
Light thy Love I ever prized,
And less value thy Disdain.
If to Love 'twas ever bootless,
And neglected was thy smart:
The Disdains will be as Fruitless,
Of thy fickle, hollow Heart.

WINTER.

WINTER.

I.

H Ark, hark, I hear the *North* Wind roar,
See how he riots on the Shoar;
And with expanded Wings out-stretch,
Ruffles the Billows on the Beach.

I I.

Hark, how the routed Waves complain,
And call for Succor to the Main,
Flying the Storm as if they meant
To creep into the Continent.

I I I.

Surely all *Æolus's* huffing Brood
Are met to War against the Flood,
Which seem surpriz'd, and have not yet
Had time his Levies to compleat.

IV. The

I V.

The beaten Bark her Rudder lost;
Is on the rowling Billows tost ;
Her Keel now Plows the *Onse*, and soon
Her Top-Mast tillts against the Moon.

V.

'Tis strange! the Pilot keeps his seat ;
His bounding Ship does so curvet,
Whilst the poor Passengers are found,
In their own fears already drown'd.

V I.

Now Fins do serve for Wings, and bear
Their Scaly Squadrons through the Air;
Whilst the Airs Inhabitants do slain
Their gaudy Plumage in the Main.

V I I.

Now Stars concealed in Clouds do peep
Into the secrets of the deep ;

T t

And

And Lobsters spued from the brine,
With *Cancer* constellations shine.

VIII.

Sure *Neptune's* Watery Kingdoms yet
Since first their Corral Graves were wet,
Were ne're disturbed with such alarms;
Nor had such trial of their Arms.

IX.

See where a Liquid Mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable Tides,
And tumbles headlong to the Strand,
As if the Sea would come to Land.

X.

A Sail, a Sail, I plainly spy,
Betwixt the Ocean and the Sky,
An *Argosy*, a tall built Ship,
With all her Pregnant Sailers a-trip.

XI. Nearer,

X I.

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With Canvis Wings into the Bay ;
And now upon the Deck appears
A croud of busy Mariners.

X II.

Methinks I hear the Cordage crack,
With furrowing *Neptune's* foaming Back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His Fury to the neighb'ring Shoars.

X III.

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding Keel above the Waves,
Opening his Liquid Arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

X IV.

See how she dives into his Chest,
Whilst raising up his floating Brest

To clasp her in, he makes her rise
Out of the reach of his surprize.

X V.

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
The Azure Surface of the deep,
And now at last the Waves have thrown
Their Rider on our *ALBION*.

X V I.

Under the Black cliff, spumy base,
The Sea-sick Hulk her freight displays,
And as she walloweth on the Sand,
Vomits her burthen to the Land.

X V I I.

With Heads erect, and plying Oar,
The Ship-wrack'd Mates make to the Shoar ;
And dreading of their danger, climb
The floating Mountains of the brine.

XVIII. Hark,

XVIII.

Hark, hark, the noise, their Eccho make
The Islands Silver Waves to shake ;
Sure with these throws, the lab'ring Main
'S delivered of a Hurricane.

XIX.

And see the Seas becalm'd behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of Wind ;
The Tempest has forfok the Waves,
And on Land begins his braves.

XX.

Hark, hark, their Voices higher rise,
They tear the Welkin with their Cries ;
The very Rocks their fury feel,
And like Sick Drunkards nod, and reel.

XXI.

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Niles Cataracts to these are dumb ;

The *Cyclope* to these Blades are still,
Whose Anvils shake the burning Hill.

XXII.

Were all the Stars enlightned Skies,
As full of Ears as sparkling Eyes ;
This rattle in the *Chrystal* Hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

XXIII.

What monstrous Race is hither tost,
Thus to Alarm our *British* Coast ;
With Outcries, such as never yet
War, or Confusion could beget.

XXIV.

Oh! now I know them let us home,
Our Mortal Enemy is come;
Winter and all his blust'ring train,
Have made a voyage o're the Main.

XXV. Vanish

XXV.

Vanisht the Countrys of the Sun,
The Fugitive is hither run,
To ravish from our fruitful Fields
All that the teeming Season yields.

XXVI.

Like an Invader, not a Guest,
He comes to Riot, not to Feast;
And in wild fury overthrows,
Whatever does his march oppose,

XXVII.

With bleak and with congealing Winds,
The Earth in shining Chains he binds;
And still as he doth farther pass,
Quarries his way with Liquid Glass.

XXVIII.

Hark, how the blusterors of the Bear,
Their Gibbouse Cheeks in triumph tear,

And with continued Shouts do ring
The entry of their Palsy'd King.

X X I X.

The Squadron nearest to your Eye,
Is his Forlorn of Infantry,
Bow-men of unrelenting Minds,
Whose Shafts are Feathered with the Winds.

X X X.

Now you may see his Van-guard rise
Above the Earthy Precipice,
Bold Horse on bleakest Mountains bred,
With Hail instead of Provend fed.

• X X X I.

Their Launces are the pointed Locks,
Torn from the Brows of Frozen Rocks,
Their Shields are Chrystals as their Swords,
The Steel the rusted Rock affords.

XXXII. See

XXXII.

See the main Body now appears,
And hark the *Æolian* Trupetters,
By their Hoarse Levets do declare,
That the bold General Rides there.

XXXIII.

And look where Mantled up in White,
He sleads it like the *Muscovite*;
I know him by the Port he bears,
And his Life-guard of Mountaineers.

XXXIV.

Their Caps are Fur'd with Hoary Frost,
The Bravery their cold Kingdom boasts;
Their spongy Plads are Milk White Frieze,
Spun from the Snowy Mountains Fleece.

XXXV.

Their Partizans are fine carved Glafs,
Fringed with the Mornings spangled Grass;

And

And Pendant by their brawny Thighs,
Hang Cimétars of burnisht Ice.

XXXVI.

See, see, the Reer-ward now has won
The *Promontories* trembling Crown,
Whilst at there numerous Spurs, the Ground
Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

XXXVII.

The Forlorn now halts for the Van ;
The Reer-guard draws up to the Main ;
And now they altogether croud
Their Troops into a threatning Cloud.

XXXVIII.

Fly, fly ; the Foe advances fast
Into our Fortrefs, let us hast
Where all the Roarers of the *North*
Can neither Storm, nor Starve us forth.

XXXIX. There

XXXIX.

There under Ground a Magazine
Of Sovereign juice is collard in,
Liquor that will the Seige maintain,
Shou'd *Phæbus* ne're return again.

XL.

Till that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd Blood of Age;
Matures the Young, restores the Old,
And makes the fainting Coward bold.

XLI.

It lays the careful Head to rest,
Calms Palpitations in the Breast,
Renders our Lives misfortune Sweet,
And *Venus* frolick in the Sheet.

XLII.

Then let the chill Sciorocco blow,
And gird us round with Hills of Snow;

Or, else go whistle to the Shoar,
And make the hollow Mountains roar.

XLIII.

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and Crown'd with Mirth and Wit ;
Where though bleak Winds confine us home,
Our Fancies round the World shall roam.

XLIV.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And Drink to all worth Drinking to :
When having Drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want Health than Wine.

LXV.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our Charity ;
Men that remote in Sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty Brimmers thrive.

XLVI. We'll

XLVI.

We'll Drink the Wanting into Wealth,
And those that Languish into Health,
The Afflicted into Joy, th' Opprest
Into Security and Rest.

XLVII.

The Worthy in Disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lye,
Shall taste the Air of Liberty.

XLVIII.

The Brave shall triumph in Success,
The Lovers shall have Mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue Praise,
And the Neglected Poet Baies.

XLIX.

Thus shall our Healths do others good,
Whilst we our selves do all we wou'd;
For freed from Envy and from Care,
What would we be, but what we are?

L. 'Tis

L.

'Tis the plump Grapes Immortal Juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or Wind and Weather.

L I.

Then let Old Winter take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,
And his Lungs crack with Ruthless Ire,
It shall but serve to blow our Fire.

L I I.

Let him our little Castle ply,
With all his loud Artillery,
Whilst Sack and Claret Man the Fort,
His Fury shall become our Sport.

L I I I.

Or, let him *Scotland* take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter ;
His Zeal may Freeze, whilst we kept warm
With Love and Wine, can know no harm,

*An ELEGY upon the Lord
Haftings.*

AMongst the Mourners that attend his Herse
 With flowing Eyes, and with each Tear a Verse,
 T'embalm his Fame, and his dear Merit save
 Uninjur'd from th'oblivion of the Grave;
 A Sacrificer I am come to be,
 Of this poor Off'ring to his Memory.
 O could our pious Meditations thrive
 So well, to keep his better part alive!
 So that, in stead of Him, we could but find
 Those fair Examples of his Letter'd Mind:
 Vertuous Emulation then might be
 Our hopes of Good Men, though not such as He.
 But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,
 Pale Vertue droops, now her best Pattern's lost.
 'Twas hard, neither Divine, nor Humane Parts,
 The strength of Goodness, Learning, and of Arts,
 Full crowds of Friends, nor all the Pray'rs of them,
 Nor that he was the Pillar of his Stem,

Affection's

Affection's Mark, secure of all Mens Hate,
Could rescue him from the sad stroke of Fate.
Why was not th' Air drest in Prodigious forms,
To groan in Thunder, and to weep in Storms?
And, as at some Mens Fall, why did not His
In Nature work a Metamorphosis?

No; he was gentle, and his Soul was sent
A silent Victim to the Firmament.

Weep, Ladies, weep, lament great *Hastings* Fall;
His House is bury'd in his Funeral:

- Bathe him in Tears, till there appear no trace
Of those sad Blushes in his lovely Face:

Let there be in't of Guilt no seeming sence,
Nor other Colour than of Innocence.

For he was Wise and Good, though he was Young;
Well suited to the Stock from whence he sprung:

And what in Youth is Ignorance and Vice;
In him prov'd Piety of an excellent price.

Farewel, dear Lord; and since thy Body must
In time return to its first Matter, Dust;

Rest in thy melancholy Tomb in Peace: For who
Would longer live, that could but now die so?

THE
BATAIL
OF
Y V R Y.

To my worthy Friend Mr. *Whyte*,
From the unworthy Author

Charles Cotton.

*Degeneres animos timor arguit heu, quibus ille
Jactatus Fatis! quæ bella exhausta canebat!*

Virg. Aneid. Lib. 4.

Uu

To

To his Honor'd Friend, the
Author of this Excellent
P O E M.

I Took, Sir, of your Book a short survey,
And swiftly ran it over without stay;
Yet stumbled not, I found the Work to be
So smoothly wrought, and coucht so evenly.

Some Musēs seem to gambol and curvet;
But yours, though frolick Feet on Ground she set,
Goes (as she swam in Blood) an easie pace,
Or rather runs a wreath-deserving Race.

Some rave in Verse, as they would seem to be
Full (like the Sibylls) of some Deity,
When Wine inflates them; but you, in your height
Of Fury, give your wing'd Phansies weight,
With Reason temper Rage, and like a strong
Well-fraighted Bark, pass steadily along.

You (as a true bred Stanhop*) write in State,
Brave lines compose, yet ne're Luxuriate;

But keep within your sober bounds, most fit
 To give restraint to a high-working Wit.
 As a Wise King's a Subject of your lines,
 So you considerately bring on designs,
 Not rush (like Curtius) into th' vastitys
 Of danger, but approach by fair degrees,
 Relating from what troubled Source arose
 Th' discord, and what troops of Gallant Foes
 Gave Luster to the Field, as here with fine
 Phæbean Phanfies your Narrations shine.
 Now when brave Metal to the stroke you bring,
 Your Verse then sparkles, fervently you sing,
 Spur up your Pegasus, and make him fly
 A gallant pitch of rare sublimity,
 And when his Head into a Cloud doth dash,
 Cause it to Thunder, as your Wit doth flash.
 Great Mars, when Diomed his Wast did wound,
 From his deep Throat sent forth a hideous sound:
 But (sure) he bellows not in Homer more
 To terror, than your Poem makes him roar.
 As your high enterprize did merit Praise,
 So for th' atchievement claim your Crown of Bayes.

*Tour Worth was in the bud, but now 'tis blown
By Fame, and to more Eminency grown,
By this strong work, a work that may defy
The Tooth of Time, and Tongue of Calumny.*

Thomas Bancroft.

T H E

THE
BATTAIL
OF
Y V R Y.

I.

High are his thoughts, whose *Buskin'd Mistress* sings
In verse *Heroick*, the *Heroick* deeds
Of Warlike *Princes*, and Victorious *Kings*,
Whose worth all *Commentary* still exceeds;
Nor can a *Muse*, imp't with the noblest Wings,
Write worth the least drop a brave *Gen'ral Bleeds*:

“ So high is Vertue, in her native Glory,
“ Advanc't above the *Trophies* of all Story.

I I.

Yet, to repeat what they have bravely writ,
With pointed Steel, in Characters of Blood,
How great Relations into Faction split,
When blind Ambition does corrupt the *Good*;
Should, from the worst no censure ill admit,
Nor of the best Men ill be understood ;
Since we do others, not our selves commend;
To celebrate the bold's a noble End.

I I I.

Assist me, then, thou *God* of Song, whose *Lyre*
I dare to touch with my unskilful Hands,
Whilst Truths I sing to make the World admire,
Of glorious *Burbon*, and his *Conquering Bands*,
Not to *Eclipse* ; nor raise that Vertue higher,
Which in the *Mount* of Honor burning stands,
Bright, as the brightest Star, that there doth flame
A shining *Moniment* to *Cæsar's* Name.

I V.

And thou great *Goddeſs* of all Arts, and Arms,
Teach me a Verſe High as this *Princes* thought,
That I may number the out-brav'd harms,
He, by his Conduct, to Subjection brought,
The dang'rous *Conqueſt*, that through Death's Alarms,
By hardy Valour he ſo bravely bought,

A day in Fame's great *Catalogue* more bright,
Than all the Suns of Honor e're could light.

V.

Great were the Vertues, that, *Example* ſince,
To *Kings* ſucceeding, he has left behind,
Great in a Man; but greater in a *Prince*,
A *Monarch*, from the *Lees* of place, refin'd;
A living precept *Tyrans* to Convince,
And plant true Honor in a Worthy's Mind,
A *Noble Stem*, whence to this clim did Spring
A worthy, though an overſhadow'd *King*.

V I.

Long had the Family of *Lorain* (grown
To dang'rous greatness by their *Princes* Grace)
By subtle *Arts*, strove to supplant the *Crown*
To grasp the *Sceptre*, and usurp his place,
Could they once get *Henry* of *Valais* down,
Then *King*, and last of that *Illustrious Race*,
A *Prince* in Prudence, and in Arms as great,
As *Europe* boasted in a *Regal State*.

V I I.

Three were the ruffling Brothers, that durst rise
In opposition to the Royal Line;
The First, and Chiefest, *Henry Duke* of *Guise*,
To whom the others *Charles*, and *Lewis* joyn;
Lewis a *Cardinal*, more Bold, than Wise,
Charles Duke of *Mayne*, Third in this great Design,
In League Compacted (so they call'd their Cause)
Against *Obedience*, and her sacred *Laws*.

VIII.

Nor was their Pow'r so trivial, as to be
Crusht by the *Kings* Authority; or force,
So well 'twas strength'ned by the Papal Sea,
Whence ('tis conceiv'd) this Faction had its Source;
But must be undermin'd by Policy,
For this engaged *Crown* the only Course,
So great, and many the Confed'rates were,
Who stood in favour of this haughty *Peer*.

IX.

Wherefore the *King*, did, in his Prudence, chuse
The help of Policy, where Arms were vain,
And knew so well his wary Councils use,
That *Duke*, and *Prelate* at his Foot lay slain,
When from his Juster Fate, the Third broke lose,
Did then sole Head of the whole League remain,
Employing all his Courage, and his Art
To seal his Vengeance on his *Prince's* Heart.

X. And

X.

And, in his Enterprize, was gone so far,
 The *King* was forc't to call into his Cause,
Henry of Burbon, then *King of Navar*
 His true Successor by the *Salique* Laws;
 Who then against him made defensive War;
 Him to his Service by command he draws,
 " So soon can Vertuous *Princes* learn t'obey,
 " And humbly bow, when they have Pow'r to
 " sway.

X I.

The Royal Arms, thus reinforc't, begin,
 In conduct of these *Princely Generals*
 To take the Field, some Towns, and Pris'ners win,
 No Force resists them, no Design forestals;
 Till, at the last they shut the Leaguers in,
 And lay close seige to *Paris* spacious Walls;
 In whose Defence, and Strength the *Duke*, at
 last,
 His latest refuge, and his safety plac't.

XII.

Nor were those Walls; or the *Parisians* aid
(True to the League; but treach'rous to the State)
Enough to stop the Power did invade;
Or to divert a Rebels juster Fate,
Had not the League by Combination made
On *Henry's* Life a foul Assassinate,
Who, in the Centre of his own command,
Fell by the stroke of an ignoble Hand.

XIII.

Then, at the Helm alone great *Burbon* stood,
Undoubted Heir unto the *Crown of France*,
Great in his Name, in Arms, and great in Blood,
Though something shaken by the *King's* mischance,
For why the *Peers* serve; nor obey him would,
Unless he would the *Roman* Faith advance,
Too hard a Contract for a King to make,
Though Life, and Honor lie engag'd at Stake.

XIV. His

XIV.

His just repulse, to their unjust demands,
Soon chang'd the Scene, beyond all humane aim,
For though he won some honest Hearts, and Hands
Tacknowledge, and assist his lawful claim;
Yet in few days so lessen'd were his Bands,
To his Abandoners Eternal Shame,
That, he was forc'd his Conquest to decline,
And build his Fortunes on some new Design.

XV.

Twere tedious to relate the Battails Fought,
The Towns beleaguer'd, and the *Cities* won,
The haughty Rebels to subjection brought,
By this brave Leader, Honors Eldest Son,
Acts, that indeed, exceed belief; or thought,
By mature Councils, and great Courage done;
The dangerous paths to Honor, and Renown
He trod, before he could atchieve the Crown.

XVI. Nor

XVI.

Nor falls it in the Sphere of my design,
To mention each of *Bourbon's* noble Acts,
So high attempts I humbly shall decline,
And leave those *Annals* to their better Tracts;
Who me, and my poor *Muse* as far out-shine;
As *Henry*, in his Celebrated Facts,
The lesser sparks of Honor does out-flame,
And swallows all their Titles in his Name.

XVII.

One day there was, wherein his Valour shone
A Pyramid of inextinguish'd Fire,
Wherein Immortal Glory; or there's none,
By dint of Sword, he bravely did acquire,
To that one days great History alone,
This *Poem* impotently shall aspire:
A day, above the *Trophies* of the Pen;
A *Prince*, above the *Characters* of Men.

XVIII. Many

XVIII.

Many the Conflicts were, various the Chance,
Betwixt the Seige of *Paris*, and the Fight
In *Tury-Plain*, that goar'd the Womb of *France*
With Fire, and Blood, betwixt the Wrong, and Right;
E're both the Armies to that Field advance,
One to Pursue, t'other Pretending flight,
Their num'rous odds had raised the League so
high,
As to pursue him, that could never fly.

XIX.

Two Nights before these angry Armies met
Th' uncertain chance of Bloody War to try,
All-seeing *Heav'n* his dire portents had set,
Oraculous Symptoms in the troubled Sky,
The naked Surface of the Earth was wet
With Storm, and Tempest, and a Prodigy,
Succeeded in the Air, to shew the *King*,
How to his aid *Heav'n* did assistance bring.

X X.

Two Puissant Armies in the Sky appear'd,
To shoot in Thunder, and with Lightning kill,
In color like the Comets streaming Beard,
Which great events in Battail ushers still,
By most Men doubted, and by many feared,
All were suspended at th' Almighty's will ;
Yet such their Leader was, their Cause so Just,
They unto Providence, and Valour trust.

X X I.

The Slothful *Sun*, rose to his daily round,
All Night disturb'd with riots in the Air,
When both the Hosts his drowsy Eye had found,
Imploring Conquest in different Pray'r,
And now they both march to the destin'd Ground,
Where *Fate* their different Fortunes does prepare,
Both Arm'd for the Disasters, and the Harms,
That still attend th' uncertain chance of Arms.

XXII. The

XXII.

The Field where this great Game was to be try'd,
In a round Form, does a large Plot contain,
A Stage of Honor spacious and wide,
Where Souldiers may Eternal Glory gain,
Two little Towns did bound the Royal side,
And on the *Dukes* a Grove shut up the Plain;
Towards the *West* (the lodging of the *Sun*)
The River *Eure*, in a deep vale doth run.

XXIII.

A place so form'd by Nature, as no Art
Could smooth it plainer to so brave an end,
In which no craggy; or deform'd part,
Could either side advantage; or offend,
Save that a little dimple in the Heart
Did with a gentle fall it self extend;
A worthy Theatre whereon to play
The Tragick entrys of a Bloody day.

XXIV. *Illustr.*

XXIV.

Illustrious *Bourbon* was the first, that took
A brave Possession of the Fatal place,
Set down in Destiny's eternal Book,
To his Renown, and to the *Duke's* Disgrace,
Who in the *King's* victorious Arms mistook,
As of a flying Foe pursu'd the Chase,
So far did Fate, and Odds seem to combine
In help, and favour of his black Design.

XXV.

For in the Royal Muster did appear
Eight thousand Foot, and but three thousand Horse,
The League above double the Number were,
Such inequality was in their Force,
The Rebel Crew were more, that crowded there
In number better, but in Courage worse:

For they with *Henry* who so oft had fought,
So far from Fear were, they disdain'd to doubt.

XXVI.

Now, on the Plain the Royal Standard stands,
Waving the Golden *Fleur-de-Lis* of France,
The Trumpets usher in the Loyal Bands,
The barded Steeds under their Riders prance,
The Leaders take their several Commands,
And in good Order in the Field advance;
And there abide---the coming of the Foe,
To crown their Sov'reign in his overthrow.

XXVII.

Montpensiers, worthy Duke, the Van up led,
A Prudent Warriour, and a Loyal Peer,
The Battail next, of which the *King* was head,
The *Marshal Byron* brought up the Rear;
A Captain Practis'd, and a Souldier bred,
A Man that knew not such a Thought as Fear,
Wife as the wisest, as the Boldest bold,
In Dangers only, and Success grown old.

XXVIII. Their

XXVIII.

Their hardy Cavalry they did divide,
In Bodies five, for Service of that Day,
Unto the first *Marſhal d' Aumont* was Guide,
By him two Regiments of Fire-locks lay,
To flanck that first Diviſions left aſide,
And, at a diſtance, keep the *Duke* in play,
That naked Side to ſuccor, and to ſhield,
Plac't on the out-ſide of the ſpacious Field.

XXIX.

Next that, the ſecond was commanded by,
Montpenſiers Duke, who on his left, and right,
Two valiant Squadrons had appointed nigh,
To ſecond, and aſſiſt him in the Fight,
Of *German* one, th'other *Swiſſe* Infantry,
Both prompt to Battail ; and both fam'd for Might,
As by th'eſevent of that victorious Day,
To all the World their Valors did diſplay.

XXX.

The third to this, and biggest of them all,
Contain'd the Sacred Person of the *King*,
The *Prince* of *Conty*, and the Count *St. Paul*,
And of the Flower of *France* a noble Ring,
To rise in Conquest, or in Glory fall,
With him who was their Lives, and Honors spring,
These on the right, and left hand flanked were
By the *Swisse-Guard*, and Collonel *Balthazar*.

XXXI.

The fourth Division, on the right hand this,
To Marshal *Byron's* wise Conduct fell,
Who in true Discipline could never miss,
He knew the angry Art of War so well,
Those approv'd Councils, and that Heart of his
Were known most Leaders of his time t'excel,
By him two Regiments of Fire-locks stand,
To flank his Body upon either hand.

XXXII. The

XXXII.

The fifth, and last, by *Scomberg's* valiant Count
Theodorick was led, this did consist
Of *German* Horse, Souldiers of good account,
That, under *Henry's* Pay, enter'd the List;
None could their Courage, nor their Truth surmount
Hardy attempt, and resolute resist;

These, with their Belgick Cornets, reach't quite
down,

Even to the Houses of *St. Andre's* Town.

XXXIII.

Two other Squadrons in the Front did stand,
Then the main Battail marcht some paces higher,
The one four hundred Horse, in the Command
Of *Baron Giury* was, and the grand Prior,
The next, which stood upon the other hand,
Three hundred Cuirassés made up entire;

These had to Chief, the *Baron* of *Byron*,
Of a brave Father, a victorious Son.

XXXIV.

Betwixt these two, th' Artillery planted were,
(The black Invention of ingenious Ire)
To which old *Philibert* was Canoneer,
Expert in all th' effects of level'd Fire,
Well knew he how, and when to gall, and tear,
And force the forward Foe halting retire,
Him fifty *Harquebuses* do attend,
With Pioneers the Ord'nance to defend.

XXXV.

The Forlorn-hope by three Commanders led,
St. Denis, *Brignolet*, and *Parabiere*,
Some Paces before all lay covered,
Scarce seen by them, who knew not they were there,
In the Fields lay so safe, they nought could dread,
No execution of the Canon fear;
So happily they found a friendly room,
In that green Navel of the Plains smooth Womb.

XXXVI. Scarce

XXXVI.

Scarce were they order'd, when the *Sieurs la Mouy*
Du Plessis, and *Tremouille*, from *Poitou* came,
Tri'de *Knights*, with them two hundred Cavalry,
The weaker to assist, the Rebel came,
The *Sieur de Humiers* out of *Picardy*,
With fourscore Gentlemen, stir'd by the Fame
Of a great Day of Honor to be try'd,
Came *Volontiers* to fight on *Henry's* side.

XXXVII.

These slender Aids, in such an hour sent,
To the whole Army promis'd fair Success,
And of the day presag'd a good event,
Since they must conquer, that Heav'n's care doth bless,
No less the Souldier thinks these Succors meant,
Which Joy, and Hope, he loudly does express,
And to the Sky his Acclamations sends,
In Thanks, and welcome of these valiant Friends.

XXXVIII.

Thus stand the embattail'd Royalists to dare,
The Twins oppos'd, of Danger, and Mischance,
And as their Captains, so the Squadrons are,
Prompt as the killing speed of Fire, t'advance ;
Such Manly Confidence, they all declare,
Upon whose Valours lay the *Crown of France*,
A Stake for the brave Game then to be try'd,
Which Fortune must, and the Swords Edge
decide.

XXXIX.

The adverse Camp to such assurance grew,
Of easy Conquest by their seeming Flight,
They nimbly seem to fly, as they pursue,
As to a Prey, rather than to a Fight,
But their Forlorn found that Belief untrue,
When first they saw the *King* to Battail dight,
Order'd with all the Courage and the Art,
That could express a Souldiers Head ; or Heart.

XL. This

X L.

This rude Alarm, that soon from Van, to Rear,
Flew, with the wonted speed, of ill Report,
Soon chang'd the Souldiers overweeming chear,
Who now perceiv'd they were to bandy forc't,
Their vain assurance it converts to fear,
So much the unexpected News import,
They now amaz'd to doubtful conflict hast,
And order new their Troops in march misplac't.

X L I.

Their num'rous Army with all speed, and care,
(Now of their blind security bereft)
Th'abus'd Commanders for the Fight prepare,
And into two mighty Battalions cleft,
The right *Duke Nemours*, fit to do, and dare,
Had in Command, and stout *Aumale* the left,
The first a noble Youth, seduc'd to fight
Against his Honor, and his *Prince's* Right.

XLII. In

XLII.

In point of the right Wing *Count Egmont* fought,
Who Arms in favour of the League did bear,
With him the *Launciers*, he from *Flanders* brought;
Next him the *Swisse*, *Fifer*, and *Berling* were
Flanck't by three Reg'ments in their trade well taught
By *Dissemieux*, *Pons'enac*, and *Chasteliere*,
Three *Colonels*, who by the Worlds applause,
Deserv'd their Honors in a better Cause.

XLIII.

'Twixt these, and *Nemours* Regiment, that made
The number of four hundred gallant Horse,
The yawning *Canon* ready to be play'd,
Were planted to devour the Royal Force,
And, ram'd for Death only the Signal stay'd,
Their murdering sulphurous Treasure to disburse,
A threatening train of great Artillery,
Enough to fright Men not resolv'd to dye.

XLIV. In

* XLIV.

In the left Wing four hundred *Spaniards* led,
By Captains bold, their Cornets fair display,
Which to the margent of the Plain out-spread,
Had in their Flanck *St. Paul*, and *Tenissay*,
With *Lorain* Regiments, who had to head
Bold Tremble court, and fierce *Chastaigneraye*;
Next these, *Aumale*, the *Sieurs de Perdriell*,
De Loncampe came, and *de Fontaine-Martell*:

XLV.

The Dukes own Cornet, which *Cygogne* bore,
March't up the Body to these spacious Wings,
With them, of Gentlemen, four hundred more,
In all seven hundred to oppose the *Kings*;
These flanck't by *Flemings* were, and these before,
The Reiters, which hapless *Duke Brunswick* brings,
To charge and wheel, as they were disciplin'd
Betwixt the Wings for a Reserve behind.

XLVI. The

XLVI. .

The Leaguers Force, thus order'd, gently moves,
Scorning in such a Glorious hour to breathe;
The Mother Earth spurn'd by the armed Hooves,
In dire ostent mournfully Groans beneath;
Whilst each, like Fire by agitation proves,
Prompter to snatch from others head the Wreath,
Then Face to Face, both Armies in Array,
Stand to attempt the Fortune of the Day.

XLVII.

And now Heav'ns Lamp, unwilling to behold,
The bloody Conflict prest to be begun,
Shading with Clouds his Locks of burning Gold,
Stept into Night before his course was run,
The dusky *Hemisphere* in darkness roll'd,
Withheld the tryal until the Morning Sun;
When each in equal favour of the light,
Might have the day bright Umpire of their
Fight.

XLVIII. Straight.

XLVIII.

Straightway succeeding night 'gan to arise,
 In mists of darkness, to possess the Sky,
 Mantling the Warriours in her dark surprize,
 The Valiant could not fight, the Coward fly,
 Not in her Sables clad, ermin'd with Eyes,
 But in a mourning Vail of *Tragedy*,
 Black, as the Face of Sorrows blackest hue,
 To solemnize the Funerals to ensue.

XLIX.

The Camps, withdrawn into their Quarters make,
 Great Fires, that each may see the others Care
 How to their Safety they are both awake,
 And each of others bold Attempts aware,
 The wary Guards them to their Posts betake,
Perdws and *Centinels* well planted are,
 Upon occasion, to report th'Alarm,
 And prompt their Leaders when, and where
 to arm.

L. The

L.

The *Lorain Duke* retir'd into his Tent,
During this respite, does a Counsel keep,
To which the heads of ev'ry Regiment
Summon'd, appear in Consultation deep,
Kept waking all by *Bourbon's* brave intent,
“ When Death stands Centinel, 'tis no time to sleep;
There every one, and all, maturely weigh
The State, wherein their Lives, and Honors lay.

L I.

Himself (a Friend to secure Counsels) first
Deliver'd what he thought best to be done,
Not like a Prince in forward action nurs't,
(Which fires brave Minds where Honor's to be won)
But like a subtle Fox, that hardly durst,
With all his odds, a Battail's hazzard run:
He thus in Counsel to his daring Friends,
The common State of their Affairs commends.

LII. “ Most

LII.

" Most noble Friends, in the Results of War,
 (" Wherein the glorious Soul of Conquest lies)
 " The safest Counsels, most successful are ;
 " Nor is that Man less valiant, who is wise,
 " Whereas precipitous resolves, impair
 " The worthy number of such brave supplies,
 " As these of yours, who nobly thus advance
 " Your dreaded Ensigns, for dismember'd
 France.

LIII.

" Whose wounding Adversaries, pounded lye,
 " Into this Angle frightened, by your Fame,
 " Compell'd to fight, because they cannot fly,
 " Their desperate ruin, and their certain shame,
 " Yet with this poor, half vanquish'd Enemy,
 " 'Tis best we wisely play a certain Game,
 " That is, to husband what our Swords have
 won,
 " And end in safety, what in blood begun.

LIV. " For

L I V.

“ For though the Foe be by your Valours brought
“ To his last Cast, that is, to fight, and dye ;
“ And, that he is, as soon o’recome as fought,
“ To conquer without loss, is Victory,
“ When from the desp’rate Conquest’s dearly bought,
“ The Victors surest Friend is Policy,
 “ By whose advice, we may on cheaper terms
 “ Purchase the Triumphs, that attends our
 Arms.

L V.

“ The lost Nobility, that assist *Navarre*,
“ In his vain Quarrel, at their own Expence,
“ Will fall away by a protracted War,
“ Leaving his Power as weak, as his Pretence ;
“ And when their Furnitures all wasted are,
“ Want will reduce them to a better Sense :
 “ So that by spinning out the War in length,
 “ We, without Battail, shall o’recome his
 Strength.

LVI. This

LVI.

This said *Count Egmont* instantly arose,
His sparkling Eyes with Resolution shone,
Wherein Disdain, and Valour did disclose,
How much he scorn'd, such abject thoughts to own;
Before he spoke, he threatn'd to oppose
The mean Resolves, their General put on ;
At last he with a Souldiers Grace exprest,
The nobler sense of his more noble breast.

LVII.

“ My Lord (said he) I was not hither sent,
“ Nor into *France* these approv'd succors bring,
“ To vanquish without Arms ; nor with intent
“ To waste the Treasure of the Cath'lick *King* ;
“ Nor must his Mony, and his Men be spent
“ In doing nought ; or some ignoble thing,
“ Advantage gives the Signal now to go,
“ And end the Quarrel with one Manly blow.

LVIII.

“ Nor suits it with our Honors ; or your Cause,
“ To wave a Fight whereto they are compell’d
“ And suffer such an Enemy to pause,
“ Because he is, with Blood-shed to be quell’d ;
“ So shall their Story, with the Worlds applause
“ Be writ in *Triumph*, and we Cowards held,
“ And in the splendor of their Leaders Fame
“ Will be eclips’t the Glory of your Name.

LIX.

“ Therefore (my Lord) let not the rising Sun,
“ Behold a slothful *Camp*, that dares not rise,
“ To end what they so daringly begun,
“ A wretched Army, that the Conquer’d flies,
“ And dreads the glorious Wreath their Swords have
won ;
“ But add unto our famous Victories,
“ This one, which only for the Morning stays,
“ T’impale our brows with *Oak*, the *Souldiers*
bays.

LX. T’im.

L X.

T'impatient Captains all at one approv'd
Th'unhappy Count's Advice, and all aloud
With equal ardour the stay'd *Gen'ral* mov'd
To reap the crop, for which their Swords had plow'd,
Who paus'd, then told them, that he dearly lov'd
The Zeal, and Valour their brave Minds endow'd,
And was resolv'd the day's event to try,
To conquer with such Friends; or fighting dye.

L X I.

Thus then resolv'd, each Officer repairs,
To his brave charge against the Morn to come,
Arming their Limbs in Steel, their Souls with Prayers,
So to prevent; or to preserve their doom;
Nor less th'*Heroick King* his Men prepares,
Who, but through danger, had no high way home;
Spending those hours in diligence, and care,
That interpos'd 'twixt him, and conquest were.

LXII.

At last th'unwilling Morn 'gan weeping rise,
T'illuminate the Theatre of *Death*,
And like a tender Virgin, hid her Eyes,
From the sad Objects to succeed beneath;
So that she shone; but did not guild the Skies,
Even asham'd to grace the Victor's Wreath;
Who at the price of native blood at best,
Must win that Honor to his daring Crest.

LXIII.

No sooner peept she from her Eastern Seat,
Through the Clouds of sorrow vail'd her Face,
Than the loud Instruments of War did greet
The Light so long'd for; such a tedious space,
They sound their *Trumpets*, and their Drums they
beat,
Whilst each side takes possession of their place,
In the same order, that before, when night,
By interposing, had defer'd the Fight.

LXIV.

The valiant *French* (whose Flames that day inroll'd
To prov'd posterity) spur'd about the Plain,
To chear the Coward, and confirm the bold,
No thought of Fear could their true Metals stain,
Each in his constant Looks to his foretold,
They should the Honor of the Field obtain:

Thus by their Leaders brave Exemple taught,
On Conquest, only, ev'ry *Souldier* thought.

LXV.

Great *Henry* mounted on a large, bay Steed,
(Who as he knew the Royal Weight he bore,
Trampled the Earth where *Thousands* were to bleed,
Their tribute to that *Parent*, whence before
They had deriv'd the matter of their seed,
And to that Element must now restore)

Rode up, and down to view his Loyal Bands,
How each in order, and in courage stands.

L X V I.

His Head unarm'd, to those his faithful Friends,
Who now impatient of the Battail, stay,
With an undaunted Look, he recommends
The common State wherein their Fortunes lay,
He tells them all, that no more strength attends
To try th'event of such another day;

But that each private Man's peculiar share
Of Life, and Safety in their Valours were.

L X V I I.

His noble Prefence more perswasion finds,
Than his brave Words, not to be heard by all,
And gave a better stamp to all their Minds,
Than from the Tongue of Eloquence could fall,
“ Nothing a Souldiers Resolution binds
“ More, than Example in a *General* ;
They all ambitious are, of their blind Fate,
And each Man thinks the time defer'd too late.

LXVIII. Thus

LXVIII.

Thus riding the Divisions of his *Host*,
To help an Error were it to be found,
He spur'd his fiery *Steed* from post, to post,
Through the Files of ev'ry Squadron round,
So to supply, where the defect was most
A disadvantage in his Men ; or Ground,
Till at the main *Battalions* head he stay'd,
And lifting up his Eyes to Heaven thus pray'd,

LXIX.

" Thou dreaded *Architect* of this great Ball,
" Who with thine Eye of Providence look'st down,
" Searching the secret Purposes of all,
" Out of thy Gracious Bounty please to own
" The Justice of my Arms; nor let me fall
" In my just claim to this usurped *Crown* :
" But fav'rably extend this doubtful hour
" The conqu'ring hand of thy *Almighty* Power .

L X X.

“ Or, if for this thy zealous peoples Peace,
“ Thou in thy sacred Wisdom, know’st unfit
“ That I should rule, and that ’twere their Disease,
“ In the *French Throne*, should I a *Monarch* sit,
“ Then, let my Title fall, if thou so please,
“ To advance their Fortune; and, let me with it,
 “ In the first File of Honor,, fighting dye
 “ Worthy my Name, and their Fidelity.

L X X I.

This said, a chearful shout i’t’h’ Front began
The loud excursion of a sudden Joy,
And with the Rear which eccho’d to the Van,
Fill’d the whole *Camp* with an auspicious Cry,
From Troop to Troop the Loyal Motto ran,
Which made the Plain resound, *Vive le Roy*,
 All arm’d with Valour, and their *Princes* Love,
 Unwilling stay their faithful Arms to prove.

LXXII. Then

LXXII.

Then with his Cask he arm'd his noble Head,
 In which, a waving Plume of curled white,
 Like a white Dove, the silver Wings outspread
 Above his Crest, there stuck to be a Light,
 In clouds of Horror unto those he led
 Through the rough paths of an uncertain Fight,
 And now the Armies both attend the sign,
 Which given both in dreadful conflict joyn.

LXXIII.

Have you not seen, on *Neptune's* liquid Plain,
 A short-liv'd Truce still that transparent Face,
 No whisper of the Air to crisp the *Maine*;
 But all, as even, and as smooth, as Glass,
 Where not the Footsteps of a Storm remain,
 Whereby the Eye may any ruins trace,
 The Sea so calm, and the Winds Doors so bar'd,
 As if the Elements had never jar'd.

LXXIV. When

LXXIV.

When on a sudden all the Winds broke loose,
From the dark Entrails of their bolted Cave,
Break the late Concord, and dissolve the Truce,
And on the surface of the Waters brave,
Nothing but noise and tumult then ensues,
Winds fight with Winds, and Wave encountreth Wave
Together shuffled in a foaming rage,
That pale-fac'd Ruin only can assuage.

LXXV.

So still these Armies do maintain their Ground,
As in their cutting Swords no danger were,
As each withdrew his hand from the first Wound,
Panting for Glory some, and some for Fear,
Till by the Signal of the *Trumpets* Sound,
In a far different posture they appear,
Thund'ring confusion to the vaulted Sky,
A Prologue to th'ensuing Tragedy.

LXXVI. The

LXXVI.

The wide-mouth'd *Canon* through their Iron Jaws,
 In killing Accents, first began to speak,
 Disputing with a dreadful noise the cause,
 In which all Argument had prov'd too weak,
 Nor was it now a time for other Laws,
 Than what th'effects of Fire and Sword could wreak,
 No other Language must be understood,
 Than that, which spoke in Thunder, Fire, and
 Blood.

LXXVII.

The troubled Morning who before had lent
 Only a faint, and an unwilling Light,
 In sulphurous Clouds was hid, as if they meant
 To shade that Beauty with eternal Night,
 The rowls of Smoak, These roaring *Ord'nance* vent
Heav'ns burning Eye had overshadowed quite;
 A vaporous Darknes so enclos'd them all,
 None other knew but by the *Canons* call.

LXXVIII.

So have I seen a black tempestous shade
Rudely succeeding *Phæbus's Golden Beams*,
With thund'ring Terror the hush't Air invade,
Clad in the rage of Natures loud extreams,
No ray of Comfort, but what Light'nings made,
Darting through dreadful Chasms their flaming
Streams,

Whilst the confounded World do trembling fear,
The last and greatest Dissolution near.

LXXIX.

Twice had these Engines, upon either part,
Disgorg'd their murd'ring Entrails on the Foe,
But with so different Fortune, Care and Art,
That the *Duke's* erring Shot play'd all too low,
Whilst the *King's* levell'd Right, tore through the
Heart,

Of the *Duke's* Front, almost to overthrow,
And gall'd *Count Egmont*, who asham'd to stay,
Began the brave Encounter of the Day.

LXXX. The

LXXX.

The *Grand-priors* Squadron the bold *Comte* assails,
With so much Brav'ry, such impetuous Force,
That through that Body's Centre he prevails
Unable to withstand his stronger Horse,
So that the *Flemings*, turn'd their Coursers Tails
On the *King's* Canon, and compleat their Course,
Painting their Lances with the Rabble Blood,
Of Pioneers, who by the Ord'nance stood.

LXXXI.

By which contempt, they so disorder'd were,
Thus killing on, at this successful rate,
That bold *Aumont*, and fierce *Byron* must bear
Upon their damask't Swords, their sudden Fate,
So that by these charg'd home in Flanck, and Rear,
They find the Error of their hast too late,
Whilst the *Grand-prior* rally'd, straight began
A furious Charge in their dismember'd Van.

LXXXII. Anger,

LXXXII.

Anger, and Shame, Spite, and Revenge contend
In execution which should which out-run,
With unresisted Fury all offend,
And to redeem what the rash *Dutch* had won,
Who round begirt with slaughter, bow, and bend,
And e're times restless wheel an hour had spun,
On the cold bosom of the purpled Plain,
They ev'ry Man lay with their Leader slain.

LXXXIII.

So a Victorious Grove of stately *Oaks*,
Which their aspiring Heads to Heaven raise,
Before a throng of Lab'rers wounding stroaks,
Stoop their ambitious Brows to kiss their base,
The strong limbd Clown in his Endeavour smoaks.
Till the large Trunks lie tumbled on the place,
As fell this Squadron on th'Earths bruis'd Womb,
Worthy a better Cause, and worth their Tomb.

LXXXIV. In

LXXXIV.

In this great Ruin, Noble *Egmont* fell,
To War, and Death a Bloody Sacrifice,
His Countries Honor, his Times Miracle,
Spurring his Fate by his too bold Advise;
Nor can the Tongue of Fame speak ought but well,
Of his Renoun, and living Victories,
He Conqu'ring fell, despising Fate, and Death,
Bequeathing to his Name Immortal Breath.

LXXXV.

Now through the Field Giddy destruction flew,
To riot in full draughts of *Christian* Blood,
Each other Cut and Mangled Hurt, and Slew,
Till the whole Plain, appear'd a Crimson Flood,
Members, and Men the groaning Earth bestrew,
No Walls of Steel their furious Arms withstood,
Force, Hatred, Wrath, and Eavy mustred shew,
What altogether can in Conflict do.

LXXXVI. Valiant

LXXXVI.

Valiant *Duke Nemours* in the Van-guard met,
With *Duke Montpensier* to dispute the Day,
Each stroke the others daring Coronet,
At a less pitch would neither Warrior play,
Their burnisht Armor, with their Blood was wet,
Their owners heat; and manhood to display;
 Whilst eithers Squadrons spur their Valors home,
 Eager to Fight, impatient to Orecome.

LXXXVII.

And in the Reer, *German Count Scomberg* came
With a well guided fury to assail,
The hardy Troops fir'd by their Fellows Shame,
Who had to Cheif the *Chevalier D'Aumale*,
With equal Conduct, and with equal flame,
They fiercely Joyn, Ambitious to prevail,
 Whilst Fortune, hovering on ambiguous Wings,
 To neither part her blind assistance brings.

LXXXVIII. *Mont-*

LXXXVIII.

Montpensiers Duke having his Courser slain,
In the first brunt of that unequal flight,
Remounted by the Valor of his train,
Fought like a Loyal, and a hardy *Knight*,
His constant Prowess did that Day obtain,
A burning Crown of inextinguish'd Light,
For greater Acts than his, more bold, and high,
Never adorn'd the Face of History.

LXXXIX.

Nor less *Duke Nemours* did attempt to excel,
Who though a Youth, was full of noble Fire,
Into the Battail with the Sword he fell,
Ambitious, as the proudest, to aspire
To Honors sacred Hill, a parallel
To those great Names which never must expire ;
Like Young *Ascanius* shone his downy Face,
The worthy *Heir* of an Illustrious race.

XC.

During their Conflict, on the other side,
Count *Scomberg* powr'd his shot upon the Foe,
By which *Aumale's* vast Squadrons fell, and died,
The warlike *Knight* quits not the quarrel so,
Since nought that Controversy could decide,
But one; or th'others total overthrow,
Like a brave Captain he maintain'd the Field,
Who knew to dye, but had not learn't to yield.

XCI.

Mean while the Reiters, planted in the Van,
Of the *Duke's* Battail, though so shrewdly torn,
Their Body clos'd, a wheeling Charge began,
After their Custom; when the *King's* Forlorn,
Standing upright, where they had ambush'd lain,
Since first appearance of the early Morn,
Gave them so rude a welcome, that the ground,
Was in the streams of ruthless slaughter drown'd.

XCII. Death's

XCII.

Death's Messengers, impuls'd by Fire, and Fate,
About the Field on mortal Errands flew,
At such a cruel, so well-guided rate,
That almost ev'ry Ball a Souldier flew,
The wounded Foe tumbles precipitate,
The Bed of Death their trembling Limbs bestrew,
While each that fell in that impetuous strife
Open'd a passage to his Fellow's life.

XCIII.

The fury of this Storm *Duke Brunswick* bore,
Whom nor in Arms, nor Courage could defend:
But on his Heart the stamp of Death he wore,
No longer could Life's batter'd Fort contend,
He dying fell, embalm'd in his own gore,
To crown his actions with a glorious end,
On whom no barb'rous Enemy could confer,
Less than a high, immortal Character.

XCIV.

Their Captain slain, straight from their killing Foes,
The frightened Reiters fac'd to get behind,
But found their own Divisions plac'd so close,
No path to Safety could their terrour find,
The *Dukes* own Launces were compell'd to oppose
These desp'rate Flyers with amazement blind
So to preserve the Order of his own,
From being by their mad career o're-thrown.

XCV.

The *King*, who thus long had Spectator stood,
At this advantage, spurr'd his foaming Steed,
Down from whose wounded Sides, the hot chaff'd
Blood
Beguile the Warriour's Spurs; who fiercely rid,
To whip the pride of that Gigantick brood
That durst, with rebel Arms, his claim forbid,
And after him the noblest-Peers of *France*,
With faithfull Fury to the Field advance.

XCVI. The

XCVI.

The *Lorain Duke*, embarras'd by his own,
And charg'd, at once, by the victorious *King*;
Yet like a Leader true to his renown,
Maintain'd his ground, maugre the Force they bring,
And now the latest cast of War was thrown,
With peals of Shot, the rowling Orbs do ring,
Bravely resolv'd they close th'events to try,
Of Fate, and Fortune, Chance and Destiny.

XCVII.

There head, to head, each Gen'ral other fac't,
With equal heat of deadly fury fir'd,
The Battails Sphear, that erst the Plain embrac't,
Seem'd to its Center now to be retir'd,
In his own strength, and courage each Man plac't
The glorious end, to which they all aspir'd,
Some fighting stand, whilst others fighting fall,
And each Man fights, as each Man fought for all.

XCVIII.

The sanguine Die, that Burnish'd every Blade,
Which reeking from some bloody Slaughter came,
Their angry Owners cruel Acts betray'd,
While the oppos'd, killing with equal Flame,
The Conquest doubtful first, then bloody made
To him that lost, and him that overcame,
So well on both Sides was the Battail fought,
One dearly sold, what th'other dearly bought.

XCIX.

The *Sieur de Rhodes* who the *King's* Cornet bore,
A loyal, daring, and unblemish'd Youth,
Writ in the Crimson of his streaming Gore,
Must seal his Manhood, and confirm his Truth,
Th'unpitying Steel his panting Vitals tore,
Who dying stoopt a Spectacle of ruth,
In some few Minutes he expiring fell,
To live in Fames eternal Chronicle

C.

Yet e'er he yielded to the mortal Blow,
Courage awhile upheld his dying weight,
Like a young *Cedar*, did he bend and bow,
Loth to obey the Summons of his Fate,
Now would he have reveng'd his Wound, when now,
Death must alas ! his brave acts terminate,
He threat'ning fell, as if his single fall,
Had been enough to overwhelm them all.

C I.

From his Disaster flew the tell-tale Fame,
Thorough the Field to all the Royal Host,
And does aloud from Troop to Troop proclaim,
That *Henry* was in the main Battail lost,
The sudden News their Manly hearts o'ercame,
So that in terrour, and confusion tost,
The daunted Souldiers in amazement fly,
Op'ning a way to the *Duke's* Victory.

CII.

But ere this dang'rous error too far flew,
Through all the Files of ev'ry hardy Band,
Their Warlike *King*, the Loyal Nobles knew,
In the first Ranks contending hand, to hand,
His cutting Sword his bold Opposers slew,
No less his words their courages command,
They rush into the conflict, live; or dye,
With the French *Barons* wonted bravery.

CIII.

Nought now their res'lute fury could oppose,
So fast, and wounding fell their Weapons bright,
With desperate rage; they dealt their killing blows
To give a period to that cruel Fight,
Which in a bloody colour was to close
Orewhelming Thousands in Eternal Night,
Such, and so dire, the consequences are,
That still attend that Hell-bred Monster War.

CIV. Now

CIV.

Now Conquest, who on her triumphant wings,
So long had hover'd umpire of their fight,
Makes a brave stoop, and down her body flings,
On *Henry's* meritorious crest to light,
On high her Golden Plumes do clapping ring,
To tell the distant World great *Bourbon's* might,
She now comes down the Quarrel to decide,
In which before such hapless numbers dy'd.

C V.

As I have seen a Field of standing Corn
In doubtfull conflict wave their pendant Heads,
By the uncertain Air confus'dly born,
Which only whispring the large Field orespreads,
But by a sudden storm depres't and torn,
Drooping their bearded tops to their first beds,
Whilst the rude Wind, exalted with his prize,
To the next crop with riotous fury flies.

CVI.

So far'd it with the League, who for a space,
With equal fortune, well maintain'd their post,
Fighting with equal brav'ry face, to face,
No side of other could advantage boast,
Equal their Honor, equal their Disgrace;
Till, at the last all hopes of safety lost,
The valiant on the Bed of Honor lye,
Whilst the less daring in confusion fly.

CVII.

Half kill'd with fear the coward Rebels run,
Thorough the Field an Ignominious race,
Like fearfull *Deer* they crow'd away to shun,
The danger of the Loyal hunters Chase,
Who generously think, too soon t'have won,
An easy Conquest, with too little grace,
And wish they had better resistance found,
To have their Acts with greater Glory Crown'd.

CVIII. Although

CVIII.

Although indeed no Annalls can out speak;
Or speak enough of this great Victory,
Where such a handfull, could such Squadrons break;
Repell their force, and make their Captain fly,
In courage strong, alas! in numbers weak,
Arm'd only with their Faith and Loyalty;
But Heav'n was pleas'd to favour *Henry's* claim
Against whose will all Earthly strength is vain.

CIX.

On ev'ry side the *Monarch's* Arms prevail,
And put the Leaguers to a shamefull flight,
They now pursue that Foe, who to assail,
Their thiner Troops brought such a seeming might,
Some flying 'scape, whilst others falling quail,
To bid their Honours with the World good Night,
But none so daring in that desp'rate State,
As once to turn, and look upon his Fate.

CX. Yet

CX.

Yet in this Torrent of admir'd success,
Even some Victors Hearts were full of woe.
Because their longing Eyes they could not bless
With their Loves Object ; nor did all their know,
There *Prince's* safety, and their happiness,
But fear'd him fall'n in the late overthrow.

In such a doubtfull, and afflicted sort,
Many had drunk the poyson of report.

CXI.

But when they saw him from the Chase retire
Their drooping Spirits then began to wake,
The Souldiers crow'd t'approach their Sov'rain nigher
And, as their Eyes a full assurance take
Their Loyal Hearts o're charg'd with zealous fire,
Straight into Thundring Acclamations break,
Vive le Roy, thorough the Welkin ran,
Which so auspiciously the Day began.

CXII. Still

CXII.

Still like the Sparks of a late master'd fire,
Some Foes appear'd on the forsaken Plain,
The Leaguers Infantry remain'd entire,
Of which the sturdy *Swisse* seem'd to disdain,
A shamefull flight; nor could they safe retire
But to their ruine, and Eternal shame,
Wherefore the brawny Clowns as undismay'd,
Some shew of resolute resistance made.

CXIII.

But when they saw the *Canon* drawing neer,
To force their Arms, and tame their fruitless pride,
Their stubborn Hearts, then thaw'd away in fear,
Their threatning words, and looks were laid aside,
They think to trust his mercy safest were,
Whose Conquering Sword, they had so lately try'd,
And straight way down their useless weapons
threw,
To beg that grace chance had reduc't them to.

CXIV. Nor

CXIV.

Nor were they ill advis'd ; for the brave *King*,
So scorn'd the ruin of a prostrate Foe,
That, sooner could they not their Arms down fling,
Than he preserve them from the Angry blow
That Death, and Vengeance both, were levelling,
With Fire and Sword to work their overthrow,
His Princely Quarter they do all obtain,
Without one Wound, that might his Mercy
stain.

CXV.

But with the German Foot, far worse it far'd,
Whose base revolt from the *King's* Standard made,
Their Crime so black and Mercies doors so barr'd,
The Souldiers hands could be no longer stay'd,
But for their Treason, as a just reward,
The faithless Squadrons furiously invade,
Strewing the Plain, with their dismembered
Limbs,
Which in the Ocean of their false Blood swims:

CXVI. And

CXVI.

And now the Fields the Conquerors entire,
No opposition left, no Foe appears,
The Royalists triumphantly retire,
Whilst Victory the waving Banners bears,
Nor dare my Muse to other Acts aspire,
So much the Fate of this attempt she feares;
Owning her weakness in Heroick Song,
That may have done these noble Heroes wrong.

CXVII.

Thus did this Day, so doubtfully begun,
Set red in *Henry's* Honour and Renown,
He that in all his Battails ever won
A Victor's Wreath, and in this last his Crown,
Which having humbly kist the bas'd Sun
Into the Western Ocean bow'd him down;
Leaving fair *France* unto his brighter Ray,
May ev'ry injur'd *Prince* have such a Day. *Amen.*

W. WHITE.

F I N I S.

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